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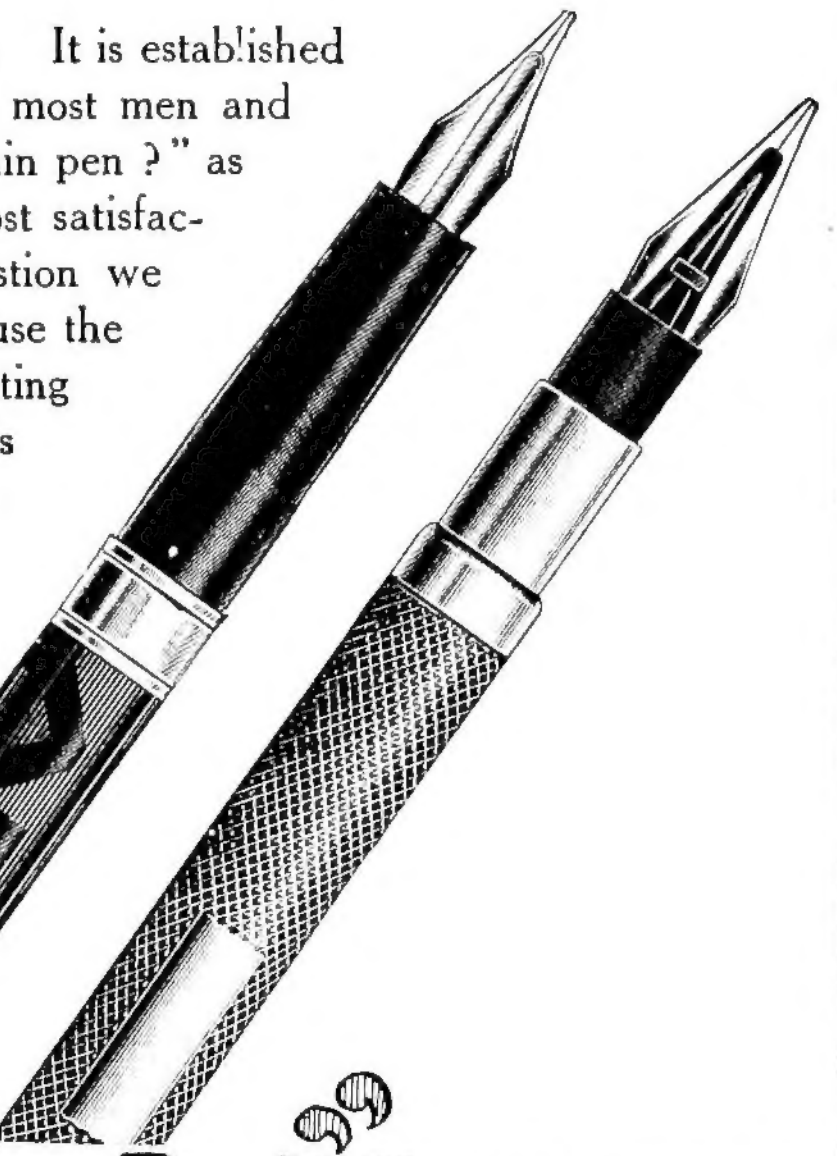

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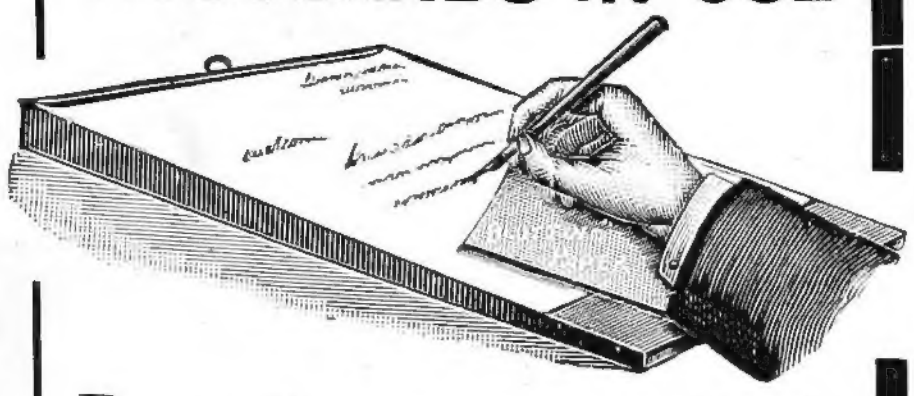

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2	The Braemar Gathering. St. James's Theatre : Production of *Mid-Channel*, by Sir Arthur W. Pinero.
3	Budget Protest League : Lord Percy, M.P., at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Budget League, Mr. Ure, M.P., at Halifax.
4	The Princess of Wales leaves Windsor for Scotland. Exhibition of French Arts and Crafts opens at St. Cloud. Lyceum Theatre : Production of *The Proud Prince*, by Justin Huntly M'Carthy.
5	Hereford Musical Festival Service.
6	Trade Union Congress opens at Ipswich.
7	Hereford Musical Festival begins (four days).
8	Budget Protest League : Mr. Long, M.P., at Marylebone. Budget League : Mr. Acland, M.P., at Marlborough.
9	Production of *The Whip*, Drury Lane Theatre.
10	Budget Protest League : Mr. Long, M.P., at Swindon.
11	Garrick Theatre : Mr. Arthur Bourchier presents *The Making of a Gentleman*, by Alfred Sutro.
12	
13	Field Marshal Sir George White presides at a banquet to commemorate the 150th Anniversary of Wolfe's Victory at Quebec—The White City.
14	New Moon, 3.9 p.m. His Majesty's Theatre : Sir Herbert Tree produces *False Gods*, translated by James Bernard Fagan from M. Brieux's play *La Foi.*
15	Mr. Herbert Trench opens his repertory season at the Haymarket Theatre with *King Lear.* Adelphi Theatre : *The Great Divide.*

SEPTEMBER 1909

16	
17	Budget League : Mr. Ure, M.P., at Glasgow ; Mr. Asquith, M.P., at Birmingham.
18	Daly's Theatre : Mr. George Edwardes produces *The Dollar Princess.* Caruso sings at the Albert Hall.
19	
20	
21	
22	Mr. Balfour, M.P., at Birmingham.
23	
24	
25	
26	
27	Vedrenne-Barker Tour of *John Bull's Other Island* begins with two weeks run at Coronet Theatre
28	
29	Michaelmas Day. Suggested date for opening of Mr. C. H. Workman's season of Comic Opera at the Savoy Theatre. Full moon, 1.5 p.m.
30	

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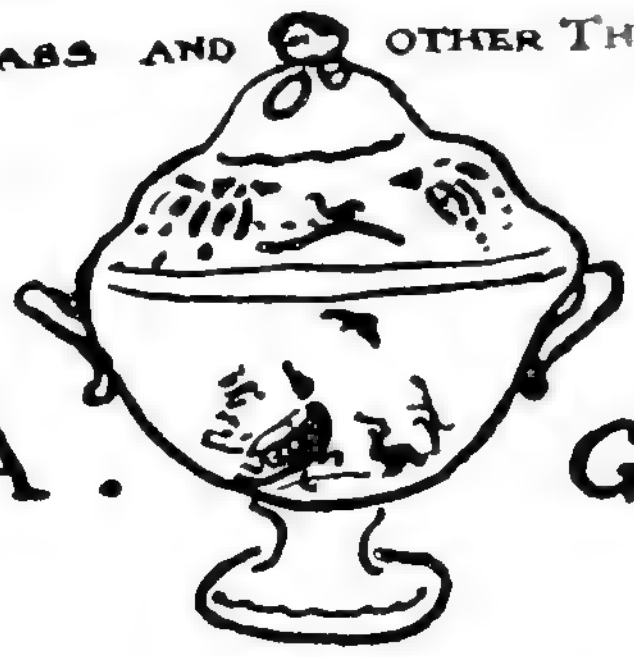

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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
SEPTEMBER 1909

MODERN POETRY

The Beggars

By C. F. Keary

[*The Scene is a forest road. On the right, part of an abandoned graveyard. On the left, to the back, a pine-clad hill visible between the bare branches of the trees in front.*

The time is during the "twelve nights."

[*A ploughman approaches through graveyard and crosses to left at back, while in front a* DAY SPIRIT *is speaking, one of several of whose presence the ploughman is unconscious.*

DAY SPIRIT.

Heavy-shod the ploughman comes ;
And his breath into the air
Waves like a phantom ; which the yew-tree shade,
Stands by to seize and bear
Into the Dark ones' homes.
(Below, below, their house is made,
Below the sodden leaves and the squirrel's boon,
The crackling acorns, which come pattering down,
When autumn winds have blown.)
Autumn is past, and all is winter-still :
No wave-like breath sounds from the piny hill :
Yet here, methinks, the tombstones show too white,
In the wan evening light,
In this pale eventide, so chilly grown.
Haste we away, and save us from the sight

Of the death-fires which, when night falls, will hover
Each one its own grave over.
Then dark Simætha, that of Hecate's flocks
Is shepherdess, will summon
From yon black groves, that hang like witches' locks
Upon the mountain side, a race unhuman :
Of mowing goblins, that all shapes
Put on and doff ; and now like apes
Fire-eyed appear, and now like shadows,
And now like inky fountains playing,
Traitors that lust in faith's betraying,
Or murdered men half-hid in reedy meadows.

[DAY SPIRITS *off*.

(*Two horsemen come upon the scene.*)

FIRST HORSEMAN.

Day hath but now unto his mother gone,
And still the forest shades are blue ;
A little, and o'er yonder hill the moon
Will peer the dim boughs through :
And soon the world of workaday,
Of tired labourers plodding home,
And field-fires smouldering in the gloom,
She with her magic will snatch quite away.
Ah me ! what terrors brings she in her train ?
What howl of wolves in the frosty air,
What imp-like rocking of the branches bare,
What envious whispering of fallen leaves,
That ne'er will wave again
Their joyous signal to the verdant eves ?

SECOND HORSEMAN.

I think of worser things beside
Bare branches and the howl of wolves ;
Those misty crowds we coted on our ride,
Whose silence seemed more full of fierce resolves
Than all the murmurs of night-witchery.
O say what may their object be,
These houseless folk, free to the air
So bitter that the fox her lair
Leaveth not willingly ?
And I am sure some spirit not of wont
Pursues our horses' feet along this forest way,

Some hate of men, there, steeled by wretchedness
All fears to affront,
So they may come where they shall slay and slay.
I feel their menace like an arrow cleaving
The stilly eve, and that the ground-elves grieving
Hide them away for terror and distress. [*They pass.*

(*The moon shows a rim above the hill at back.*)

NIGHT SPIRIT.

She comes, the moon, the moon
What will she light upon her western way ?
This is the season when she should aboon
The earth not stay.
For Hecate's power now,
Her own dark sister's, rules the world below.

CHORUS OF NIGHT SPIRITS.

Nay, look not on our shadowy wood,
O Lady Moon, nor on those piny hills,
Where now in other than in daylike mood,
Creep the whispering rills.

Where the sorry sisters, bending,
Unto thy black shadow dreadful prayers
Raise ; then, every one her bosom rending
From the soil a mandrake tears.

Then they wait in silence, to their rally
Till troop forth the werewolves from their caves
On the hill, and in the mortal valley
Spectres crawl out of their graves.

Dance, the corpses dance, their limbs close-knotting,
Mingling laughter with their groans :
And the fire-eyed werewolves champ the rotting
Flesh that crumbles from their bones.

If such sights as these, O Lady Moon
Thou wilt rise to see,
Peaceful folk, I know, will wake and run
Mad because of thee. [*Moon rises fully.*

(*Voice of a* SOLITARY BEGGAR *singing.*)

Who will heave the mourning stone
Or a sigh when I am gone?
An hour belike, belike a day
Neighbour shall to neighbour say,
". . . Where he wanders now alone?"
Who will ask to see the grave
Where the worms my wallet have?
And those feasters they will cry,
Mumbling-full to Grip-gut by—
" Could he have starved that eats so brave?"
[*The* SOLITARY BEGGAR *comes on.*

SOLITARY BEGGAR.

Hark, hark,
The dogs do bark;
The Beggars are coming to town.
How strange seem they,
Brown and grey in their gaberdines!
Have they kings, have they queens
In their beggarly array? [*Tramping heard.*

GOBLINS.

Lie here with me, and hide we low.
These be the Beggars, they who know
The customs of the King's highway.
Nestle with me in the grass,
Nought need *we* but let them pass.
'Tis ours, the goblin's holiday.
Bid the corpse-lights all die down,
For the Beggars are going to town;
And going what to fashion there?
Going to look about and stare,
No more, no more?
And for this the earth her floor
Hath with a thousand crystals spread?
For this the moon all murder-red
Left her house to mount the sky?
Now with a veil about her head
She watches from on high. [BEGGARS *come on.*

Beggars.

As grey clouds moving that are never gone—
Such their eternal fixed procession—
The Beggars to our tryst come we
By the king's oak in Malmorie.

Mark how the lichen-shrouded trees,
In their winter swoon,
Turn their trunks and eyeless stare
Corpse-like to the moon.
And what is *that* that hangs up where
A branch came crackling down?

See, see, another troop goes by
Keeping time most aptily!
Are those white ones of our hosts
Or a band of mocking ghosts?

A Beggar.

(*To his neighbour.*)

There goes the schoolmaster: how dim
He looks! And there goes mournful Jim.
Yet neither's often out of spirits,
And each to-night's drunk as a lord.
Here comes red Malkin, who inherits
For board a bed, for bed a board.
Here's Tom the drummer, who was drummed
For aye into our company:
And that's the Abbé; he had thumbed
Too much beside his breviary.

The Abbé.

Clink, clank, goes the bell,
It ringeth up a soul from hell:
And an organ's sound I hear
Floating in the frosty air.

Nick Hodman who to vespers went
Let him lie and lie content.
But Parson Guiscard, by your leave,
There's something bulging in your sleeve.

And what hath spoke the organ tone?
That thou, too, li'st, but not alone.
Clink, clank, goes the bell,
Awake, O drowsy sentinel.

JIM.
(*Mutters to himself.*)

In a secular swamp,
In a secular peace
He lies. There wandering Jack hath lit his lamp.
White show the small birch-trees,
Rising from out of standing pools.
Thither look down the planets, like vain fools,
That from the muddiest soul would flattery take.
He lies through summer nights; sometimes a snake
Comes down to drink there: lizards sleep hard by.
And elfin lanterns peep forth cautiously.

He lies through winter nights. O god! the frost
Hath all his hair like to a broom up-tost
And the night-hags are trooping, trooping thither:
For the night-hags, they love this winter weather.
And see, their besom 'tis! Ah! they are posting. . . .
O save me, save me, parson, from their hosting.

[*He rushes to the* ABBÉ. *Others surround them.*

SCHOOLMASTER.
(*Sings drunkenly.*)

Dull the Galaxy has grown:
Cassiopeia's throne is overthrown:
Sullen Saturn's o'er us bent,
And muddy Mars that mars a man's content.

Opal-grey had drifted down
A mist, to-day, enveloping the town:
The folk I met they seemed to me
Like fishes at the bottom of the sea.

MALKIN.

Cruel one, my spirit
Must accuse thee,

Howsoe'er my poor heart I persuade,
'Twas my lack-merit
Did unloose thee
From those deep vows to thine abandoned maid.

Tell me, how much water
Is still to flow
Under the bridge, before the stream runs dry?
For then will cease the laughter,
The mocking and moe,
My soul to my soul makes continually.

BEGGARS.

As grey clouds moving that are never gone,
Such their eternal fixed procession,
The beggars from our tryst go we
To the king's burg in Picardy.

The white ones, too, be moving on
In time to our procession:
O what comrades can they be
That make their steps so silently?

Close your ranks, for here he comes,
The herald with the kettledrums.
Ha-ha! his tabard, that's so fine
By day with gold and red like wine,
In moonlight is no costlier seen
Than a beggar's gaberdine.

[*The last verse from voices at the head of the procession, the speakers invisible.*

ABBÉ.

Clink, clank goes the bell
It ringeth down a soul to hell.
But not the souls of them that by
The mere lie staring at the sky.
One, two, three, four,
They fell like ninepins on a floor.
But tell me, why should ninepins lie
For ever staring at the sky?
Clink, clank goes the bell,
Too late, O drowsy sentinel!

BEGGARS.

(Voices from head of the procession.)

A vale, good herald! Bravely spoken.
Know'st not then what the Beggars are?
Who talks to frost of glowing coals?
Who talks of duty or of care
To such chance-abandoned souls?
Who tells of reeds that may be broken,
Who prattles of a bow unbending,
To us whose griefs are never-ending?

* * * *

He goes not back that proudly comes,
Silent are the kettledrums.
Leave him to dream among the reeds,
Leave him to feed upon his vaunt,
Until on him the mud-worm feeds,
While we raise the Beggars' chant.

BEGGARS' CHANT.

Who will heave the mourning stone
Or a sigh, when I am gone?
An hour belike, belike a day,
Neighbour shall to neighbour say,
"... Where he wanders now alone?"

Who will ask to see the grave
Where the worms my wallet have?
And those maggots, shall not they,
Mumbling-full to Grip-gut, say,
"Could he have starved that eats so brave?"

What shall grow above the mould
Where the Beggars lie a-cold?
Thyme and thrift and smallage,* too,
For rich men's meats. But plant not rue
Lest the feasters grow too old. [*The* BEGGARS *pass.*

GOBLINS.

Trimp, tramp, now all are gone,
And the forest's left alone.

* Celery.

Hodge tramped by in heavy shoon
Ere the rising of the moon.
Now he snores beneath his thatch,
Until day shall lift the latch.
O, ploughman, be 't to thee unknown
What's a-doing in the town.

Say Malachel—that sits on high—
What from your pine-top you espy
And what is toward : For meseems
Strange smells I smell; and there be gleams
Like sunrise in the sky.

MALACHEL.
(*From above.*)

I hear a never-ending roar,
Not less than waves upon an infinite shore.
I see a light that streameth up
As from the bottom of a ruby cup :
Till it reacheth to the moon ;
And moon-folk shudder at the unasked-for boon.
[GOBLINS *aisappear.*

(*The* SOLITARY BEGGAR *returns upon the scene.*)

SOLITARY BEGGAR.

(Fate hath her will !)
The dogs are still,
The Beggars have left the town.
Why stand ajar
The street-doors thus at the dead of night ?
A fog hath eaten up every star ;
And away to the right,
The moon like a witch is tumbling down.
[SOLITARY BEGGAR *off.*

Faint signs of dawn.

Stage empty.

Saturday Love-Song

By John Lazarus

I WENT with Nell to Hampstead hill,
And held her hand—a ruffled bird
That tried to fly and then lay still:
We sat in heaven, and hardly heard
The wheels below roll London-ward.

The night about us, rich and deep,
Drew down the coolness of the air
To put the sultry day asleep:
Nell's face grew pale as opal there,—
The tawny twilight in her hair.

She said,—her voice how far away:
"There is the new moon, very small;
"I wonder now, next holiday,
"If any moon, or none at all,
"Shall on our two pale faces fall?"

She said it, and the fatal cloud
Shut on the moon's thin scimitar:
Her cheek grew cold, her head she bow'd,
Her pretty head, with thoughts that were
Like closing clouds for me and her.

We took our way from Hampstead hill,
She drew her hand away, the bird
That in my hand had been so still:
And I,—how could I speak that heard
The heavy wheels roll London-ward?

Four Poems

By Rupert Brooke

FINDING

From the candles and dumb shadows,
And the house where Love had died,
I stole to the vast moonlight
And the whispering life outside.
But I found no lips of comfort,
No home in the moon's light
(I, little and lone and frightened
In the unfriendly night),
And no meaning in the voices. . . .

Far over the lands, and through
The dark, beyond the ocean,
I willed to think of *you*.
For I knew, had you been with me,
I'd have known the words of night,
Found peace of heart, gone gladly
In comfort of that light.

Oh! the wind with soft beguiling
Would have stolen my thought away;
And the night, subtly smiling,
Came by the silver way;
And the moon came down and danced to me,
And her robe was white and flying;
And trees bent their heads to me
Mysteriously crying;
And dead voices wept around me;
And dead soft fingers thrilled;
And the little gods whispered. . . .
But ever
Desperately I willed;
Till all grew soft and far
And silent. . . .

And suddenly
I found you white and radiant,
  Sleeping quietly,
Far out through the tides of darkness.

  And I there in that great light
Was alone no more, nor fearful ;
  For there, in the homely night,
Was no thought else that mattered,
  And nothing else was true,
But the white fire of moonlight,
  And a white dream of you.

BLUE EVENING

I

My restless blood now lies a-quiver,
  Knowing that always, exquisitely,
This April twilight on the river
  Stirs anguish in the heart of me.

For the fast world in that rare glimmer
  Puts on the witchery of a dream,
The straight grey buildings, richly dimmer,
  The fiery windows, and the stream

With willows leaning quietly over,
  The still, ecstatic, fading skies. . . .
And all these, like a waiting lover,
  Murmur and gleam, lift lustrous eyes,

Drift close to me, and sideways bending
  Whisper delicious words.
But I
Stretch terrible hands, uncomprehending,
  Shaken with love ; and laugh ; and cry.

II

My agony made the willows quiver;
  I heard the knocking of my heart
Die loudly down the windless river,
  I heard the pale skies fall apart,
And the shrill stars' unmeaning laughter,
  And my voice with the vocal trees
Weeping. And Hatred followed after,
  Shrilling madly down the breeeze. . . .

III

In peace from the wild heart of clamour,
  A flower in moonlight, she was there,
Was rippling down white ways of glamour
  Quietly laid on wave and air.

Her passing left no leaf a-quiver.
  Pale flowers wreathed her white, white brows.
Her feet were silence on the river;
  And "Hush!" she said, between the boughs.

A SONG OF THE BEASTS

(Sung, on one night, in the cities, in the darkness.)

Come away! Come away!
Ye are sober and dull through the common day,
But now it is Night!
It is shameful Night, and God is asleep!
(Have you not felt the quick fires that creep
Through the hungry flesh, and the lust of delight,
And hot secrets of dreams that day cannot say?)
. . . The house is dumb;
The Night calls out to you. . . . Come, ah, come!
Down the dim stairs, through the creaking door,
Naked, crawling on hands and feet,—
It is meet! it is meet!

Ye are men no longer, but less and more,
Beast and God. . . . Down the lampless street,
By little black ways, and secret places,
In darkness and mire,
Faint laughter around, and evil faces
By the star-glint seen—ah, follow with us !
For the darkness whispers a blind desire,
And the fingers of Night are amorous. . . .
Keep close as we speed,
Though mad whispers woo you and hot hands cling,
And the touch and the smell of bare flesh sting,
Soft flank by your flank, and side brushing side,—
To-night never heed !
Unswerving and silent follow with me,
Till the City ends sheer,
And the crook'd lanes open wide,
Out of the voices of Night,
Beyond lust and fear,
To the level waters of moonlight,
To the level waters, quiet and clear,
To the black unresting plains of the calling Sea.

SLEEPING OUT. FULL MOON

THEY sleep within. . . .
I cower to the earth, I waking, I only.
High and cold thou dreamest, O queen, high-dreaming and lonely !

We have slept too long, who can hardly win
The white one flame, and the nightlong crying ;
The viewless passers ; the world's low sighing
With desire, with yearning,
To the fire unburning,
To the heatless fire, to the flameless ecstasy ! . . .

Helpless I lie.
And around me the feet of thy watchers tread.
There is a rumour and a radiance of wings above my head,
An intolerable radiance of wings. . . .

All the earth grows fire,
White lips of desire
Brushing cool on the forehead, croon slumbrous things.
Earth fades ; and the air is thrilled with ways,
Dewy paths full of comfort. And radiant bands,
The gracious presence of friendly hands,
Help the blind one, the glad one, who stumbles and strays
Stretching wavering arms, up, up, through the praise
Of a myriad silver trumpets, through cries,
To all glory, to all gladness, to the infinite height,
To the gracious, the unmoving, the mother eyes,
And the laughter, and the lips, of light.

A Shipping Parish

By H. M. Tomlinson

What face my shipping parish shows to a stranger I do not know. I was never a stranger to it. I imagine it a vacant face, grey and seamed, with a look of no significance, fixed on nothing, from that rigid mask. That the mask is rigid I know well. Those bright and eager young men anxious for social service, who come down to us to learn of the "people of the abyss"—for we are of the East End of London—and to write about us, never seem to have been able to make anything of us. The eyes of my parish, I suppose, would be heavy-lidded, opaque with indifference, and proof against scrutiny; staring beyond the stranger, as the disillusioned aged do, with a look sorrow-proof through sorrow, to things long past, things for which a stranger could have no care. I cannot believe that Dockland, with the press of its life inclosed and compacted till one who knows it thinks of revolt and bursting walls, squalid and forlorn as I know it is, as all such places are where wealth is merely made, so different from those where wealth is spent, could be anything but distressing to a stranger. If your mind is right it may be even repulsive to you. Instinctively you should hate all towns like ours. Overlooking our dismal wilderness of roofs in the rain, it does seem a poor thing to show you for all our labours; something better could have been done than that; our busy-ness, plainly, has brought us but to ashes and luckless eld. Human purpose here has been blind and sporadic in the usual way, unrelated to any star, building without design, filling just the need of the day, obstructed and smothered by the mistakes and lumber of its past; and so our part of London, like the rest of it, is but the formless accretion from many generations and swarms of lives which had no common purpose; and so here we are, Time's latest deposit, the vascular stratum in the making on this part of the world's rind, the sensitive surface flourishing for its little day on the piled layers of the dead.

Yet I am connected to this foolish reef by tissue and bone. Cut the kind of life you find in Poplar, and I bleed. I cannot

detach myself and write of it. I am fixed to the underground, and my hand, unconsciously loyal, moves to impulses which come from beneath, and so out of a stranger's ken. Where you, when you come to us, would see but poverty and deplorable human *débris*, the truncated monument of failure (for my shipping parish grows old, and some think the sea, which once kept us alive and sweet, is retreating from us), I see, looking backwards, the phantasy of a splendid pageant in the dusk of the half-forgotten, and moving amongst the plainer spectres there on the foreground a shape well known to me; and turning about from those ineffective ghosts and their fine work which died with the morrow like sand-castles in the next tide, sorrowful for my fellows, and angry with the gods, I look forward from Poplar, and this time into the utter dark, for some dawn to show us at last the enduring pinnacles and towers of the capital of our dreams, the turrets, white and shining in a new day, of the city of free and noble men, the city splendid, the heart of the commune.

But I cannot expect you to see in Dockland any such dreams and fancies. It will seem to you but as any alien town would seem to me. There is something, however, you must grant us. Into our packed tenements, into the dark mass where poorer London huddles as my shipping parish, lagoons and water-sheets embay, our docks, our areas of shining day, reservoirs for light brimmed daily by the tides of the sun, spacious silver mirrors where one may escape magically through the gloomy floor of Poplar to the white and blue of radiant antipodean skies. You must grant us our ships and docks, and the river from Blackwall pier when night and the flood come together; and our walls and roofs, which topmasts and funnels surmount, outcrops promising a vein of hidden vagabondage and revolt in what seemed so unlikely and arid a desert of the commonplace. Now, through having granted us so little, what you have given us is no less than a door of escape from our past. We are not to be kept within a division of the map. Does not Orion stride over our roofs on bright winter nights? At the most, your map can set only lateral bounds. The heavens here are as high as elsewhere. We have learned of other worlds. Our horizon has no reference to our topography. What you know of us is only our postal address. In this faithful chronicle of our parish I must tell of its boundaries only as I know them. They are not so narrow as you might think. You may imagine you see us in our streets, when you come, transacting our trivial concerns; but often we are elsewhere, and you are deceived. We have our unseen exits. We are sometimes absent of mind. Maps cannot be so carefully planned, nor walls

built high enough, nor streets confined and strict enough, to hold in limits our seething and volatile population of thoughts. There is no census you can take which will give you forewarning of what is growing here, of how we increase and expand. Take care. You do not know what we are saying and thinking in these alleys. Some day, when we believe it is time for it, we will conduct our own census, and be sure you will then learn the result. Travelling through our part of your country, you see but our appearance. You go, and report us casually to your friends, and forget us. But when you feel the ground moving under your feet, that will be us.

From my high window in central Dockland, as from a watch-tower, I look out over a disrupted tableland of roofs and chimneys, the world of the sparrows, a volcanic desert of numberless reeking fumaroles. Pent humanity burrows in swarms beneath that surface of tumbled crags, but only occasional faint cries tell me that the rock is caverned and inhabited, that some submerged life flows there unseen through a subterranean honeycomb. Yet often, when the sunrise over the roofs is specially glorious, as though such light portended the veritable day-spring for which we look, and the gods were arriving, I have watched for that crust beneath me, which seals the sleepers under, to heave and roll, to burst, and for released humanity to pour through the fractures out of the dark to be renewed in the fires of the morning. Nothing has happened yet, however ; though I am confident it would repay society to appoint another watcher, when I am gone, to keep an eye upon the place ; unless, of course, these seditious outbursts by Aurora can be prevented by some means.

There are, right below my window, two ridges running in parallel serrations of stacks, which betray a street beneath, a crevasse to the underground. From an acute angle of my outlook a cornice can be seen overhanging, and part of a sheer fall of cliff. That is as near the ground as you can get from my window. One or two superior peaks aspire above the wilderness, where the churches are ; and beyond the vague middle-distance in which the house chimneys mass and merge in aggregate smoke, there loom the dock warehouses, a continuous range of dark heights. I have thoughts of a venturesome and lonely journey by moonlight, in and out of the stacks, and all the way to the distant mountains. It looks possible. Indeed, Dockland, on a summer's day, from my eyrie, with its goblin-like chimneys, is the enchanted country of a child's dream, where things, though inanimate, are watchful and protean. From that silent world squadrons of grotesque shapes charge out of the shadows at the call of the

sun; and again, when, in surprise, you turn on them, become thin and evanescent, phantoms veiled by smoke, and so vanish. The freakish sunlight shows you in epitome what happens in the long run to man's handiwork, for it accelerates the speed of change till change is fast enough for you to watch a town grow and die. You note, with such a bird's-eye view, that Dockland is unstable, moves like a flux, alters in colours and form. I doubt whether the people below are sensitive to this ironic hint, this betrayal by sun and smoke of the enemy's slow work on their town

There is one place, in that high country to which my eyes more frequently go. In that distant line of warehouses there is a break; and there occasionally I see masts and spars of a tall ship, and know that beyond her is the sunpath down which she has come from Cathay to Blackwall. We are not inland, you see. My view is as wide as it is high. Cassiopeia is in that direction, and China in that.

For my lookout is more than the centre of Dockland. I call it the centre of the world. Our high road is part of the main thoroughfare from Kensington to Valparaiso. Every planet pilgrim comes this way once, at least, in his life. We are the hub whence all roads go to the circumference. Our dock road should be walked with alertness, and in the spirit of adventure. The visitor, with his watchfulness lulled by our shop-fronts, may be suddenly stayed, as he would be by a relic tide-borne from the tropics to be stranded at his feet on a familiar English shore. On this London pavement the same thing happens. Your thoughts will run aground, without warning, on something not charted in the London directory. Glancing at Dockland as you would at an unimportant stranger, quick and careless through incuriosity, you would not see confronting you what is always present to us, the vast menace of ocean's instability, nor hear the sound of its breakers on our coast. But our street lamps look out to the Swan's Road; we front the unfathomed blue. You would not see its desolate and weary plain. You would not hear the constant sad reminder of its falling waves telling their enigmatic message from the absent. You would see only an illusion of buildings, and the noise would be that of a busy road. You would not understand. But many of our homes are still based precariously on the deep. We look up absently from our daily duties to an horizon which glimmers as a far faint line athwart our material streets. For hardly a ship goes down but we hear the cry of distress, and a neighbour's house rocks on the pouring flood, founders, and is lost, casting its people adrift to the blind tides.

Think of our street names—Oriental Place, Nankin Street, Amoy Place, Canton Street; reminiscent, no doubt, of John Company. You pick up hints like that everywhere in Poplar as you might pick out a sea-shell from the earth of a Sussex Down. We have, still flourishing in a garden, John Company's chapel of St. Matthias, a fragment of the time that was, where now the vigorous commercial life of the Company shows little evidence of its previous transcendent importance. Founded in the time of the Commonwealth as a symbol for men—men now forgotten who, when in rare moments they looked up from the engrossing business of these dominant hours, desired a reminder of the ineffable things beyond ships and cargoes—the chapel has survived all the changes which broke their ships and crumbled the engrossing business of their dominant hours into dry matter for antiquarians. The chapel at Poplar it was then, when my shipping parish had no docks, and the nearest church was over the fields to Stepney. Our vessels then lay in the river. We got our first dock, that of the West India merchants, at the beginning of the last century. A little later the East India docks were built for John Company. Then another phase began to reshape Dockland. The time came when the Americans looked in a fair way, sailing ahead fast with the wonderful clippers they were building at Boston, to hand us a jeering tow-rope. The finest sailers ever launched were those Yankee fliers, and the shipyards of Dockland were working to create the ideal clipper which could give her wash to those Yankee wonders. This really was the last effort of sails, for steamers were beginning to appear prominently on the seas, and the Americans were actually trying by a grand endeavour with canvas to smother the new force. Green, of Poplar—if you don't know who he was it is no use explaining now—worried over those Boston craft, swore we must be first again, and first we were. Both Boston and Poplar, in their efforts to improve an old good thing, forgot the new and better. The steamers put our wonderful clippers out of sight.

But they were worth doing, those clippers, and worth remembering. Their matchless pinions sail them clear into our day as brave personal recollections. They did far more than carry cargoes. When an old mariner speaks of the days of studding sails it is not cargo which gives him a shining face. But the stately ships themselves, with our river their home, the ships which looked, at sea, like a cloud married to a wave, and gave Poplar's name, wherever they went, a ring on the counter of commerce like that of a sound guinea, they are now, at the

most, but planks bearded with sea-moss, lost in ocean currents, sighted only by the wandering albatross.

Long ago nearly every house in Dockland treasured a lithographic portrait of one of the beauties, framed and hung where visitors could see it at once. Each of us knew one of them, her runs and her records, the skipper and his fads, the owner and his silly prejudice about the final pennyworth of tar. She was not a marine engine to us, but a noble and sentient thing. I have seen her patted in dock. You would learn about her best if ever you are lucky enough to find an old shellback who helped to sail one. But when he comes to the things he would most like a good listener to understand, you will find how well she could sail. He will talk indefinitely then, and in rapturous ejaculations. She will leave his slow words far, far astern. She might have been one of those rare women you hear about, but never meet. He knew this one. But how could you understand if he told you? What experience have you had? She has gone; never will there be such another.

To few of the younger homes in the rows of new and yellow houses in Dockland is that beautiful lady's portrait known. Here and there it survives, part of the flotsam which has drifted down the years with grandmother's sandal-wood box, the last of the horse-hair chairs, and the lacquered tea-caddy. I remember a room from which such wreckage came, before the household ship ran on a coffin, and foundered. It was a front parlour, and it might have been in either Pekin Street or Nankin Street; which, I cannot be expected to remember, for when I was in it last I was lifted to sit on one of those hedgehog chairs, and was cautioned to sit still. It was rather a long drop to the floor in those days, and you had to slide part of the way; sitting still was hard, but sliding would have been much worse. It was a room for holy days, and boots profaned it. The door was nearly always shut and locked, and only the chance formal visit of strangers brought the key down from the hook on the top shelf of the kitchen dresser; it was seldom moved for friends. The room was always sombre, for light could filter into it only through wire-gauze curtains, fixed in the windows by mahogany frames. Over the door by which you entered was the portrait of an uncle, too young and jovial to my eye for that serious position, with his raffish neckcloth, and his sailor's cap pulled down like that to one eye. The gilt moulding was gone from one corner of the portrait—the only flaw in the exact room—for it fell to the floor once, that picture; and it was on the day, I was told, on which his ship must have gone down. A round table set on a central

thick leg having a trio of feet was in the chamber, covered with a cloth on which was worked a picture from the story of Ruth. But only puzzling bits of the latter were to be seen, for sitting on the circumference of the cloth was a circle of books, placed at precise distances apart, and in the centre was a huge Bible, with a brass clasp. With many others, my name was in the Bible, with a birth date, and a space left blank for my death. Reflected in the pier-glass which doubled the room were the portraits in oils of my grandparents, looking very young, as you may have noticed is often the case in people belonging to ancient history, as though, strangely enough, people were the same in those remote days, except that they wore different clothes. I have often sat on the chair, and when long patience had inured me to the spines of the area whereon I was, looked at the reflection in the mirror of those portraits, for they seemed more distant so, and at the right perspective according to their age, and so were really my grandparents, in a room, properly, of another world, which could be seen, but was not; a room no one could enter any more. I remember a black sofa, which smelt of dust, an antimacassar over its head; and the sofa would wake to squeak tales if I stood on it to inspect the model of a ship in yellow ivory, resting on a wall-bracket above. There were many old shells in the polished fender, some with thick orange lips and spotted backs; others were spirals of silver, and took different colours for every way you held them. You could get the only sound in the room by listening at the lips of the shells. Like the people in the portraits, it was impossible to believe the shells had ever lived. The inside of the grate was filled with white paper, and the trickles of fine black dust which rested in its crevices would start and run when people moved in the next room. Over the looking-glass there hung a pair of immense buffalo horns, with a piece of curly hair separating them, like the skin of a retriever dog. Above the horns was a picture of *The Famous Tea Clipper "Oberon," setting her Studding Sails off the Lizard;* but so faint was the print, for the picture, too, was old, that a grown-up person had to spell it out for me.

The clipper *Oberon* long since sailed to the isle of No-Land-at-All, and the room in which her picture was has gone also, like old Dockland, and is now no more than a place seen in a dream; it was the last shape in the kaleidoscope, which, while we looked, was turned and tumbled, and here we see a new shape, momentarily poised, before the hand shakes the atoms into another pattern. The clipper's picture went with the fragments, when the room was strewn at the wreck, and perhaps, in

that house now, there is a fresh picture in its place of a two-funnelled steamer.

Nothing conjures back that room to me so easily as the recollection of a strange odour which fell from it when its door opened, as though something bodiless passed us as we entered. There never was anything in the room which alone could account for the smell, for it had in it something of the sofa, which was black and old, and of the lacquered tea-caddy, which once contained such strong treasure that I remember it was measured into the china pot with a silver thimble ; and the odour had in it, too, something of the sea-shells. But you could never find where the odour really came from. I have tried, and know. That strange dusty fragrance recalls at once the old room on a summer afternoon, so sombre that the mahogany sideboard seemed to shine with a red light, so quiet that the clock could be heard ticking slowly in the next room ; time, you could hear, going leisurely. There would be a long lath of sunlight, numberless tiny things swimming in it, slanting from a corner of the window to brighten a patch of carpet. For certain, under the ceiling, two flies would be hovering ; sometimes they would dart at a tangent to hover in another place. You felt secure there, knowing it was old, but seeing things did not alter, as though the world were innocent and contented, and desired no new thing. I did not know that the old house, even then, quiet and still as it seemed, was actually rocking on the mutable flood of affairs ; that its navigator, sick with anxiety and bewilderment in guiding his home in the years he did not understand, which his experience had not charted, was sinking nerveless at his helm. For he heard, when his children did not, the premonition of breakers in seas which had no landmark that he knew ; felt the trend and push of new and inimical forces, and currents that carried him helpless, whither he would not go, but must, heart-broken into the uproar and welter of the modern.

I have been reminded that London east of the Tower has no history worth mentioning, and it is true that sixteenth-century prints show the town to finish just where St. Katharine's dock is now. Beyond that and only the marshes appear, with Stebonhithe Church and a few other ecclesiastical signs to mark recognisable country. On the south side the marshes were very extensive, stretching from the river inland for a considerable distance. The north shore was fen also, but a little beyond the tides, in which the land lay in pickle, was a low eminence, a clay and gravel cliff, that sea-wall which now begins below the Albert Dock and continues intermittently round the East Anglian

coast ; once it serpentined as far as the upper pool, disappearing as the wharves and docks were built to accommodate London's increasing commerce. No doubt, then, the lower Thames parishes are really young ; but when we are reminded that they have no history worth mentioning we take it that you mean you are not interested enough to mention it. So far as age goes my shipping parish cannot compare with a cathedral city ; but antiquity is not the same as richness of experience. There is that venerable tortoise at Regent's Park, one recalls. He is old enough compared with us. He has looked upon three hundred years maybe. But he has had nothing as tumultuous as the little sum of the seasons the least of us can show. Most of the tortoise's record is sleep, no doubt ; and the rest vegetables. And you are well aware that when it awoke at last there was precious little sleep, and no vegetables at all, in the experiences of Wapping. Poplar, Rotherhithe, Limehouse, and Deptford long stood knee-deep and busy amongst their fleets, sometimes rising to cheer when a greater adventure was sailing or returning, some expedition off to discover further avenues in the Orient or the Americas, or else a broken craft inward bound bringing tragedy from the Arctic—ship after ship, great captain after great captain. No history worth mentioning ! There are Londoners who cannot taste the salt. They understand the domestic pigeons at St. Paul's ; but the sea-fowl, those predatory and adventurous spirits which haunt the river bridges, they think are unusual and paradoxical. Perhaps, though, it is difficult now for younger London to get the ocean within its horizon ; the memory of the *Oberon*, that famous tea clipper, is significant to me ; for she has sailed, with all the famous windjammers like her, to No-Man's-Land ; and I know she took with her Poplar's best days.

Once we were a famous shipping parish. Now we are only part of the East End of London. The steamers have beaten us. The tides do not rise against us as high as they did, and our shallow waters cannot give home to the new deep keels.

But Dockland has not altogether forgotten its magic. To the old home now the last of the sailing fleet is loyal. We can yet show you the ships of your fancy ; the wonderful gradations of a sailer's entrance, rising into bow and bowsprit, like the form of a comber at its limit, as it hesitates, just before it leaps forward in collapse. The mounting spars, alive and braced, like athletes. The swoop and lifting of the sheer, the rich and audacious colours, the strange flag and stranger names. South Sea schooner, whaling bark from Hudson's Bay, the timber ship

from Honduras, the full-rigged ship from New Zealand, the new four-masted steel barque from 'Frisco. You may find them still with us. At Tilbury, where the modern liners are, and the new era, you get wall-sides mounting like great hotels, tier upon tier of decks, and funnels soaring high to dominate the day. There the prospect of masts is a line of bare derrick-poles slung with hoists. But we can give you what soon will be nowhere found, a blue haze of spars and rigging, with an occasional white sail floating in it like a cloud. Finest of all the ships which ever came to see me at my shipping parish, I recall a Russian barquentine. I will do her some justice here. She was a darling. I think a barquentine is the most beautiful of ships, the most aerial and graceful of rigs, the foremast with its transverse spars giving breadth and balance, steadying the leap skywards of the main and mizzen masts, which are but fore-and-aft rigged. You should have seen the sheer of this Russian beauty! It is a ship's sheer which gives her loveliness of model, like the waist of a lissom woman, finely poised, sure of herself, standing in profile. She was so slight a body, so tall and slender, but standing alert and illustriously posed, there was implied a rare strength and swiftness in her dainty form. To the beauty of line in this Russian lady there went a richness of colour which made our dull parish, that day, a notable place. We have our occasions. She was of wood, painted white. Her masts were of bright pine, veined with amber resin. Her white hull, with the drenchings of the waves, had become opalescent with shadows of ultramarine, as if tinctured with the virtue of the deep sea. The verdigris made her sheathing as vivid as green light; and the languid dock water, the colour of chrysolite, pulsing round her hull, flashed with tinted flames. You could believe there was a mild radiation from the ship's sides, which fired the water about her, but faded at a greater radius, a delicate and fairy light which expired when far from its origin.

Such are our distinguished visitors at Dockland, but they come to us with less frequency. If old John Williams, the skipper of the *Oberon*, could stand now in the dock road, facing the quaint gateway of John Company's dock, what he would look for first would be, not what compelled the electric trams, I am sure, but the familiar tangle of rigging above the wall there. He would not find it. That old dock is a lagoon asleep, with but one or two vessels sleeping with it. The quays are vacant, except for the discarded lumber of ships, some sun-dried boats, some rusted anchors and cables, and a pile of broken davits. The older dock of the West India merchants is almost the same. Yet I

have seen the bowsprits and jibbooms of the Australian packets diminish down the quays of the East dock like an arcade ; and of that West dock, there is a boy now who remembers its quays buried under the largess of the tropics and the Spanish main. Now, through the columns that support its quay shelters, you get an empty vista. Once you had to squeeze sideways through the stacked merchandise, and scramble over hillocks of cocoanuts. So much provender seemed beyond human want. Molasses escaped in slow drainage from the hogsheads to lay a black viscid carpet which held your feet. The vast stores and casual prodigality expanded the mind. One felt this earth must be a big and laughing place, safe to trust, quite able to take care of you, if it could spread its treasures thus wide and deep in a public place under the sky. It corrected the impression got from the retail shops for any penniless youngster, with that pungent odour of sugar underfoot, with the libations of syrup poured from the plenty of the sunny isles, with the scent of many oranges broken by careless traffic. To-day the quays are bare and deserted, and grass sometimes sprouts between the stones of the footway, like the verdure about the neglected lids in a churchyard. In the dusk of a winter evening the silent warehouses which surround and enclose the mirrors of water, enclose too an accentuation of the twilight, as though our docks were evaporating and rising as shadows. The hulls of the enchanted ships, faintly discerned, lurk in folds of diaphanous night, though their topmasts ascend to be defined in the last of the day above the roofs. Dockland expires ; the spirit of the modern has passed out of it ; and what I see is but the expressionless husk, its eyes closed, its form unconscious, left behind in the track of the years, the body of the old pioneer. The present day has gone elsewhere to shine where living men are engaged on the new frontier ; and falling across me and the dead comes obliterating night, which follows so closely, but stealthily as a thief, on the heels of the strenuous young engaged on their necessary and enduring work.

There is a grave and stately building in our dock road, the offices of the Board of Trade, which is a little retired from the highway behind a screen of plane-trees, so that its façade appears from some points to be based on foliage. By those offices, on fine evenings, I find one of our ancients, Captain Tom Bowline. You may know him quite easily, if ever you should be our way when the summer sun, low down in the west, sends level rays along our highway through the incandescent dust and lurid smother of the city. You tell at a glance at Captain Tom that

he is not contemporary, that he represents, personally, brave affairs which had their own sunset, noble and serene, long since. Why he favours the road by those offices I do not know. It would be a reasonable reason, but occult. None of the young stokers and deckhands there, just ashore and paid off, or else waiting about the office to get news of a steamer which shortly will be signing-on a crew, could possibly know the skipper and his honourable records. They do not know that once, in that office, Tom Bowline was a famous and respected figure. He stands now, at times, outside the place which knew him so well, but knows him no more, as great in beam as in height, in that immemorial reefer jacket of his, in that notorious top hat (a picture exists of him, that very hat jammed truculently over his face, in the attitude of governance by the poop-rail of a Black-wall liner) and his humorous trousers, short, round, substantial columns, with a broad line of braid down each leg. I have noticed of late that he is not so braced and taut, as though some stays had slackened. But still his face is dyed with the old sun-stain, and though his beard is white, his hair is a virile black, waves and circles cut in ebony. As long ago as 1885 he landed from his last ship, and has been with us since, watching the land-marks go. "The sea," he said to me once, "the sea has gone. We're stranded high and dry. When I look down this road and see it so empty (the simple truth is it was filled with traffic) I feel I've overstayed my time allowance. I've been forgotten. My ships are firewood and wreckage, my owners are only funny portraits in offices that run ten-thousand-ton steamers, and the boys are bones. Poplar ? This isn't Poplar. I feel like Robin-son Crusoe—only I can't find a footprint in the place."

One cure I know for Captain Tom in that mood. It is for the young to remember there is no decay, though change, sometimes called progress, resembles it, especially when one has done one's work and is tired. We go to smoke a pipe at a dock-head. It will be high tide if we are in luck, and the sun will be going down to make our river majestic, and a steamer will be backing into the stream, outward bound. The sunset and the dusk for Tom, and the great business of ships and the sea for me. We see the steamer's captain and its pilot leaning over the bridge rail, looking aft towards the river ; and I think the size of their vessel appals my ancient. He never had to guide ten thousand tons of hull engines and cargo into a crowded waterway. But those two young fellows above know nothing of the change, having come with it. They are under their spell, thinking their world, as once Tom did his, established and permanent. Moving

at the pace of the movement, they do not realise it. Tom, now at rest, sitting on a bollard on the pier, sees the world going ahead athwart his tobacco smoke; the best medium through which to see things move. Let them move. We, watching quietly from our place on the pier-head, are wiser than that procession in one respect. We know that it does not know whence it is moving, nor why. That is a foolish movement then.

The sun has gone down behind the black serration of the western city. Now the river, and all the lower world, loses substance, becomes vaporous and unreal. Moving so fast then? But the sky definitely remains, a hard dome of glowing saffron based on transverse bars of low dark clouds like thin iron girders. The heaven alone, trite and plain, shows for what it is. The wharves, the factories, the ships, the docks, all the material evidence of industry and hope, merge into a dim and formless phantasmagoria, in which a few lights show, fumbling with ineffectual beams in dissolution. Out on the river a dark body moves past; it has bright eyes, and hoots dismally as it goes.

There is a hush, as though the world had stopped at sunset. But from the waiting steamer, looming above us, a gigantic and portentous bulk, a thin wisp of steam hums from an exhaust, and hangs across the vessel like a white wraith. You do not find the low hum of that steam-pipe significant. It is too trivial and delicate a sound in the palpable and oppressive dusk to be that. Then a boatswain's pipe rends the quiet dark like the gleam of a sword, and a great voice, oppressed by nothing, roars out from the steamer's bridge. There is sudden commotion on board, we hear the great voice again, and answering cries, and by us towards the black chasm of the river in which hover groups of moving planets, the mass of the steamer glides, its pale funnel mounting over us like a column. Out she goes, turning broadside on, a shadow sprinkled with stars, then makes slow way down stream, a travelling constellation occulting one after another all the fixed lights.

Captain Tom knocks out his pipe on the heel of his boot, his eyes still on the receding stars. "Aha!" he says, "I see they still can do it. They don't want any help old Tom could give aboard her. A good man there. Where's she bound for I wonder?"

Now, who can tell that? What a useless question to ask me. Did my old ancient ever know his real destination? And have I not watched Dockland itself in movement under the sun, plain for any man to see, from my window in its very midst? Whither was it bound! Why should old Tom expect the young

to answer that. If I knew I should publish it now, at this place in my chronicle of a shipping parish—for here is the end, the right place for such a secret. But he is a lucky navigator indeed who finds his sky always quite clear, day and night, and can set his course, regardless of deviations of minor aids, by the signs of unclouded heavenly bodies, and so knows exactly the port to which his steering will take him.

Mora Montravers

By Henry James

V

"We seem to have got so beautifully used to it," Traffle remarked more than a month later to Jane—"we seem to have lived into it and through it so, and to have suffered and surmounted the worst, that, upon my word, I scarce see what's the matter now, or what, that's so very dreadful, it's doing or has done for us. We haven't the interest of her, no," he had gone on, slowly pacing and revolving things according to his wont, while the sharer of his life, tea being over and the service removed, reclined on a sofa, perfectly still and with her eyes rigidly closed; "we've lost that, and I agree that it was great—I mean the interest of the number of ideas the situation presented us with. That has dropped—by our own act, evidently; we must have simply settled the case, a month ago, in such a way as that we shall have no more acquaintance with it; by which I mean no more of the fun of it. I, for one, confess I miss the fun—put it only at the fun of our having had to wriggle so with shame, or, call it if you like, to live so under arms, against prying questions and the too easy exposure of our false explanations; which only proves, however, that, as I say, the worst that has happened to us appears to be that we're going to find life tame again—as tame as it was before ever Mora came into it so immensely to enrich and agitate it. She has gone out of it, obviously, to leave it flat and forlorn—tasteless after having had for so many months the highest flavour. If, by her not thanking you even though she declined, by her not acknowledging in any way your—as I admit—altogether munificent offer, it seems indicated that we should hold her to have definitely enrolled herself in the deplorable "flaunting" class, we must at least recognise that she doesn't flaunt at *us*, at whomever else she may; and that she has in short cut us as neatly and effectively as, in the event of her conclusive, her supreme contumacy, we could have aspired to cut *her*. Never was a scandal, therefore, less scandalous—more naturally a

disappointment, that is, to our good friends, whose resentment of this holy calm, this absence of any echo of any convulsion, of any sensation of any kind to be picked up, strikes me as ushering in the only form of ostracism our dissimulated taint, our connection with lurid facts that *might* have gone on making us rather eminently worth while, will have earned for us. But aren't custom and use breaking us in to the sense even of *that* anticlimax, and preparing for us future years of wistful, rueful, regretful thought of the time when everything was nice and dreadful ? "

Mrs. Traffle's posture was now, more and more, certainly, this recumbent sightless stillness ; which she appeared to have resorted to at first—after the launching, that is, of her ultimatum to Mr. Puddick—as a sign of the intensity with which she awaited results. There had been no results, alas, there were none from week to week ; never was the strain of suspense less gratefully crowned ; with the drawback, moreover, that they could settle to nothing—not even to the alternative, that of the cold consciousness of slighted magnanimity, in which Jane had assumed beforehand that she should find her last support. Her husband circled about her couch, with his eternal dim whistle, at a discreet distance—as certain as if he turned to catch her in the act that when his back was presented in thoughtful retreat her tightened eyes opened to rest on it with peculiar sharpness. She waited for the proof that she had intervened to advantage—the advantage of Mora's social future—and she had to put up with Sidney's watching her wait. So he, on his side, lived under her tacit criticism of that attention ; and had they asked themselves, the comfortless pair—as it's in fact scarce conceivable that they didn't—what it would practically have cost them to receive their niece without questions, they might well have judged their present ordeal much the dearer. When Sidney had felt his wife glare at him undetectedly for a fortnight he knew at least what it meant, and if she had signified how much he might have to pay for it should he presume again to see Mora alone, she was now, in their community of a quietude that had fairly soured on their hands, getting ready to quarrel with him for his poverty of imagination about that menace. Absolutely, the conviction grew for him, she would have liked him better to do something, even something inconsiderate of her to the point of rudeness, than simply parade there in the deference that left her to languish. The fault of this conspicuous propriety, which gave on her nerves, was that it did nothing to refresh their decidedly rather starved sense of their case ; so that Traffle was frankly merciless—frankly, that is, for himself—in his application of her warning. There

was nothing he would indeed have liked better than to call on Mora—quite, as who should say, in the friendly way to which her own last visit at Wimbledon had set so bright an example. At the same time, though he revelled in his acute reflection as to the partner of his home—"I've only to go, and then come back with some 'new fact,' *à la Dreyfus*, in order to make her sit up in a false flare that will break our insufferable spell"—he was yet determined that the flare, certain to take place sooner or later, should precede his act; so large a license might he then obviously build upon it. His excursions to town were on occasion, even, in truth, not other than perverse—determined, that is, he was well aware, by their calculated effect on Jane, who could imagine in his absence, each time, that he might be "following something up" (an expression that had in fact once slipped from her), might be having the gumption, in other words, to glean a few straws for their nakeder nest; imagine it, yes, only to feel herself fall back again on the mere thorns of consistency.

It wasn't, nevertheless, that he took all his exercise to this supersubtle tune; the state of his own nerves treated him at moments to larger and looser exactions; which is why, though poor Jane's sofa still remained his centre of radiation, the span of his unrest sometimes embraced half London. He had never been on such fidgety terms with his club, which he could neither not resort to, from his suburb, with an unnatural frequency, nor make, in the event, any coherent use of; so that his suspicion of his not remarkably carrying it off there was confirmed to him, disconcertingly, one morning when his dash townward had been particularly wild, by the free address of a fellow-member prone always to overdoing fellowship and who had doubtless for some time amusedly watched his vague gyrations—"I say, Traff, old man, what in the world, this time, have you got 'on'?" It had never been anything but easy to answer the ass, and was easier than ever now—"'On'? You don't suppose I dress, do you, to come to meet *you?*"—yet the effect of the nasty little mirror of his unsatisfied state so flashed before him was to make him afresh wander wide, if wide half the stretch of Trafalgar Square could be called. He turned into the National Gallery, where the great masters were tantalising more by their indifference than by any offer of company, and where he could take up again his personal tradition of a lawless range. One couldn't be a *raffiné* at Wimbledon—no, not with any comfort; but he quite liked to think how he had never been anything less in the great museum, distinguished as he thus was from those who gaped impartially and did the place by schools. *His* sympathies

were special and far-scattered, just as the places of pilgrimage he most fondly reverted to were corners unnoted and cold, where the idol in the numbered shrine sat apart to await him.

So he found himself at the end of five minutes in one of the smaller, one of the Dutch rooms—in a temple bare in very fact at that moment save for just one other of the faithful. This was a young person—visibly young, from the threshold of the place, in spite of the back presented for an instant while a small picture before which she had stopped continued to hold her; but who turned at sound of his entering footfall, and who then again, as by an alertness in this movement, engaged his eyes. With which it was remarkably given to Traffle to feel himself recognise even almost to immediate, to artless extravagance of display, two things; the first that his fellow-votary in the unprofaned place and at the odd morning hour was none other than their invincible Mora, surprised, by this extraordinary fluke, in her invincibility, and the second (oh his certainty of *that !*) that she was expecting to be joined there by no such pale fellow-adventurer as her whilom uncle. It amazed him, as it also annoyed him, on the spot, that his heart, for thirty seconds, should be standing almost still; but he wasn't to be able afterwards to blink it that he had at once quite gone to pieces, any slight subsequent success in recovering himself to the contrary notwithstanding. Their happening thus to meet was obviously a wonder—it made him feel unprepared; but what especially did the business for him, he subsequently reflected, was again the renewed degree, and for that matter the developed kind, of importance that the girl's beauty gave her. Dear Jane, at home, as he knew—and as Mora herself probably, for that matter, did—was sunk in the conviction that she was leading a life; but whatever she was doing it was clearly the particular thing she might best be occupied with. How could anything be better for a lovely creature than thus to grow from month to month in loveliness ?—so that she was able to stand there before him with no more felt inconvenience than the sense of the mere tribute of his eyes could promptly rectify.

That ministered positively to his weakness—the justice he did on the spot to the rare shade of human felicity, human impunity, human sublimity, call it what one would, surely dwelling in such a consciousness. How could a girl have to think long, have to think more than three-quarters of a second, under any stress whatever of anything in the world but that her presence was an absolute incomparable value ? The prodigious thing, too, was that it had had in the past, and the comparatively recent past that one easily recalled, to content itself with counting twenty

times less : a proof precisely that any conditions so determined could only as a matter of course have been odious and, at the last, outrageous to her. Goodness knew with what glare of graceless inaction this rush of recognitions was accompanied in poor Traffle ; who was later on to ask himself whether he had showed to less advantage in the freshness of his commotion or in the promptly enough subsequent rage of his coolness. The commotion, in any case, had doubtless appeared more to paralyse than to agitate him, since Mora had had time to come nearer while he showed for helplessly planted. He hadn't even at the moment been proud of his presence of mind, but it was as they afterwards haunted his ear that the echoes of what he at first found to say were most odious to him.

"I'm glad to take your being here for a sign you've not lost your interest in Art"—that might have passed if he hadn't so almost feverishly floundered on. "I hope you keep up your painting—with such a position as you must be in for serious work ; I always thought, you know, that you'd do something if you'd stick to it. In fact, we quite miss your not bringing us something to admire as you sometimes did ; we haven't, you see, much of an art-atmosphere now. I'm glad you're fond of the Dutch—that little Metsu over there that I think you were looking at is a pet thing of my own ; and, if my living to do something myself hadn't been the most idiotic of dreams, something in *his* line—though of course a thousand miles behind him—was what I should have tried to go in for. You see at any rate where—missing as I say our art-atmosphere—I have to come to find one. Not such a bad place certainly"—so he had hysterically gabbled ; "especially at this quiet hour—as I see you yourself quite feel. I just turned in—though it does discourage ! I hope, however, it hasn't that effect on *you*," he knew himself to grin with the last awkwardness ; making it worse the next instant by the gay insinuation : "I'm bound to say it isn't how you look—discouraged ! "

It reeked for him with reference even while he said it—for the truth was but too intensely, too insidiously, somehow, that her confidence implied, that it in fact bravely betrayed, grounds. He was to appreciate this wild waver, in retrospect, as positive dizziness in a narrow pass—the abyss being naturally on either side ; that abyss of the facts of the girl's existence which he must thus have seemed to rush into, a smirking, a disgusting tribute to them through his excessive wish to show how clear he kept of them. The terrible, the fatal truth was that she made everything too difficult—or that this, at any rate, was how she enjoyed

the exquisite privilege of affecting him. She watched him, she saw him splash to keep from sinking, with a pitiless cold sweet irony ; she gave him rope as a syren on a headland might have been amused at some bather beyond his depth and unable to swim. It was all the fault—his want of ease was—of the real extravagance of his idea of not letting her spy even the tip of the tail of any " freedom " with her ; thanks to which fatality she had indeed the game in her own hands. She exhaled a distinction—it glanced out of every shade of selection, every turn of expression, in her dress, though she had always, for that matter, had the genius of felicity there—which was practically the " new fact " all Wimbledon had been awaiting ; and yet so perverse was their relation that to mark at all any special consideration for it was to appear just to make the allusion he was most forbidding himself. It was hard, his troubled consciousness told him, to be able neither to overlook her new facts without brutality nor to recognise them without impertinence ; and he was frankly at the end of his resources by the time he ceased beating the air. Then it was, yes, then it was perfectly, as if she had patiently let him show her each of his ways of making a fool of himself ; when she still said nothing a moment—and yet still managed to keep him ridiculous—as if for certainty on that head. It was true that when she at last spoke she swept everything away.

" It's a great chance my meeting you—for what you so kindly think of me."

She brought that out as if he had been uttering mere vain sounds—to which she preferred the comparative seriousness of the human, or at least of the mature, state, and her unexpectedness it was that thus a little stiffened him up. " What I think of you ? How do you know what I think ? "

She dimly and charmingly smiled at him, for it wasn't really that she was harsh. She was but infinitely remote—the syren on her headland dazzlingly in view, yet communicating, precisely, over such an abyss. " Because it's so much more, you mean, than you know yourself ? If you don't know yourself, if you know as little as, I confess, you strike me as doing," she, however, at once went on, " I'm more sorry for you than anything else ; even though at the best, I dare say, it must seem odd to you to hear me so patronising." It was borne in upon him thus that she would now make no difference, to his honour—to that of his so much more emancipated spirit at least—between her aunt and her uncle ; so much should the poor uncle enjoy for his pains. He should stand or fall with fatal Jane—for at this point he was

already sure Jane had been fatal; it was in fact with fatal Jane tied as a millstone round his neck that he at present knew himself sinking. "You try to make grabs at some idea, but the simplest never occurs to you."

"What do you call the simplest, Mora?" he at this heard himself whine.

"Why, my being simply a good girl. You gape at it"—he was trying exactly not to—"as if it passed your belief; but it's really all the while, to my own sense, what has been the matter with me. I mean, you see, a good creature—wanting to live at peace. Everything, however, occurs to you but that—and in spite of my trying to show you. You never understood," she said with her sad, quiet lucidity, "what I came to see you for two months ago." He was on the point of breaking in to declare that the reach of his intelligence at the juncture of which she spoke had been quite beyond expression; but he checked himself in time, as it would strike her but as a vague weak effort to make exactly the distinction that she held cheap. No, he wouldn't give Jane away now—he'd suffer anything instead; the taste of what he should have to suffer was already there on his lips—it came over him, to the strangest effect of desolation, of desolation made certain, that they should have lost Mora for ever, and that this present scant passage must count for them as her form of rupture. Jane had treated her the other day—treated her, that is, through Walter Puddick, who would have been, when all was said, a faithful agent—to *their* form, their form save on the condition attached, much too stiff a one, no doubt; so that he was actually having the extraordinary girl's answer. What they thought of her was that she was Walter Puddick's mistress—the only difference between them being that whereas her aunt fixed the character upon her as by the act of tying a neatly inscribed luggage-tag to a bandbox, he himself flourished about with *his* tag in his hand and a portentous grin for what he could do with it if he would. She brushed aside alike, however, vulgar label and bewildered formula; she but took Jane's message as involving an insult, and if she treated him, as a participant, with any shade of humanity, it was indeed that she was the good creature for whom she had a moment ago claimed credit. Even under the sense of so supreme a pang poor Traffle could value his actual, his living, his wonderful impression, rarest treasure of sense, as what the whole history would most have left with him. It was all he should have of her in the future—the mere memory of these dreadful minutes in so noble a place, minutes that were shining easy grace on her part and helpless humiliation on his;

wherefore, tragically but instinctively, he gathered in, as for preservation, every grain of the experience. That was it ; they had given her, without intending it, still wider wings of freedom ; the clue, the excuse, the pretext, whatever she might call it, for shaking off any bond that had still incommoded her. She was spreading her wings—that was what he saw—as if she hovered, rising and rising, like an angel in a vision ; it was the picture that he might, if he chose, or mightn't, make Jane, on his return, sit up to. Truths, these, that for our interest in him, or for our grasp of them, press on us in succession, but that within his breast were quick and simultaneous ; so that it was virtually without a wait he heard her go on. "Do try—that's really all I want to say—to keep hold of my husband."

"Your husband——?" He *did* gape.

She had the oddest charming surprise—her nearest approach to familiarity. "Walter Puddick. Don't you know I'm married ?" And then as for the life of him he still couldn't but stare : "Hasn't he told you ?"

"Told us ? Why, we haven't seen him——"

"Since the day you so put the case to him ? Oh, I should have supposed——!" She would have supposed, obviously, that he might in some way have communicated the fact ; but she clearly hadn't so much as assured herself of it. "Then there exactly he is—he doesn't seem, poor dear, to know what to do." And she had on his behalf, apparently, a moment of beautiful anxious, yet at the same time detached and all momentary thought. "That's just then what I mean."

"My dear child," Traffle gasped, "what on earth *do* you mean ?"

"Well"—and she dropped for an instant comparatively to within his reach—"that it's where you *can* come in. Where in fact, as I say, I quite wish you would !"

All his wondering attention for a moment hung upon her. "Do you ask me, Mora, to *do* something for you ?"

"Yes"—and it was as if no "good creature" had ever been so beautiful, nor any beautiful creature ever so good—"to make him your care. To see that he does get it."

"Get it ?" Traffle blankly echoed.

"Why, what you promised him. My aunt's money."

He felt his countenance an exhibition. "She promised it, Mora, to *you*."

"If I married him, yes—because I wasn't fit for her to speak to till I should. But if I'm now proudly Mrs. Puddick——"

He had already, however, as with an immense revulsion, a

long jump, taken her up : " You are, you *are*——? " He gaped at the difference it made, and in which then, immensely, they seemed to recover her.

" Before all men—and the Registrar."

" The Registrar ? " he again echoed ; so that, with another turn of her humour, it made her lift her eyebrows at him.

" You mean it doesn't hold if *that's* the way—— ? "

" It holds, Mora, I suppose, any way—that makes a real marriage. It is," he hopefully smiled, " real ? "

" Could anything be more real," she asked, " than to have become such a thing ? "

" Walter Puddick's wife ? " He kept his eyes on her pleadingly. " Surely, Mora, it's a *good* thing—clever and charming as he is." Now that Jane had succeeded, his instinct, of a sudden, was to back her up.

Mrs. Puddick's face—and the fact was it was strange, in the light of her actual aspect, to think of her and name her so—showed, however, as ready a disposition. " If he's as much as that then why were you so shocked by my relations with him ? "

He panted—he cast about. " Why, we didn't doubt of his distinction—of what it was at any rate likely to become."

" You only doubted of mine ? " she asked with her harder look.

He threw up helpless arms, he dropped them while he gazed at her. " It doesn't seem to me possible any one can ever have questioned your gift for doing things in your own way. And if you're now married," he added with his return of tentative presumption and his strained smile, " your own way opens out for you, doesn't it ? as never yet."

Her eyes, on this, held him a moment, and he couldn't have said now what was in them. " I think it does. I'm seeing," she said—" I shall see. Only "—she hesitated but for an instant —" for that it's necessary you shall look after him."

They stood there face to face on it—during a pause that lighted by her radiance, gave him time to take from her, somehow, larger and stranger things than either might at all intelligibly or happily have named. " Do you ask it of me ? "

" I ask it of you," said Mrs. Puddick after a wait that affected him as giving his contribution to her enjoyment of that title as part of her reason.

He held out, however—contribution or no contribution—another moment. " Do you beg me very hard ? "

Once more she hung fire—but she let him have it. " I beg you very hard."

It made him turn pale. " Thank you," he said ; and it was

as if now he didn't care what monstrous bargain he passed with her—which was fortunate, for that matter, since, when she next spoke, the quantity struck him as looming large.

"I want to be free."

"How can you not?" said Sidney Traffle, feeling, to the most extraordinary tune, at one and the same time both sublime and base; and quite vague, as well as indifferent, as to which character prevailed.

"But I don't want him, you see, to suffer."

Besides the opportunity that this spread before him, he could have blessed her, could have embraced her, for "you see." "Well, I promise you he sha'n't suffer if I can help it."

"Thank you," she said in a manner that gave him, if possible, even greater pleasure yet, showing him as it did, after all, what an honest man she thought him. He even at that point had his apprehension of the queerness of the engagement that, as an honest man, he was taking—the engagement, since she so "wanted to be free," to relieve her, so far as he devotedly might, of any care hampering this ideal; but his perception took a tremendous bound as he noticed that their interview had within a moment become exposed to observation. A reflected light in Mora's face, caught from the quarter behind him, suddenly so advised him and caused him to turn, with the consequence of his seeing a gentleman in the doorway by which he had entered—a gentleman in the act of replacing the hat raised to salute Mrs. Puddick and with an accompanying smile still vivid in a clear, fresh, well-featured face. Everything took for Sidney Traffle a sharper sense from this apparition, and he had, even while the fact of the nature of his young friend's business there, the keeping of an agreeable appointment in discreet conditions, stood out for him again as in its odd insolence of serenity and success, the consciousness that whatever his young friend was doing, whatever she was "up to," he was now quite as much in the act of backing her as the gentlemen in the doorway, a slightly mature, but strikingly well-dressed, a pleasantly masterful-looking gentleman, a haunter of the best society, one could be sure, was waiting for him to go. Mora herself, promptly, had that apprehension, and conveyed it to him, the next thing, in words that amounted, with their sweet conclusive look, to a decent dismissal. "Here's what's of *real* importance to me," she seemed to say; "so, though I count on you, I needn't keep you longer." But she took time in fact just to revert. "I've asked him to go to you; and he will, I'm sure, he *will*: by which you'll have your chance, don't fear! Good-bye." She spoke

as if this "chance" were what he would now at once be most yearning for; and thus it was that, while he stayed but long enough to let his eyes move again to the new, the impatient and distinctly "smart," yes, unmistakably, this time, not a bit Bohemian candidate for her attention, and then let them come back to herself as for some grasp of the question of a relation already so developed, there might have hung itself up there the prospect of an infinite future of responsibility about Walter Puddick—if only as a make-weight perhaps to the extinction of everything else. When he had turned his back and begun humbly to shuffle, as it seemed to him, through a succession of shining rooms where the walls bristled with eyes that watched him for mockery, his sense was of having seen the last of Mora as completely as if she had just seated herself in the car of a rising balloon that would never descend again to earth.

VI

It was before that aspect of the matter, at any rate, that Sidney Traffle made a retreat which he would have had to regard as the most abject act of his life hadn't he just savingly been able to regard it as the most lucid. The aftertaste of that quality of an intelligence in it sharp even to soreness was to remain with him, intensely, for hours—to the point in fact (which says all) of rendering necessary a thoughtful return to his club rather than a direct invocation of the society of his wife. He ceased, for the rest of the day there, to thresh about; that phase, sensibly, was over for him; he dropped into a deep chair, really exhausted, quite spent, and in this posture yielded to reflections too grave for accessory fidgets. They were so grave, or were at least so interesting, that it was long since he had been for so many hours without thinking of Jane—of whom he didn't even dream after he had at last inevitably, reacting from weeks of tension that were somehow ended for ever, welcomed a deep foodless doze which held him till it was time to order tea. He woke to partake, still meditatively, of that repast—yet, though late the hour and quite exceptional the length of his absence, with his domestic wantonness now all gone and no charm in the thought of how Jane would be worried. He probably shouldn't be wanton, it struck him, ever again in his life; that tap had run dry—had suffered an immense, a conclusive diversion from the particular application of its flow to Jane.

This truth indeed, I must add, proved of minor relevance on his standing before that lady, in the Wimbledon drawing-room,

considerably after six o'clock had struck, and feeling himself in presence of revelations prepared not only to match, but absolutely to ignore and override, his own. He hadn't put it to himself that if the pleasure of stretching her on the rack appeared suddenly to have dropped for him this was because "it"—by which he would have meant everything else—was too serious; but *had* he done so he would at once have indulged in the amendment that he himself certainly was. His wife had in any case risen from the rack, the "bed of steel" that, in the form of her habitual, her eternal, her plaintive, aggressive sofa, had positively a pushed-back and relegated air—an air to the meaning of which a tea-service that fairly seemed to sprawl and that even at such an hour still almost unprecedentedly lingered, added the very accent of recent agitations. He hadn't been able not to consult himself a little as to the strength of the dose, or as to the protraction of the series of doses, in which he should administer the squeezed fruit, the expressed and tonic liquor, of his own adventure; but the atmosphere surrounding Jane herself was one in which he felt questions of that order immediately drop. The atmosphere surrounding Jane had been, in fine, on no occasion that he could recall, so perceptibly thick, so abruptly rich, so charged with strange aromas; he could really almost have fancied himself snuff up from it a certain strength of transient tobacco, the trace of a lately permitted cigarette or two at the best—rarest of accidents and strangest of discords in that harmonious whole. Had she, gracious goodness, been smoking with somebody?—a possibility not much less lurid than this conceived extravagance of the tolerated, the independent pipe.

Yes, absolutely, she eyed him through a ranker medium than had ever prevailed between them by any perversity of his; eyed him quite as if prepared, in regular tit-for-tat fashion, to stretch *him*, for a change, on his back, to let him cool his heels in that posture while she sauntered in view pointedly enough for him to tell her how he liked it. Something had happened to her in his absence that made her quite indifferent, in other words, to what might have happened to any one else at all; and so little had he to fear asperity on the score of his selfish day off that she didn't even see the advantage to her, for exasperation of his curiosity, of holding him at such preliminary arm's-length as would be represented by a specious "scene." She would have liked him, he easily recognised, to burst with curiosity, or, better still, to grovel with it, before she should so much as throw him a sop; but just this artless pride in her it was that, by the very candour of its extravagance, presently helped him to a keen induction.

He had only to ask himself what could have occurred that would most of all things conduce to puffing her up with triumph, and then to reflect that, thoroughly to fill that bill, as who should say, she must have had a contrite call from Mora. He knew indeed, consummately, how superior a resource to morbid contrition that young woman was actually cultivating ; in accordance with which the next broadest base for her exclusive command of the situation—and she clearly claimed nothing less—would be the fact that Walter Puddick had been with her and that she had had him (and to the tune of odd revelry withal to which their disordered and unremoved cups glaringly testified) all to herself. Such an interview with him as had so uplifted her that she distractedly had failed to ring for the parlour-maid, with six o'clock ebbing in strides—this did tell a story, Traffle ruefully recognised, with which it might well verily yet be given her to work on him. He was promptly to feel, none the less, how he carried the war across her border, poor superficial thing, when he decided on the direct dash that showed her she had still to count with him.

He didn't offer her, as he looked about, the mere obvious "I see you've had visitors, or a visitor, and have smoked a pipe with them and haven't bored yourself the least mite "—he broke straight into : "He has come out here again then, the wretch, and you've done him more justice ? You've done him a good deal, my dear," he laughed in the grace of his advantage, "if you've done him even half as much as he appears to have done your tea-table!" For this the quick flashlight of his imagination—that's what it *was* for her to have married an imaginative man—was just the drop of a flying-machine into her castle court while she stood on guard at the gate. She gave him a harder look, and he feared he might kindle by too great an ease—as he was far from prematurely wishing to do—her challenge of his own experience. Her flush of presumption turned in fact, for the instant, to such a pathetically pale glare that, before he knew it, conscious of his resources and always coming characteristically round to indulgence as soon as she at all gave way, he again magnanimously abdicated. "He came to say it's no use ? " he went on, and from that moment knew himself committed to secrecy. It had tided him over the few seconds of his danger—that of Jane's demanding of him what he had been up to. He didn't want to be asked, no ; and his not being asked guarded his not—yes—positively lying ; since what most of all now filled his spirit was that he shouldn't himself positively *have* to speak. His not doing so would be his keeping something all to himself—as Jane would have liked, for the six-and-a-half minutes

of her strained, her poor fatuous chance, to keep her passage with Puddick; or to do this, in any case, till he could feel her resist what would certainly soon preponderantly make for her wish to see him stare at her producible plum. It wasn't, moreover, that he could on his own side so fully withstand wonder; the wonder of this new singular ground of sociability between persons hitherto seeing so little with the same eyes. There were things that fitted—fitted somehow the fact of the young man's return, and he could feel in his breast-pocket, when it came to that, the presence of the very key to almost any blind or even wild motion, as a sign of trouble, on poor Puddick's part; but what and where was the key to the mystery of Jane's sudden pride in his surely at the best very queer communication? The eagerness of this pride it was, at all events, that after a little so worked as to enable him to breathe again for his own momentarily menaced treasure. "They're married—they've been married a month; not a bit as one would have wished, or by any form decent people recognise, but with the effect, at least, he tells me, that she's now legally his wife and he legally her husband, so that neither can marry any one else, and that—and that——"

"And that she has taken his horrid name, under our pressure, in exchange for her beautiful one—the one that so fitted her and that we ourselves when all was said, did like so to keep repeating, in spite of everything, you won't deny, for the pleasant showy thing, compared with our own and most of our friends', it was to have familiarly about?" He took her up with this, as she had faltered a little over the other sources of comfort provided for them by the union so celebrated; in addition to which his ironic speech gained him time for the less candid, and thereby more cynically indulgent, profession of entire surprise. And he immediately added: "They've gone in for the mere civil marriage?"

"She appears to have consented to the very least of one that would do: they looked in somewhere, at some dingy office, jabbered a word or two to a man without h's and with a pen behind his ear, signed their names and then came out as good as you and me; very much as you and I the other day sent off that little postal-packet to Paris from our grocer's back-shop."

Traffle showed his interest—he took in the news. "Well, you know, you didn't make Church a condition."

"No—fortunately not. I was clever enough," Jane bridled, "for that."

She had more for him, her manner showed—she had that to which the bare fact announced was as nothing; but he saw he must somehow, yes, pay by knowing nothing more than he

could catch at by brilliant guesses. That had after an instant become a comfort to him: it would legitimate dissimulation, just as this recognised necessity would make itself quickly felt as the mere unregarded underside of a luxury. "And they're at all events, I take it," he went on, "sufficiently tied to be divorced."

She kept him—but only for a moment. "Quite sufficiently, I gather; and that," she said, "may come."

She made him, with it, quite naturally start. "Are they thinking of it already?"

She looked at him another instant hard, as with the rich expression of greater stores of private knowledge than she could adapt all at once to his intelligence. "You've no conception—not the least!—of how he feels."

Her husband hadn't hereupon, he admitted to himself, all artificially to gape. "Of course I haven't, love." Now that he had decided not to give his own observation away—and this however Puddick might "feel"—he should find it doubtless easy to be affectionate. "But he has been telling *you* all about it?"

"He has been here nearly two hours—as you of course, so far as that went, easily guessed. Nominally—at first—he had come out to see you; but he asked for me on finding you absent, and when I had come in to him seemed to want nothing better——"

"Nothing better than to stay and stay, Jane?" he smiled as he took her up. "Why in the world should he? What I ask myself," Traffle went on, "is simply how in the world you yourself could bear it." She turned away from him, holding him now, she judged, in a state of dependence; she reminded him even of himself, at similar moments of her own *asservissement*, when he turned his back upon her to walk about and keep her unsatisfied; an analogy markedly perceptible on her pausing a moment as under her first impression of the scattered tea-things and then ringing to have them attended to. Their domestic, retarded Rebecca, almost fiercely appeared, and her consequent cold presence in the room and inevitably renewed return to it, by the open door, for several minutes, drew out an interval during which he felt nervous again lest it should occur to his wife to wheel round on him with a question. She did nothing of the sort, fortunately; she was as stuffed with supersessive answers as if she were the latest number of a penny periodical: it was only a matter still of his continuing to pay his penny. She wasn't, moreover, his attention noted, trying to be portentous; she was much rather secretly and perversely serene—the basis of which condition did a little tax his fancy. What on earth had Puddick done to her—since he hadn't been able to

bring her out Mora—that had made her distinguishably happier, beneath the mere grimness of her finally scoring at home, than she had been for so many months ? The best she could have learned from him—Sidney might even at this point have staked his life upon it—wouldn't have been that she could hope to make Mrs. Puddick the centre of a grand rehabilitative tea-party. " Why then," he went on again, " if they were married a month ago and he was so ready to stay with you two hours, hadn't he come sooner ? "

" He didn't come to tell me they were married—not on purpose for that," Jane said after a little and as if the fact itself were scarce more than a trifle—compared at least with others she was possessed of, but that she didn't yet mention.

" Well "—Traffle frankly waited now—" what in the world *did* he come to tell you ? "

She made no great haste with it. " His fears."

" What fears—at present ? " he disingenuously asked.

" ' At present ? ' Why, it's just ' at present ' that he feels he has got to look out." Yes, she was distinctly, she was strangely placid about it. " It's worse to have to have them now that she's his wife, don't you understand ? " she pursued as if he were really almost beginning to try her patience. " His difficulties aren't over," she nevertheless condescended further to mention.

She was irritating, decidedly ; but he could always make the reflection that if she had been truly appointed to wear him out she would long since have done so. " What difficulties," he accordingly continued, " are you talking about ? "

" Those my splendid action—for he grants perfectly that it *is* and will remain splendid—have caused for him." But her calmness, her positive swagger of complacency over it, *was* indeed amazing.

" Do you mean by your having so forced his hand ? " Traffle had now no hesitation in risking.

" By my having forced *hers*," his wife presently returned. " By my glittering bribe, as he calls it."

He saw in a moment how she liked what her visitor had called things ; yet it made him, himself, but want more. " She found your bribe so glittering that she couldn't resist it ? "

" She couldn't resist it." And Jane sublimely stalked. " She consented to perform the condition attached—as I've mentioned to you—for enjoying it."

Traffle artfully considered. " If she has met you on that arrangement where do the difficulties come in ? "

Jane looked at him a moment with wonderful eyes. " For me ? They don't come in ! " And she again turned her back on him.

It really tempted him to permit himself a certain impatience —which in fact he might have shown hadn't he by this time felt himself more intimately interested in Jane's own evolution than in Mr. Puddick's, or even, for the moment, in Mora's. That interest ministered to his art. "You must tell me at your convenience about yours, that is about your apparently feeling yourself now so beautifully able to sink yours. What I'm asking you about is his—if you've put them so at your ease."

"I haven't put them a bit at their ease!"—and she was at him with it again almost as in a glow of triumph.

He aimed at all possible blankness. "But surely four hundred and fifty more a year——!"

"Four hundred and fifty more is nothing to her."

"Then why the deuce did she marry him for it?—since she apparently couldn't bring herself to without it."

"She didn't marry him that she herself should get my allowance—she married him that *he* should."

At which Traffle had a bit genuinely to wonder. "It comes at any rate to the same if you pay it to her."

Nothing, it would seem, could possibly have had on Jane's state of mind a happier effect. "I sha'n't pay it to her."

Her husband could again but stare. "You *won't*, dear?" he deprecated.

"I don't," she nobly replied. And then as at last for one of her greater cards: "I pay it to *him*."

"But if he pays it to *her*——?"

"He doesn't. He explains."

Traffle cast about. "Explains—a—to Mora?"

"Explains to me. He *has*," she almost defiantly bridled, "perfectly explained."

Her companion smiled at her. "Ah, *that* then is what took him two hours!" He went on, however, before she could either attenuate or amplify: "It must have taken him that of course to arrange with you—as I understand?—for his monopolising the money?"

She seemed to notify him now that from her high command of the situation she could quite look down on the spiteful sarcastic touch. "We have plenty to arrange. We have plenty to discuss. We shall often—if you want to know—have occasion to meet." After which, "Mora," she quite gloriously brought forth, "hates me worse than ever."

He opened his eyes to their widest. "For settling on her a substantial fortune?"

"For having"—and Jane had positively a cold smile for it—"believed her not respectable."

"Then *was* she?" Traffle gaped.

It did turn on him the tables! "Mr. Puddick continues to swear it." But even though so gracefully patient of him she remained cold.

"You yourself, however, haven't faith?"

"No," said Mrs. Traffle.

"In his word, you mean?"

She had a fine little wait. "In her conduct. In his knowledge of it."

Again he had to rise to it. "With other persons?"

"With other persons. Even then."

Traffle thought. "But even when?"

"Even from the first," Jane grandly produced.

"Oh, oh, oh!" he found himself crying with a flush. He had had occasion to colour in the past for her flatness, but never for such an audacity of point. Wonderful, all round, in the light of reflection, seemed what Mora was doing for them. "It won't be her husband, at all events, who has put you up to *that!*"

She took this in as if it might have been roguishly insinuating in respect to her own wit—though not, as who should say, to make any great use of it. "It's what I read——"

"What you 'read'——?" he asked as she a little hung fire.

"Well, into the past that from far back so troubled me. I had plenty to tell *him!*" she surprisingly went on.

"Ah, my dear, to the detriment of his own wife?" our friend broke out.

It earned him, however, but her at once harder and richer look. Clearly she was at a height of satisfaction about something—it spread and spread more before him. "For all that really, you know, she *is* now his wife!"

He threw himself amazedly back. "You mean she practically isn't?" And then as her eyes but appeared to fill it out: "Is that what you've been having from him?—and is that what we've done?"

She looked away a little—she turned off again. "Of course I've wanted the full truth—as to what I've done."

Our friend could imagine that, at strict need; but wondrous to him with it was this air in her as of the birth of a new detachment. "What you've 'done,' it strikes me, might be a little embarrassing for us; but you speak as if you really quite enjoyed it!"

This was a remark, he had to note, by which she wasn't in the least confounded; so that if he had his impression of that odd novelty in her to which allusion has just been made, it might

indeed have been quite a new Jane who now looked at him out of her conscious eyes. "He likes to talk to me, poor dear."

She treated his observation as if that quite met it—which couldn't but slightly irritate him; but he hadn't in the least abjured self-control, he was happy to feel, on his returning at once: "And you like to talk with *him*, obviously—since he appears so beautifully and quickly to have brought you round from your view of him as merely low."

She flushed a little at this reminder, but it scarcely pulled her up. "I never thought him low"—she made no more of it than that; "but I admit," she quite boldly smiled, "that I did think him wicked."

"And it's now your opinion that people can be wicked without being low?"

Prodigious really, he found himself make out while she just hesitated, the opinions over the responsibility of which he should yet see her—and all as a consequence of this one afternoon of his ill-inspired absence—ready thus unnaturally to smirk at him. "It depends," she complacently brought out, "on the kind."

"On the kind of wickedness?"

"Yes, perhaps. And"—it didn't at all baffle her—"on the kind of people."

"I see. It's all, my dear, I want to get at—for a proper understanding of the extraordinary somersault you appear to have turned. Puddick has just convinced you that *his* immoralities are the right ones?"

"No, love—nothing will ever convince me that any immoralities deserve that name. But some," she went on, "only seem wrong till they're explained."

"And those are the ones that, as you say, he has been explaining?" Traffle asked with a glittering cheerful patience.

"He has explained a great deal, yes"—Jane bore up under it; "but I think that, by the opportunity for a good talk with him, I've at last understood even more. We weren't, you see, before," she obligingly added, "in his confidence."

"No, indeed," her husband opined, "we could scarcely be said to be. But now we are, and it makes the difference?"

"It makes the difference to *me*," Jane nobly contented herself with claiming. "If I've been remiss, however," she showed herself prepared to pursue, "I must make it up. And doubtless I *have* been."

"'Remiss,'" he stared, "when you're in full enjoyment of my assent to our making such sacrifices for her?"

She gave it, in her superior way, a moment's thought. "I

don't mean remiss in act; no, that, thank goodness, we haven't been. But remiss in feeling," she quite unbearably discriminated.

"Ah, that, *par exemple*," he protested, "I deny that I've been for a moment!"

"No"—and she fairly mused at him; "you seemed to have all sorts of ideas; while I," she conceded, "had only one, which, so far as it went, was good. But it didn't go far enough."

He watched her a moment. "I doubtless don't know what idea you mean," he smiled, "but how far does it go now?"

She hadn't, with her preoccupied eyes on him, so much as noticed the ironic ring of it. "Well, you'll see for yourself. I mustn't abandon him."

"Abandon Puddick? Who the deuce then ever said you must?"

"Didn't *you* a little," she blandly inquired, "all the while you were so great on our not 'interfering'?"

"I was great—if great you call it—only," he returned, "so far as I was great for our just a little understanding."

"Well, what I'm telling you is that I think I do at present just a little understand."

"And doesn't it make you feel just a little badly?"

"No"—she serenely shook her head; "for my intention was so good. He does justice now," she explained, "to my intention; or he will very soon—he quite let me *see* that, and it's why I'm what you call 'happy.' With which," she wound up, "there's so much more I can still do. There are bad days, you see, before him—and then he'll have only me. For if she *was* respectable," Jane proceeded, reverting as imperturbably to their question of a while back, "she's certainly not nice now."

He'd be hanged, Traffle said to himself, if he wouldn't look at her hard. "Do you mean by not coming to thank you?" And then as she but signified by a motion that this she had now made her terms with: "What else then is the matter with her?"

"The matter with her," said Jane on the note of high deliberation and competence, and not without a certain pity for his own want of light, "the matter with her is that she's quite making her preparations, by what he's convinced, for leaving him."

"Leaving him?"—he met it with treasures of surprise.

These were nothing, however, he could feel, to the wealth of authority with which she again gave it out. "Leaving him."

"A month after marriage?"

"A month after—their form; and she seems to think it handsome, he says, that she has waited the month. *That*," she added, "is what he came above all that we should know."

He took in, our friend, many things in silence ; but he presently had his comment. " We've done our job then to an even livelier tune than we could have hoped ! "

Again this moral of it all didn't appear to shock her. " He doesn't reproach me," she wonderfully said.

" I'm sure it's very good of him then ! " Traffle cried.

But her blandness, her mildness was proof. " My dear Sidney, Walter *is* very good."

She brought it out as if she had made, quite unaided, the discovery ; though even this, perhaps, was not what he most stared at. " Do you call him Walter ? "

" Surely "—and she returned surprise for surprise—" isn't he my nephew ? "

Traffle bethought himself. " You recognise the Registrar then for *that*."

She could perfectly smile back. " I don't know that I would if our friend weren't so interesting."

It was quite for Sidney Traffle, at this, as if he hadn't known up to that moment, filled for him with her manner of intimating her reason, what sort of a wife—for coolness and other things—he rejoiced in. Really he had to take time—and to throw himself, while he did so, into pretences. " The Registrar ? "

" Don't be a goose, dear ! "—she showed she could humour him at last ; and it was perhaps the most extraordinary impression he had ever in his life received. " But you'll see," she continued in this spirit. " I mean how I shall interest you." And then as he but seemed to brood at her : " Interest you, I mean, in my interest—for I sha'n't content myself," she beautifully professed, " with your simply not minding it."

" Minding your interest ? " he frowned.

" In my poor ravaged, lacerated, pathetic nephew. I shall expect you in some degree to share it."

" Oh, I'll share it if you like, but you must remember how little I'm responsible."

She looked at him abysmally. " No—it *was* mainly me. He brings that home to me, poor dear. Oh, he doesn't scare me ! "—she kept it up ; " and I don't know that I want him to, for it seems to clear the whole question, and really to ease me a little, that he should put everything before me, his grievance with us, I mean, and that I should know just how he has seen our attitude, or at any rate mine. I was stupid the other day when he came—he saw but a part of it then. It's settled," she further mentioned, " that I shall go to him."

" Go to him——? " Traffle blankly echoed.

"At his studio, dear, you know," Jane promptly supplied. "I want to see his work—for we had some talk about that too. He has made me care for it."

Her companion took these things in—even so many of them as there now seemed to be: they somehow left him, in point of fact, so stranded. "Why not call on *her* at once?"

"That will be useless when she won't receive me. Never, never!" said Jane with a sigh so confessedly superficial that her husband found it peculiarly irritating.

"He has brought *that* 'home' to you?" he consequently almost jibed.

She winced no more, however, than if he had tossed her a flower. "Ah, what he has made me realise is that if he has definitely lost her, as he feels, so we ourselves assuredly have, for ever and a day. But he doesn't mean to lose sight of her, and in that way——"

"In that way?"—Traffle waited.

"Well, I shall always hear whatever there may be. And there's no knowing," she developed as with an open and impartial appetite, "what that mayn't come to."

He turned away—with his own conception of this possible expansive quantity and a sore sense of how the combinations of things were appointed to take place without his aid or presence, how they kept failing to provide for him at all. It was his old irony of fate, which seemed to insist on meeting him at every turn. Mora had testified in the morning to no further use for him than might reside in his making her shuffled-off lover the benevolent business of his life; but even in this cold care, clearly, he was forestalled by a person to whom it would come more naturally. It was by his original and independent measure that the whole case had become interesting and been raised above the level of a mere vulgar scandal; in spite of which he could now stare but at the prospect of exclusion, and of his walking round it, through the coming years—to walk vaguely round and round announcing itself thus at the best as the occupation of his future—in wider and remoter circles. As against this, for warmth, there would nestle in his breast but a prize of memory, the poor little secret of the passage at the Gallery that the day had bequeathed him. He might propose to hug this treasure of consciousness, to make it, by some ingenuity he couldn't yet forecast, his very own; only it was a poor thing in view of their positive privation, and what Jane was getting out of the whole business—*her* ingenuity it struck him he could quite forecast—would certainly be a comparative riot of sympathy. He stood with his hands in his pockets

and gazed a little, very sightlessly—that is with an other than ranging vision, even though not other than baffled one too—out of the glimmering square of the window. Then, however, he recalled himself, slightly shook himself, and the next moment had faced about with a fresh dissimulation. "If you talk of her leaving him, and he himself comes in for all your bounty, what then is she going to live upon?"

"On her wits, he thinks and fears; on her beauty, on her audacity. Oh, it's a picture——!" Jane was now quite unshrinkingly able to report from her visitor. Traffle, morally fingering, as it were, the mystic medal under his shirt, was at least equally qualified, on his side, to gloom all yearningly at her; but she had meanwhile testified further to her consistent command of their position. "He believes her to be more than ever —*not* 'respectable.'"

"How, 'more than ever,' if respectable was what she *was?*"

"It was what she wasn't!" Jane returned.

He had a prodigious shrug—it almost eased him for the moment of half his impatience. "I understood that you told me a moment ago the contrary."

"Then you understood wrong. All I said was that he says she was—but that I don't believe him."

He wondered, following. "Then how does he come to describe her as less so?"

Jane straightened it out—Jane surpassed herself. "He doesn't describe her as less so than she 'was'—I only put her at that. *He*"—oh, she was candid and clear about it!—"simply puts her at less so than she might be. In order, don't you see," she luminously reasoned, "that we shall have it on our conscience that we took the case out of his hands."

"And you allowed to him then that that's how we do have it?"

To this her face lighted as never yet. "Why, it's just the point of what I tell you—that I feel I *must.*"

He turned it over. "But why so if you're right?"

She brought up her own shoulders for his density. "I haven't been right. I've been wrong."

He could only glare about. "In holding her then already to have fallen——?"

"Oh dear no, not that! In having let it work me up. Of course I can but take from him now," she elucidated, "what he insists on."

Her husband measured it. "Of course, in other words, you can but believe she was as bad as possible, and yet pretend to him he has persuaded you of the contrary?"

"Exactly, love—so that it shall make us worse. As bad as he wants us," she smiled.

"In order," Traffle said after a moment, "that he may comfortably take the money?"

She welcomed this gleam. "In order that he may comfortably take it."

He could but gaze at her again. "You *have* arranged it!"

"Certainly I have—and that's why I'm calm. He considers, at any rate," she continued, "that it will probably be Sir Bruce. I mean that she'll leave him for."

"And who in the world is Sir Bruce?"

She consulted her store of impressions. "Sir Bruce Bagley, Bart., I think he said."

Traffle fitted it in silence. "A soldier?" he then asked.

"I'm uncertain—but, as I seem to remember, a patron. He buys pictures."

Traffle could privately imagine it. "And that's how she knows him?"

Jane allowed for his simplicity. "Oh, how she 'knows' people——!"

It still held him, however, an instant. "What sort of a type?"

She seemed to wonder a little at this press of questions, but after just facing it didn't pretend to more than she knew. She was, on this basis of proper relations that she had settled, more and more willing, besides, to oblige. "I'll find out for you."

It came in a tone that made him turn off. "Oh, I don't mind." With which he was back at the window.

She hovered—she didn't leave him; he felt her there behind him as if she had noted a break in his voice or a moisture in his eyes—a tribute to a natural pang even for a not real niece. He wouldn't renew with her again, and would have been glad now had she quitted him; but there grew for him during the next moments the strange sense that, with what had so bravely happened for her—to the point of the triumph of displaying it to him inclusive—the instinct of compassion worked in her; though whether in respect of the comparative solitude to which her duties to "Walter" would perhaps more or less relegate him, or on the score of his having brought home to him, as she said, so much that was painful, she hadn't yet made up her mind. This, after a little, however, she discreetly did; she decided in the sense of consideration for his nerves. She lingered—he felt her more vaguely about; and in the silence that thus lasted between them he felt also, with its importance, the determination

of their life for perhaps a long time to come. He was wishing she'd go—he was wanting not then again to meet her eyes ; but still more than either of these things he was asking himself, as from time to time during the previous months he had all subtly and idly asked, what would have been the use, after all, of so much imagination as constantly worked in him. Didn't it let him into more deep holes than it pulled him out of ? Didn't it make for him more tight places than it saw him through ? Or didn't it at the same time, not less, give him all to himself a life, exquisite, occult, dangerous and sacred, to which everything ministered and which nothing could take away ?

He fairly lost himself in that aspect—which it was clear only the vision and the faculty themselves could have hung there, of a sudden, so wantonly before him ; and by the moment attention for nearer things had re-emerged he seemed to know how his wife had interpreted his air of musing melancholy absence. She had dealt with it after her own fashion ; had given him a moment longer the benefit of a chance to inquire or appeal afresh ; and then, after brushing him good-humouredly, in point of fact quite gaily, with her skirts, after patting and patronising him gently with her finger-tips, very much as he had patted and patronised Walter Puddick that day in the porch, had put him in his place, on the whole matter of the issue of their trouble, or at least had left him in it, by a happy last word. She had judged him more upset, more unable to conclude or articulate, about Mora and Sir Bruce, than she, with her easier power of rebound, had been ; and her final wisdom, indeed her final tenderness, would be to show him cheerful and helpful mercy. " No then, I see I mustn't rub it in. You sha'n't be worried. I'll keep it all to myself, dear." With which she would have floated away—with which and some other things he was sensibly, relievingly alone. But he remained staring out at the approach of evening—and it was of the other things he was more and more conscious while the vague grey prospect held him. Even while he had looked askance in the greyness at the importunate fiend of fancy it was riding him again as the very genius of twilight ; it played the long reach of its prompt lantern over Sir Bruce Bagley, the patron of promising young lives. He wondered about Sir Bruce, recalling his face and his type and his effect—his effect, so immediate, on Mora ; wondered how he had proceeded, how he would still proceed, how far perhaps even they had got by that time. Lord, the fun some people did have ! Even Jane, with her conscientious new care—even Jane, unmistakably, was in for such a lot.

Fouquier-Tinville

By Bernard Capes

"If your life has ever known one act of self-sacrifice, bear, for your consolation, its memory to the scaffold."

With a stiff smile on his lips, and those words of the President of the reconstituted Court in his ears, Antoine Quentin Fouquier de Tinville, late Public Prosecutor to the Revolutionary Tribunal, turned to follow his guard.

This was at seven o'clock of a May evening, and twelve or fourteen hours remained to him in which to collect his thoughts and settle his affairs. At ten on the following morning the tumbrils would arrive at the archway to the Cour de Mai, and he and his fifteen condemned jurymen would start on their long road of agony to the Place de la Révolution, whither, or elsewhere, on a like errand, he himself had already despatched so many thousands.

Those words of the President somehow haunted him.

So many thousands—dismissed to their deaths, without remorse or pity, from that same Salle de la Liberté in which he had just stood his own trial! How familiar it had all seemed; how matter-of-course, how inevitable—the relentless hands of the clock, creeping on to the premeditated doom-stroke; the hungry bestial faces lolling at the barriers; the voices of the street entering by the open windows, and seeming to comment derisively on the drawling evidence, selected to convict. He had known the procedure so well, had been so instrumental in creating it, that any defence had well seemed a mockery of the methods of the Palais de Justice.

"I have been a busy man," he had said. "I forget things. Are we to be held accountable for every parasite we destroy in crushing out the life of a monster?"

That had appeared a reasonable plea. What did not seem reasonable was the base sums he had personally amassed out of the destruction of the parasites, the bribes he had accepted, his subornation of witnesses, his deafness to the just pleas of unprofitable virtue, his neglect of the principles of brotherhood.

He had held one of the first offices of the fraternal State, and had made of it a wholly self-seeking vehicle. He had seen his *chance* in the mad battle of a people for liberty, and had used it to rob the dead. There was, in truth, no more despicable joint in that "tail of Robespierre" which Sanson was busily engaged just now in docking than this same Antoine Quentin. And yet he believed himself aggrieved.

That night he wrote to his second wife, from his cell in the Conciergerie, to which he had been returned, the following words:

"I shall die, heart and hands pure, for having served my country with too much zeal and activity, and for having conformed to the wishes of the government."

It bettered Wolsey's cry in the singleness of its reproach.

The problem of all villainy is that it regards itself with an obliquity of vision for which it seems hard to hold it accountable. Given a lack of the moral sense, and how is a man to make an honest living? Tinville—or de Tinville, mark you—became an attorney because he was poor, and then a rascal because he was an attorney. There are always many thousands living in an odour of respectability whom fortune alone saves from a like revelation of themselves. But that is not to say that, in the general purification of society, the lethal chamber is not the best answer to the problem.

This man was by nature a callous, coarse-grained ruffian, constitutionally insensible to the pleas of humanity, and with the self-protective instinct prominently developed in him as in brutes. You could not regard his sallow, grim-jawed face-structure, his staring, over-bushed black eyes, his thin-lipped mouth, perpetually mobile in sneers and spitting scorns and cynicisms, and affect to read in them any under-suggestion of charity or benevolence. Numbers, poor obsequious wretches, had essayed the monstrous pretence, and had pitiably retracted their heresy under the axe. He was forty-seven years of age; he had lived every day of his later manhood in secret scorn and abuse of the principles he had hired himself to advocate; and only where his personal interests were not affected had it ever been possible to credit him with a deed of grace, or at the best of passive indifference.

"*If your life has ever known one act of self-sacrifice!*"

He had done kind things in his time, two or three; but had they ever included "one act of self-sacrifice"? Had he not conceded them, rather, for the very contrary reason? He tried to think it out. The question worried him oddly and per-

sistently ; it seemed to have absorbed every other ; he groped perpetually for an answer to it through the whirling chaos of his mind. There had been the wife and daughters of the Marquis de Miranion, whom he had shielded in their peril because once, when he had been a young man contemplating orders, they had shown him kindness. He suddenly remembered the case, and remembered too that his condescension had occurred at a time when the despotic nature of his office had held him virtually immune from criticism or misrepresentation. Again, there had been the young virgins of Verdun, condemned and executed for offering sweetmeats to the King of Prussia. He had pitied them ; but pity was inexpensive, and, at the moment, not unpopular. There had been—what else had there been ? He flogged his brains for a third instance, and, not being successful, had to fall back upon the minor amenities. Little convivial generosities (for he had been a *camarade*, a *joyeux vivant*, in his rough way), little family indulgences and sensual concessions—he had these to set against the habitual inhuman greed which had made him the most squalid soulless Harpagon of his tribe. Insolent to weakness, truckling to power, his interest in the awful part he had played had never risen above self-interest. The very list of the great names he had extinguished represented nothing to his ignoble mind but so many opportunities seized by him to acquire personal gain or personal safety. Vergniaud the ineffable, Corday the magnificent, Lavoisier the gentle, Hébert the dastard, Danton the tremendous—these, to take but a handful, he had despatched to their graves with a like indifference to the principles which had brought them subject to his chastisement. There were no principles in his creed but self-gain and self-preservation. From the poor Austrian "plucked hen" at one limit of the tail, to Robespierre at the other, he had been always as ready to cut short a saint as a rogue in the vindication of that creed. He simply could not understand any other ; and yet the words of the President were worrying him horribly.

He had answered them, at the time, after his nature—that is to say, with servility while a thread of hope remained, and afterwards with loud scorn and venomous defiance. Brazen by constitution, he was not to reveal himself soft metal at the last. Trapped and at bay, he snarled like a tiger confessing his yellow fangs at their longest. Hope might exist for other men ; but he knew too well it was ended. He himself had stabbed it to death with a thousand wounds.

And yet he was racked with a sense of grievance.

And yet those words of the President tormented him.

He spoke, and wrote, and raged—throughout the brief interval of life which remained to him he was seldom still. But always the one sentence floated in letters of dim fire in the background of his mind. He had a mad feeling that if only once he could recall the necessary instance, he would be equipped with the means to defy his enemies—to defy heaven and hell and earth. That was a strange obsession for a sceptic and atheist, but it clung to him. The words, and the rebuke that they implied, were for ever in his brain, crossing its dark wastes like a shaft of light peopled with tiny travelling motes, which bore some relation, only in an insignificant form, to the tremendous business of the day, and yet seemed to have survived that business as its only realities. Thus through the texture of the ray came and went little absurd memories of a cut that juryman Vilate, a fellow-prisoner, had made upon his chin in shaving, of an early queen-wasp that had come and droned about the presidential desk during the droning indictment, of the face of an old shrewd wintry hag which had peered out, white and momentary, from among the crowd of spectators, and had been as swiftly absorbed back into it.

The face ! His wandering mind brought up on the recollection of it with an instant shock. The hate, the tumult, all other foam-white faces of the Court, seemed in one moment to drop and seethe away from it like a spent wave, and to leave it flung up alone, stark, motionless, astounding.

* * * * * * *

At ten came the tumbrils, together with the prescriptive guard of sixty *gens-d'armes* to escort them to the scaffold. The ex-Public Prosecutor mounted to his place, dogged, baleful, heroic according to his lights. He could not help bullying even his fellow-sufferers ; but from the outset there was a strange searching gleam in his eyes, which never left them until they were closed for ever.

From the Quai de l'Horloge came the first roar of the mob, as rabid to flesh its teeth in the accuser as it had ever been in the accused. Already, as the Pont Neuf was reached, a running howling *valetaille* of blackguards and prostitutes was travelling with the procession. Lumbering onwards, between ranks of many-windowed houses alive with screaming faces and waving hands, the carts traversed the Rues de la Monnaie and du Roule, and turned into the long stretch of the Rue St. Honoré, which ended only at the bend into the great square of the guillotine.

They cursed him all the way ; he cursed them back. The

habit of his lips spat venom, while his brain ignored and his vision overlooked them.

"Where are thy batches now, Antoine?" they screamed.

"Ravening curs!" he thundered. "Is thy bread cheaper, lacking them?"

All the time his eyes were going with the running crowd, searching it, beating it like covert, hunting for something on which they hungered to fasten. And suddenly they found it—*the figure of a little withered old woman, bearing a grass-green umbrella in her hand.*

She was there in a moment, moving in pace with the carts, a dead twig borne on the living stream, now afloat, now under, but always reappearing—bobbing out grotesque and vital, and dancing on her way. She was of the poorest class, bent, lean, tattered, and her face was quite hidden behind the wings of a frowzy cap. No one seemed to observe her; only the eyes of the condemned gloated on her movements, followed them, watched her every step with an intense greed that never wavered. For she it was who stood to him, at last, for that single act of self-sacrifice with the instance of which he was to refute his slanderers and defy the grave.

It had come upon him, all at once, with the memory of that face projected livid and instant from the mist of faces that had walled him in. He had recalled how, on a certain wet and dismal evening months ago, he had been crossing the Pont St. Michel on his way home after an exhausting day, when the gleam of a gold coin lying in the kennel had arrested his attention. Avaricious in the most peddling sense, he had been stooping eagerly to grasp his find, when the interposition of a second body had halted him unexpectedly on his way.

"*Bon Dieu*, little citizen, let the old rag-sorter be happy for once!"

He had heard the febrile plea; had checked himself and had looked. It was an old old woman, grotesque, battered, drenched with rain. In her trembling claw, nevertheless, she had borne a shapeless green umbrella, an article sufficiently preposterous in that context of poverty and *sans-culottism*. No doubt the dislocation of the times accounted for her possession of it. It had burst open as she grabbed at the coin, and out had rolled a sodden red cabbage, fished from some mixen. It had borne an uncanny resemblance to a severed head, and had made him start for the moment.

"Let the old rag-sorter be happy for once."

And, with a laugh, he had let her clutch the gold, restore

the cabbage to its receptacle, and hobble off breathing benedictions on his head. God knew why he had let her—God would know. And yet God was a cypher in the scheme of things. Only, from the moment when the President had uttered those words, he had been looking—he knew it now—for the old rag-sorter to refute them. She could testify, if she would, that his life had not been entirely devoid of disinterested self-sacrifice. He had once, for another's sake, sacrificed a ten-franc piece.

How had she risen, and whence followed? There had been something unearthly in the apparition; there was something unearthly in his present possession by it. Yet, from the moment of his mental identification of the face, he had expected to renew the vision of it, to take it up somewhere between the prison and the scaffold, and he would have been perplexed only to find his expectation at fault. His witnesses were not wont to fail him, and this, the most personal of any, he could not afford to spare. He dwelt upon the flitting figure with a passion of interest which blinded him to the crowd, deafened him to its maledictions. Automatically he roared back blasphemy for hate; subliminally he was alone in Paris with his old rag-sorter.

He could never see her face; yet he knew it was she as surely as he knew himself. She went on and on, keeping pace with the cart, threading the throng, and always, it seemed, unobserved by it.

And then, all in a moment, the guillotine—and he was going up the steps to it!

He turned as he reached the platform. For an instant tumult and a sense of mad disaster hemmed him in. There was a foam of upturned faces, vaster than anything he had yet realised; there was the tall lean yoke, with its wedge of dripping steel swung up between; there was the lunette, the little window, and the corners, just visible, of the deep basket beyond into which he was to vomit his life. They were hauling away the trunk of the last victim, a ludicrous, flabby welter, into the red cart adjacent. What a way to treat a man—soulless, obscene! For one instant a deadly sickness overpowered him; he turned his head away—and saw her panting up the steps, confused, but yet unnoticed, a jocund leer on her withered old face.

Then suddenly something happened. The thundering voice of the crowd rose to an exultant pitch; there was a crash, a numbing jerk—and he was erect again, amazed and flung at liberty.

But even in that supreme moment his vision sought out his

old rag-picker, and was for her alone. She was down on her knees, eager and mumbling, stuffing something into her green umbrella. What was it—a red cabbage—a head ? He caught a glimpse of it as it went in—and it was his own head—the head of Antoine Quentin Fouquier de Tinville, ex-Public Prosecutor to the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Cheap Lodgings

By J. E. Malloch

It was morning. All night the trains had rushed groaning past the rows of stifled houses. Closed windows and drawn dirty blinds strove vainly to shut out soot or noise. And now the trains rushed still faster and more often, soiling the day-break and silencing the dawn.

Lilian tossed uneasily on her bed. Her weariness was unashamed. In sleep she had not to smile and act and talk. Her thin cheeks were pale, and her thin fair hair scarcely shaded the pillow. Round her eyelids the lines were unnaturally deep, for the paint had not been taken off with care in the badly lit dressing-room; and companion lines ran as deeply from her nostrils to the corners of her hard, pretty mouth. Indeed, she wanted more sleep. Her part the night before had been long and wasteful, leaving her too weary even to wash her hands, which now lay limply, cigarette-stained, on the rough sheets. She had turned with her face windowwards. Daylight, stealing in, showed the table strewn with the relics of a dingy supper. The shell of a crab, some cheese, three black bottles were mixed up with gloves, hairpins, and a dog's collar, and the whole was bound together with tobacco ash. Noises outside began to increase, piling themselves up with stealthy additions from afar into the one great roar of London. Lilian stirred with physical irritation and kicked the fox-terrier who lay at her feet. He growled and sat up and wondered if he might go and lick her face. Then he looked dubiously at the other occupant of the bed, yawned, and curled up again to sleep.

A good deal more than half of the bed was filled by a large, heavy woman, whose auburn hair was brown at the roots. She sprawled on the pillow, and slept with her mouth open, snoring evenly.

A shriek from an engine awakened them both.

"Darling child," said the elder woman, yawning, "I do believe it's late. Just put out your hand and pull the bell."

"No, damn! Let me sleep!" muttered Lilian.

"What a lazy child it is!" said the other good-naturedly, and there was silence again. The dog, tired of sleep, began to crawl up the bed, uncertain of his reception.

"What the devil's the matter with you, Spot?" said Lilian. And the other, sitting up, began to talk.

"There, there, what a pretty pet! Did he have a lazy mistress? Did he not like the dirty room? Eh? Never mind. His Aunt Marianne will give him his breakfast. *She* doesn't like the room either. My dear child, you can't imagine what this room means to me after eight servants and such a flat—the hall paper cost sixteen shillings a yard; and Bertram adored me both before our marriage and after. He really *did*."

"Funny thing that he couldn't stay at home," murmured Lilian sleepily.

"Ah, my dear, he changed—changed sadly. 'Little woman,' he used to say, 'there may be others more beautiful than you, but there are none *like* you. And he meant it, I know he did."

"But he was a bit of a brute, wasn't he?"

"He was sometimes brutal, my dear, but never a brute. No, I never forgot that he was a *gentleman*."

"It seems *he* did, though."

"Ah, you must make allowance, my dear, for a man. Wine and women—*Wein*, *Weib*, and song, as my dear father used to say, sitting in his library, surrounded by foreign books both dead and living. Yes, I think—excepting the one occasion when Bertram kicked me—and it was an awful kick; you remember, child, I was lying on the hearthrug—excepting that occasion Bertram never forgot what was due to his position as a great Shakespearian actor. And he *was* proud of me. 'Have you seen my wife as Lady Macbeth?' he used to say. Oh, it *was* a most imposing performance, my dear. He wouldn't let the servants go to see it. 'It isn't safe,' he said; 'they might be afraid to stay.' And as we had eight, we had to be careful. Now, here goes!" and with a thump she was on the floor, pulling at the old bell-rope.

"I don't think Mrs. Moore likes the way you ring that bell. She says she can always tell which of us has rung."

"You see, my dear, she is accustomed to a very inferior class of people."

A knock. "There's Maud, beautiful Maud, with the tea! Come in, Maud."

The door opened slowly and an old, weary-looking woman came in with two cups of milky tea on a tray.

"Hullo! it *isn't* Maud! Put it here, old lady."

The old woman looked timidly at the chairs covered with clothing and the crowded table. Then she lifted two bottles off the table and pushed the small tray on to it.

"I say, there's some left, isn't there?"

"Yes, miss, I wasn't going to remove it. There's a half-glass, I should think"—and she held the bottle up to the light—"or maybe more like a quarter."

"Well, put it on the mantelpiece, will you, like a dear."

The large lady was handing tea to the girl in bed. "Here, Lil, see if this will rouse you. I wonder what's become of beautiful, slovenly Maud."

Lilian sat up in bed wearily. "O Lord what a rotten day! It's just the same colour as the curtains. I say, ma, I'm going to have these filthy rags pulled down."

"We're only here for a week, child."

"Are we! God knows a week's enough! What beastly tea—oh—oh—we're only play-actors, but we do enjoy life!" And she burst into a peal of laughter.

The elder lady, who had been dressing fitfully, was now putting up her hair with much dignity.

"How often have I told you, my dear, not to call me *ma?* I particularly dislike it. It's vulgar, and you know I am not old enough to be your mother. Ah, *my* dear mother, I can just remember her. How beautiful" (bursting into tears), "how beautiful she was! Bertram always said you never would have thought she was my mother. Why are you laughing? He meant that she looked so young. We both did—always, always. There now, *that's* rather nice, I fancy—rather *recherché.* Eh, Lil? Just a little curl here to complete it? No; better not—so. Now, my dear, I flatter myself Charlie will think I look well to-day. My tea? Yes. *Very* good—but I was saying—call me *Marianne*, with *two* n's, or even Mrs. Bertram Clark—but not *ma!*"

As she sailed out of the room in search of her boots the old weary woman returned bearing sticks and coal. She was followed by a gaily dressed girl with heavy black hair, fat cheeks, and a cast in one eye.

"Hullo, Maud!" Lilian greeted her, "you *are* a swell to-day."

"I suppose Oi may sometimes dress moiself in the morning as well as other people," said Maud, tossing her head.

"Are you having a holiday, Maud? or are you going to do your work in your best frock?"

"No more work for me, thank God! No more coals, an'

stairs an' tempers of people wot thinks they're lydies! No more sliving on twenty-foive people!"

"Twenty-five people in this hole of a house!" exclaimed Lilian.

"Yes, twenty-foive people. I suppose you and Mrs. C. thought you 'ad the 'ouse to yourselves. But there's twenty-foive of you, all lodgers (darn them), except Mrs. Moore, an' the three kids, an' poor old Moore."

"Good heavens, what a house! So you've given notice."

"Rather! I'm off now. No work! No rows! No five bob a week—eh? Good, isn't it? Well, ta!"

And Maud, the lodging-house servant, had vanished.

The old woman was very carefully laying the fire. Her sooty hair straggled down her back as she bent in an attitude that seemed typical of her life.

"What's your name?" Lilian asked her, as she rose from her knees.

"Sarah, please, miss."

"Well, so you've come to take Maud's place?"

"Yes, miss."

"I hope you'll like it."

"I hope to give satisfaction, miss."

"I hope so, for your comfort. Mrs. M.'s a stingy beast." The old woman looked frightened. "I say, Sarah, what's Maud going to do?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, miss."

"Come, now, I'm sure you've an idea what's she's up to."

"Well, miss, I think myself that she's up to no good. She's spending money, anyhow."

"But you don't mean—oh, I say, impossible—beautiful Maud's never got a young man!"

"Well, miss—they do call her the Belle of Camberton."

"What! Maud! So that's how she's gone."

"Yes, miss, the streets."

"Well, hang it all! I'd rather do that, though she is a nasty beast, than slave in a lodging-house."

"Lilian!" said Mrs. Clark's voice from the doorway, where she stood, boots in hand. "How can you express sentiments so degrading to the name of woman! Maud is now an outcast from society, and as such deserves to be treated."

"Society is kinder to its outcasts than to its inmates very often," said Lilian hotly. "What do you think, Sarah?"

"I think it's a bad business, miss."

"Nonsense. You'd be very glad to be in Maud's shoes."

"No, miss, I can't say that. I've always been respectable, and, please God, I'll die respectable. I'm sixty-eight now, so it can't be very long. I buried my 'usband twenty-two years ago, and I 'ope to meet him again."

"And you are right," said Mrs. Clark impressively. "*You*, Lilian, are not a true woman. You have none of a woman's feelings; you have never loved—as I loved Bertram—oh, what a deception! But a woman must conform to society."

"When you put up your hair and put on your boots you grow mighty proper, ma. But what about Charlie, eh?"

"My dear, you know that in the sight of God, Charlie is my husband. Say no more. I am blameless. You know I am a Catholic and cannot be divorced."

Mrs. Bertram Clark crossed herself and bent down to the daily struggle with her boots. Speech became for her impossible and breathing a wrestle with facts. As her feet were large her boots had to be tight, and as her ankles were thick her heels had to be extra high. When she raised her fat face, purple with victory, the breakfast things were being taken away and Lilian was again questioning the sad old woman.

"I say, what good has virtue been to you? You are poor and old, and overworked and friendless. You'll have to slave morning and night in this beastly hole——"

"Everybody has to work, miss."

"Yes, but look at me. I think I'm jolly ill-used, and I lie in bed like a pig, and you wait on me—and yet I *know* I'm ill-used. Always moving! always struggling, never enough—ugh! ugh!—Hand me those cigarettes, there's a dear. What do you think of Mrs. Moore?"

"I think she means well, miss."

"What does she mean to pay you?"

"I don't know, miss."

"What! haven't you made terms with her?"

"No, miss. I hope—but I'm not sure—I hope for three-and-sixpence."

"When do you come in the morning? When do you leave?"

"Six o'clock, and I go when the work's done. It may be eight, it may be nine."

"Well, I think three-and-sixpence jolly little for a long day like that."

The old woman astonished Lilian by bursting into a laugh. "Three-and-sixpence a *day*, miss! It's a *week*."

"What! Three-and-sixpence a *week!* What infamy! I'll

tell Mrs. Moore what I think of her. I'll go down this minute, and make her raise it to ten, jolly quick!"

And, lighting a cigarette hastily, she was off. But Sarah held her.

"In the name of God, miss, don't ruin me! It's little, I know, but it's something, and I'm not worth much. No one else would give me work. Look at me—I'm old, I'm rheumatic, I'm growing blind, I'm slow. I must take three-and-sixpence or starve. I've my son, too—'e's soft-'eaded—'e makes a little by mending chairs, but very little. We've our 'ome to keep together. Oh, miss, you mean kindness, but it would be ruin."

"No, it would not be ruin, I'm damned if it would. I'll make the old cat feel what she's doing."

"Oh dear, miss," said the old woman in a quivering voice, "don't! If you want to 'elp me, don't! If you ever had a 'ome of your own, or a son, don't."

"Me! A son! O Lord!"

"Oh, miss, you've got a kind 'eart, I see. But don't lose me my work."

"Very well then. See, there's sixpence. And look, I say, here's quite a drink of tea. Down with it! Now! And don't cry, old lady."

A voice on the stairs crying "Lil!" was the herald of Mrs. Clark, followed by the landlady.

"My darling, oh! oh!" (with a little giggle), "Charlie! Such a letter—he—— But I see the things are not cleared away! Make haste, good woman. My dear, why will you talk so much to menials? Charlie's coming to take us both for a drive, and I've brought Mrs. Moore up to see my new hat."

Mrs. Moore meantime was scolding Sarah for her slowness. "Sarah's been doing something for me, Mrs. Moore," said Lilian shortly, trying to control her temper.

Sarah gave her a glance of entreaty, but Mrs. Bertram Clark, passing her on the way to the cupboard where her hat was kept, touched her with her hand and whispered, "My darling, you have a heart! So had my mother. You remind me of her just now—my sainted mother!" Her eyes filled with tears and she crossed herself hastily.

"What is it, Mrs. C.?" asked the landlady, alarmed.

"Nothing—nothing! My dear mother is always with me, my sainted mother!" And she crossed herself again.

Mrs. Moore winked at Lilian, and was surprised by her frown.

"I must warn you two ladies," she said, "that the stairs

won't be very pleasant to-day. I'm having the walls and ceilings whitewashed."

"Well, Mrs. Moore," said Lilian, "I won't conceal from you that I think it's a good thing."

"My dear Mrs. Moore, what an expense!" said Mrs. Bertram Clark.

"You may say so—and the funny thing is, that if every one paid their rent I couldn't afford it."

"Come, Mrs. Moore, it's early yet," said Lilian.

"It's this way, ladies—there's that carpenter-painter lodger of mine, you know him?"

"No, I don't think so."

"No? He has a room below this—thin man with a cough and not much else. Well, he's behind with his rent two weeks, so I'm taking it out of him this way. He's got the materials, and rather than leave a respectable house, he'll whitewash it. And then, of course, I'll get the rent out of him when he has work."

"Poor man," said Mrs. Clark, her hand in a bandbox full of soft white paper. "Has he a wife and any dear little children?"

"No, he's a bachelor. He's been out of work for a year nearly. Oh! what a lovely hat! Isn't she fine, miss?"

"Fine's not the word," said Lilian, with a puff of smoke from her cigarette.

"My dear, do not smoke my hat. Oh, if Bertram could have seen this!"

"Look here," said Lilian, "I have seen that headdress before, and" (jamming on the hat) "I'm going to take the dog for a run. Spot! That's right, old boy! Oh, what a beautiful hound! Make all the noise you can! *Come* along!"

The thin man on a ladder on the stair was wasting his one possession, his cough.

"Good-morning," said Lilian; "it's pretty cold."

"Yes, miss, thank you."

Lilian looked at him steadily for a second or two, and then said: "Look here! No breakfast?"

The man blushed, and she was ashamed.

As she went downstairs she opened her purse. It contained sixpence. For a moment she looked at it doubtfully.

"Well, Spot, come!" she cried, and hurried out.

At the end of the street was a public-house. There she purchased as much brandy as you can get in a bottle for sixpence.

"That's my last penny, Spot," she remarked cheerily as they turned back to the house.

Half-way upstairs Lilian took a sip from the bottle, a small sip. Then a party of people coming down in a hurry compelled her to stand aside. A door behind her opened, and she found herself in a very small room. It was almost dark, for the window, about a foot square, looked on to the landing, and was covered with dust. Evidently it did not open, and the room was close and evil-smelling. It had been intended for the bathroom of the house. The bath, with mildewed taps, was there, and in it lay the remains of an old and filthy mattress. The room contained nothing but some rags of carpet, a bit of mirror, and a pail of whitewash. A glance was enough. She came out half suffocated.

The man on the stair was still coughing.

"See here," she said, and pressed the bottle into his hand.

Before he could thank her she was upstairs.

"Here! Ma! Mrs. B. C.! Marianne! Lend me a tanner."

"My dear child," said the lady, with a simper, "you may ask anything *to-day*. There is a shilling. Now, don't be rash. What will you do with it?"

"Get drunk!—drunk! Come along, you blasted dog!"

A Law in Literary Expression

By Oswald Crawfurd, C.M.G.

The Law with which I propose to deal is one that would seem to have governed from all time the inditing of prose and of poetry. It cannot therefore be called a new law, but, inasmuch as it has never been universally obeyed, or, to my knowledge, formally enunciated, it may perhaps be spoken of as an unrecognised law.

Stated in its plainest terms, the law is this, That the length of the phrase—not the sentence, but its shortest fraction, the phrase—must be measured by the breath-pause. In other words, in order to attain to lucid utterance, the phrase must contain no more words than can be spoken in the interval between the taking of two breaths. It may be shorter, and, now and again, we may hold our breath, so as to prolong the interval in which to place a slightly longer phrase than usual. A practised speaker may also, and frequently does, prolong his utterance between inspiration and expiration, but breathing pauses come, sooner or later, and the intervals between those pauses represent the normal length to which the phrase must conform.*

If a writer breaks the norm and prolongs the phrase unduly, he does it under penalty of confusing his reader's mind.

What is the length of the normal human breath-pause which, by this law, is to govern the length of the phrase? Physiologists tell us that we require to breathe from sixteen to twenty-four times in every minute. It therefore follows that the time occupied between the end of one breath and the beginning of another is on an average three seconds. About three seconds accordingly, if the law of breath-pause is valid, is the time that the phrase, or shorter sentence clause, must last.

So stated, the law sounds arbitrary. There is, nevertheless, abundant evidence forthcoming to show that it is a right law,

* When an orator takes such liberties as those indicated in the text, he makes good the prolongation of his phrases, if he knows his art, by one or more shorter sentences during the full-stop intervals of which he may recover the breath wasted in his preceding effort.

confirmed by almost any passage of good prose, or verse, ancient or modern, in any language spoken by civilised man. To state this law is not to say that a train of thought must be limited to three or four seconds, only that the phrase—which is the indivisible unit of articulate speech—must not exceed that space of time. As in every material and immaterial thing, or act, the unit governs the whole, so the character and length of the phrase, the true unit of speech, must govern the thought train which may last an hour, either in speech, or written utterance.

The question which almost immediately presents itself is, Why should the phrase be so short? If it must be compulsorily short, for physical reasons, in speech, why should it be short in written speech which the eye conveys to the brain with no intermediary of the breath? Why, in written prose, is the phrase-length to be made commensurate with the limited breath-pause and not with the limitless capacity of the human mind? That wonderful instrument which can be trained to sustain the reasoning of a Plato, or a Newton, must it be tied down to a phrase of from two to five seconds' duration? If this material and mechanical law can be broken, then the powers of expression can, surely, be enlarged and more longduring phrases can be wrought into lengthier sentences, and the progress and prowess of human thought be almost indefinitely advanced. The answer is that the utterance of the speaker and the matter of the writer are governed, not by the ability for long breath and prolonged phrasing, but that the hearer and the reader have developed an hereditary habit of and liking for short phrases. In other words, from the beginning of intelligent and articulate speech, man has been habituated to take in the utterance of his fellows in snippets and small parcels. What was compulsorily the way of human speech has become the way of understanding.

It may be argued by those who come fresh to this question that the long-winded man, he who can get off a long sentence and crowd most stuff into his phrases, would be at an advantage over the short-winded. So perhaps he would be if the prosperity of eloquence did not reside, like that of a jest, more in the listener than the utterer; but the listener has accommodated himself, during the ages, to the short phrases, and is impatient of any other. Naturalists tell us of animals which breathe but once in half an hour. Toads are said to be of this happy long-windedness, and, did we possess this faculty, it is conceivable that the world might be a wiser world. It would perhaps be a duller one. The learned have unwisely reasoned and reckoned from all time that they could disregard this particular law in

their writings, and the history of prose literature has been the history of a struggle against the Law of the phrase-pause. The Law has ended by winning, nearly all along the line.

The first composers of literary prose (to be distinguished from spoken prose afterwards transcribed into writing) have clearly always asked themselves if the phrase-pause was necessary. The early historian, in his endeavour to lengthen the breath-pause, becomes prodigiously long-winded. Even the works of Thucydides, that master of a most magnificent style, are long-winded as compared to the transcribed orations of Demosthenes, and markedly so in comparison with the epic, dramatic and lyrical poets of ancient Greece. The prolonged sententiousness of Cicero is a known terror to every school-boy. The long-windedness of the learned and the pedantic, in all languages and past ages, has become a byword.

Our own learned prose writers, from early times, are models in this unreadable kind. They and their readers had, however, succeeded in training themselves to disregard, to some extent, the breath-pause. A great and learned nation in our own times has done the same thing. The task is not an impossible one, but it is difficult, and we know that it is but a fighting against the pricks, and that, in the end, it is useless and fruitless. Human nature is for ever fighting for the law. In our own literary history the greater prose writers early learned to abandon the tradition of centuries. They guessed that the best written English must always be very near the English spoken by Englishmen. In the Elizabethan and Jacobean age, Bacon, Burton, and Fuller had already broken away from the old fashion. They observed the law of the phrase-pause, unconsciously no doubt, but consistently. Take, for example, the well-known passage from Bacon's essay on *Studies*. It could be matched a hundred times over from his *essays*, his *apothegms*, and even from his more learned philosophical works :

> Crafty men contemne studies; simple men admire them; and wise men use them: for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read, not to contradict; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but not curiously, and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

These sentences were written so early as 1597. Compare them with the first sentence of one of the greatest and most epoch-making pieces of prose, written nearly fifty years later, the *Areopagitica* of Milton. Here is the learned man, the man

of high genius, fired by great thoughts, but still in subjection to the ancient way of English composition set by the learned and the pedant:

> They who to states and governors of the commonwealth direct their speech, high court of Parliament! or wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good; I suppose them as at the beginning of no mean endeavour, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds; some with doubt of what will be the success, others with fear of what will be the censure; some with hope, others with confidence of what they have to speak; and me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, may have at other times variously affected; and likely might in these foremost expressions now also disclose which of them swayed most, but that the very attempt of this address thus made, and the thought of whom it had recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion, far more welcome than incidental to a preface.

What is remarkable about this long and long-winded sentence, nearly incomprehensible to our modern apprehension, unversed in following out such drawn-out phrasing, is that it should have been penned by so consummate a literary artist as Milton and in an age when the vulgar tongue had long since triumphed, not only in the domain of literature, but in that of the expression of religious thought. Some of the great preachers and great divines had, long before Milton's day, begun to shape their written and spoken discourse in language free from the ancient long-windedness of the learned. The translators of the Bible in King James's days and the compilers of the Prayer Book, under Henry and Edward, observed the law of breath-pause most faithfully, and have left traditions of strong and short-phrased English which have never for long been forgotten by our writers. It is not, however, always remembered that the style of that great exemplar of right English, our authorised version of the Scriptures, goes back to days far earlier than the first years of the seventeenth century. The two noble versions of the Bible of the fourteenth century, known as the Wickliffite Versions, are composed in full observance of the canon of the phrase-pause, and it is clear that the learned authors of the Jacobean version did not dare, for all their learning, to depart from the great traditions of the right utterance of the vulgar tongue, as laid down by Wickliffe, Purvey, and Nicholas de Hereford, in the middle of the fourteenth century.

For an instance, let us take from the later Wickliffite version (date, *circa* 1388) John xi. 1, arranging the ancient translation in verses, and comparing it, side by side, with the authorised Jacobean version. It will be seen at once how little our language had changed in 200 years, and how the Law of the phrase-pause,

which is the law of simple men everywhere, was observed by the Wickliffite translators over 500 years ago.

1. And there was a sijk man Lazarus of Bethanye, of the castel of Marie and Martha, hise sistris.
2. And it was Marie, which anoyntide the Lord with oyntement and wipte hise feet with hir heeris whos brother Lazarus was sijk.
3. Therefor hise sistris sente to hym, and seide, Lord, lo! he whom thou louest is sijk.
4. And Jhesus herde and seide to hem, This sykness is not to the deth, but for the glorie of God, that mannus sone be glorified bi him.
5. And Jhesus louyed Martha and hir sistir Marie, and Lazarus.
6. Therefor whanne Jhesus herde that he was sijk, thanne he dwellid in the same place twei daies.
7. And after these thingis he seide to hise disciplis, go we eft in to Judee.

Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha.
It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair whose brother Lazarus was sick.
Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick.
When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the son of God might be glorified thereby.
And Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus.
When he had heard therefore, that he was sick he abode two days still in the place where he was.
Then after that said he to his disciples, Let us go into Judea again.

The reform in literary English thus began very early; that is, great writers early began to understand that in order to appeal *omnibus et ubique*—to learned and unlearned alike—they must write in that mother speech where the breath-pause is never broken but by the pedant. The advance in our English practice has been all but incessant from generation to generation, from and after the seventeenth century, among English writers. At times, as during Restoration days, we have been confirmed from abroad in methods of brevity, or by striking native examples as in the case of Defoe, Swift, and Bunyan, and, with rather less attention to the law, by the great essayists of the Queen Anne period. In a later generation, as we know, the overweighted phrase, the over-lengthy sentence, the sesquipedalian style held the town and the country again for a while. The essayists and even some of the popular novelists of that day, Miss Burney, to take one example, caught the fashion set by Dr. Johnson of long words, in long, well-balanced but scantily punctuated phrases. It is a fashion that no one, who cares to be listened to, follows in his speech.* The ridicule of less learned wits, how-

* No one less so than Dr. Johnson himself, the wittiest and most epigrammatic talker of his generation. At times, however, he allowed his way of writing to invade his spoken utterance. Denouncing a dull book, he was heard to say, "Sir! It hasn't salt enough to keep it sweet!" but, conscious that this utterance was a departure from his way of written speech, he corrected his epigram with, "Sir! It does not possess sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction!"

ever, presently laughed the law-breakers out of countenance. The next infringement of the law in the beginning of the nineteenth century was by the newspaper men, and was almost justifiable. There was so much to say and a language to create to say it in. The heavy phrased leading article of those days has not endured, and, looking back, we seem to see the reformers of the language, who brought back the old English conciseness, in such masters of our mother tongue as Cobbet and Hazlitt, Lamb and De Quincey, and later on in Macaulay, not to mention the majority of sound writers of our own day, who stoutly uphold the law of the phrase-pause. While, however, as we have seen, the law has established itself gradually and firmly in literature and journalism, and less markedly in the current expression of religious and scientific thought, we know but too well that there are obstinate survivals of almost incredible long-windedness in two important provinces of the English language. The legal writer and the Parliamentary Bill draughtsman still hold to the pedantic traditions of the learned. Every man who reads through the wording of a modern lease, contract, or marriage settlement has painful evidence of the fact. The language of Acts of Parliament is perhaps less governed by the phrase-pause than any utterance of mortal man. Consequently no document is more hard to be understood by simple men, or more susceptible of misinterpretation by crafty ones. "I would undertake to drive a coach and four through any Act of Parliament that ever was drafted," said a famous lawyer and statesman. Now that we have lost something of the art of reading the long sentences of the pedantic, the inditing of our statute law in unintelligible sentences is particularly mischievous. In this department of non-progress we are as perverse as our remote forefathers. Mr. Balfour only the other day complained of the language of the Scottish Land Bill, "I have never seen such English as it contains," said Mr. Balfour.

Here is a passage from that Bill:

> Where by reason of renunciation, removal, failure of a statutory successor, or otherwise, a holding has at any time ceased, or is about to cease, to be held by a landholder, the landlord shall forthwith intimate the fact to the Agricultural Commissioners, and shall not, if the Land Court on their application after hearing the landlord so determine, and during such period and subject to such conditions (which shall include payment of compensation to the landlord by the Agricultural Commissioners in respect of any loss arising out of such determination) as the Land Court may prescribe, be entitled without the consent of the Agricultural Commissioners to let the holding otherwise than to a neighbouring landholder for the enlargement of his holding, or to a new holder.

It would have been easy for the draughtsman, granting him

some elementary knowledge of the literary art, to apply the law of the phrase-pause to this monstrous piece of tortuous obscurity and make it clear, simple, and easy to follow.

The Law has been considered so far only in relation to prose, and, for this reason, that, in poetry, in great poetry, in real poetry, in poetry that has come down to us, along the stream of time, as epic, ballad, lyric, eclogue and idyl, there has never been an infraction of the law. In the great poetry of ancient times and of to-day there is as strict an observance of the breath-pause law as there is in the vernacular speech of man to man, now, yesterday, and of old.

The poet is not only " the maker," the forger of links between things real and imagined, but also the utterer of them, in lucid and musical shape, the singer. In song, even less liberty can be taken with the breath-pause than in speech. It is true that almost all modern poetry is submitted to the eye and not to the ear, but the reader's eye has got to be the interpreter of his ear. The verse need not be read aloud for the mind's eye to detect a false quantity, a discord, or a failure of rhyme, or rhythm. We have been trained to a very delicate perception of these shortcomings, and, likewise, of all the harmonies of verse the musical beat, and the melodious vibration of word and phrase.

This marvellous sensibility of the eye to the right and wrong in verse seems to be a faculty common to all of us, except the doltish and the deficient. It is often so little the result of long personal training that it is to be observed in the child's pleasure in the rhyme and rhythm of a nursery song and its discontent if the song is sung amiss, or with faults of prosody. One may well suppose that this is not the result of individual culture, but an hereditarily acquired racial faculty, an instinct, if we like the word, like that which drives the bird-flocks north and south across continents and trackless seas, as often as the migrating seasons return.

On the whole, we may fairly consider that the nearly universal objection to an over-lengthened phrase in prose or verse is racial, not individual, and derives through millenniums of tribal life. The law of the breath-pause would govern our remote progenitors in a very simple and very effectual manner, and the penalties for its infringement would be summary and immediate. The first orator would probably be a tribal chief, and his first oration a call to arms in some moment of peril to the tribe. At such a crisis there would be little temptation to over-lengthened phrasing. The first man to draw a crowd for entertainment

would certainly be a poet, a singer of feats in war of the tribal braves, or the happy hunting exploits of some tribal Nimrod.

In such addresses, where urgency of time and danger would no longer be a factor, the temptation to the poet to break the phrase-pause canon of ordinary speech would obviously be greater, but would be certain to meet with critical expression, impossible in these more complex times. We can picture to ourselves the scene in some clearing of the primeval forest. We can imagine the tribe assembled, the chiefs, the warriors and elders seated on the greensward, the young braves, with the women and children, standing beyond them, and the poet on a fallen tree-trunk addressing the multitude. He would naturally try to be as impressive as possible, to get as much meaning into his utterance as might be. The open air, the woodland glades, and the overarching sky are wanting in the acoustic properties of a church, a lecture-room, or a public hall, and, to be heard, the outdoor poet or orator must shout, or chant. Neither exercise is compatible with lengthy phrasing, and he would perforce strictly observe the law of the phrase-pause. Nevertheless, a long-breathed poet might, from time to time, seek popularity by trying to stuff his sentences with more matter and more words than his rivals. He would, in other words, break the law of the breath-pause, and learn at once that he could not do so with impunity. He would quickly find that he was going wrong, that he was going against the long, daily habits of idea-perception. His hearers would lose all their pleasure, and, presently, the poet or orator would find himself declaiming to an empty forest clearing, and to irresponsive trees.

Lessons of this sort, we may suppose, were not lost on the early bards and speakers, and their descendants have never forgotten them.

I am not attempting, in this short paper, to point the way to the inditing of right literature. I am only calling attention to one pitfall on the way thereto, only trying to show that this highest and most complex of all arts is based on a very simple law. To call attention to the law is not to give a recipe for good writing. If I had such a thing to give away, I should be tempted not to bestow it gratuitously. Has any one ever possessed that gift ? Has any one ever held the power, at will, of inditing a great sentence, of clothing a great thought in fit and harmonious words ? Other things, besides a man's wit and wisdom, his imagination, his faculty of co-ordination and his power of harmonious expression, go to the making of this great result. Chances, outside him, of which he is not master,

must co-operate with him. Some accidental concord of word and idea there must be, some musical coincidence of thought and phrase. The ablest marksman does not hit the bull's-eye every time. The greatest poet cannot always find fit utterance for a great thought. The great line, the telling phrase, the living sentence is one where some miraculous conjunction has taken place between the writer's genius and the idiosyncrasy of the language he writes in. No writer doubts this, and no incredulous reader will continue to doubt it if he will only compare some great masterpiece with the ablest translation of it into some foreign tongue.

I have called the necessity of the phrase-pause a law, and not a rule, or a canon, because rules and canons have to do with the higher sphere of the art of literature, but this law deals only with the material, mechanical, and elementary parts of the writing art. It is simply an initial and necessary law, not a counsel whereby perfection may be reached. It can only be disregarded by degrading literature to a lower level, by compelling it to be an artificial, a forced growth, a thing willed of purpose awry and turned away from human usage—therefore an unnatural thing. The language written by many pre-Elizabethan prose writers was all this; it was not a natural outcome of the human mind and temperament. The language written by Germans at the present day differs from that of all the western and southern nations of Europe in being open to a like reproach, on the grounds of which we all reproach the early efforts of the learned to write English prose.*

I have spoken of this Law as being observed by all great poets and shown why it has always been observed by them, and not always by the great prose writers. I have likewise tried to show how the reform in prose writing began by obedience to this rudimentary law. The distinction between prose and poetry, in this regard, has been so wide that many instances may be cited of a poet observing the phrase law in his poetry and breaking it in his prose. No more striking instance can be given than that of Milton, whose fine, high-flighted prose breaks the strict Law in nearly every sentence, and in whose poetry it is never once infringed.

As a signal instance of non-conformity to the breath-pause

* The unconscious Germanising and, therefore, spoiling of English by students of German in the early nineteenth century would make an interesting and useful essay. That very distinguished American journalist and admirable writer, Godkin, goes so far as to advise the young author, who aspires to use his mother tongue well and lucidly, to read French but to avoid German.

law has been quoted from Milton's prose writings, so from his poetry I will take four lines of verse as evidence that the highest thought, expressed in words harmonious to it, can also be in strict subordination to this rudimentary law of the breath-pause :

> But what more oft, in nations grown corrupt,
> And, by their vices, brought to servitude,
> Than to love bondage more than liberty,
> Bondage with ease, than strenuous liberty.

Punctuated according to the so-called logical, or the so-called grammatical system of punctuation, the stops are as I have placed them, but it is enough to speak the lines, and it will be apparent that there should be two breath-pauses over and above those marked by punctuation stops. There is one after each occurrence of the dominant word "bondage."

Here, then, to examine into the passage meticulously, are ten stops in a passage of only twenty-seven words, and, the majority of them, words of one syllable. Now, I am prepared to contend that Milton's strict conformity to this rudimentary law of the phrase-pause—taken, of course, with the due observance of other higher and more complex and more subtle canons of composition—is an indispensable element in the force, dignity, weight, and beauty of these four lines. Without it the passage would fail and fall below the dignity of high literature.

Let us take the underlying idea in these lines and imagine it to be clothed in words by a hand, well practised in composition, unconsciously obeying the phrase-pause, from force of habit and imitation, but unaware of the vital necessity of this law. Let it be imagined, by a stretch of the probabilities, that Milton's idea had occurred to and had to be expressed by some able provincial journalist possessing a fair use of his journalistic pen. We may imagine its taking some such form as this :

> But it frequently happens to nations that corruption grows among them, through the action of those very vices which tend to enslave their minds and characters, and that they thereby come to prefer an existence of luxurious subserviency to forces holding them in subjection, as against any sort of independence which they themselves may be called upon to assert, to establish and to do battle for.

This is a smart, antithetical, forcible piece of writing of which few men would need to be ashamed. The phrase-pause is here employed to a limited extent and many rules of good writing are observed, but more than twice as many words (many of them polysyllabic) are used than Milton needed, and the stops which mark the breath-pauses are only four in number against the ten used by Milton.

In considering that convenient innovation on the printed page, which we call punctuation, and which was unknown in the age of MSS., we must always distinguish between the breath-pause indicated to the reader, rightly and naturally, by the author's sense, and the compulsory gasp which the reader must needs make when he is out of breath with a string of words in order to save himself from incipient suffocation. I have charitably afforded the practised journalist four stops in his version, but the one after characters and before "and" is not a fair sense-stop at all. It is only the pause for the "suspiration of forced breath" of the distressed reader.

Our newspaper masters of the pen, however, can do far better work than what I have ascribed to the provincial journalist. Indeed, they can do splendid work, observing all the complex canons of the literary art. Here is a version of Milton's idea which I have laboured to make worthy of a London journalist of the first rank. Perhaps I do more than justice to my mimicry, but I venture to think it is a fair piece of work. Is it anywhere near the original as literature? Let the reader judge:

> But we have seen numerous instances, in history, of nations which have grown so degenerate through their vices that they actually prefer living in slavery, under a despot, to struggling into independence by their own individual exertions.

Here the phrase-pause is observed throughout, not jumbled into a group at the end of the sentence, as in the first version. There are many graces of style employed and the result is a sentence, sharp, clear and strong. Still the words are twelve more in number than Milton used, and the stops are but four as against ten. As a bit of writing it is not to be compared with the masterpiece of a great poet genius.

I had proposed to show how the idea in Milton's four lines might be transposed into a kind of English where this law is wholly neglected. I might either have borrowed the style of some ancient pedant, or of some modern illiterate, but the first might seem affected (and would have been difficult) and the latter invidious, and I reflected that an example of exactly the same sort of lawless language might be obtained by simply borrowing the modern literary methods of a great contemporary European nation. I have accordingly procured, from a master hand, a translation of Milton's four lines into classic German. This translated again, with painful literalness, into English, will serve the purpose of showing how our own language reads when the phrase-pause is entirely neglected.

Here is the Englished translation of a classically expressed German version of Milton's lines :

> But how many examples have we in the world history of nations which have degenerated observed and so thoroughly corrupt through their malpractices and vicious habits become that they actually prefer in slavery under a tyrant to live than themselves by their own efforts strenuous liberty to attain.

Forty-eight words and no legitimate stop at all ! No printed punctuation, for the reader by the eye of such composition must school himself to take his information in long instalments, as our own learned forefathers had to do. The human breathing apparatus, however, being less tractable than the human mind, the reader aloud must needs come to a gasping stop, from time to time, and, as there is no legitimate pause arranged for in the construction of the sentence, he must stop to catch his breath when he can.

Before ending this article I should like to say how small and modest a place and part I claim for the Law of the Phrase-Pause in the great art of literary composition. That art is unlike those of painting, sculpture and architecture in that the literary artist, poet or prose writer, does not present his handiwork as a whole, in the way that a picture, a statue, or a building is presented. A literary composition must, of necessity, come as a succession of individual objects, each one of which must be co-related with all which are to follow and with all which have gone before. It is a succession of abstract thoughts, of reasonings, emotions, fancies, conceits, records which take concrete form as they pass, in due sequence and co-ordination, before the apprehension of the reader. The art of literature is, in other words, a sequential, or processional art, as music, with certain limitations and differences of its own, is a sequential art.

It is not necessary here to dwell upon all the means that go to the attainment of the great ends of literature. Among these means, the Law of the Phrase-Pause is but one and a very humble one. It does not marshal the procession, it does not paint or mould the pictures, or images, that are carried in its ranks. It does not help to crystallise, into shape and due artistic co-ordination, the thoughts of the artist's mind, but it separates those images and gives them numerical value and order. It makes possible the procession which, without it, would be only a moving crowd.

Mother

By J. Saturin

The child leant his chin upon his hand, turning a pale face towards the window. His wistful eyes were fixed upon the leafless trees bordering the carriage-drive. It was raining, and the garden looked very bleak and dreary. He sat still for a long time. The baby brother awoke in his cot in the adjoining room, and started to whimper. The fat nurse hurried away to him and began to scold the nursery-girl vigorously. Half an hour passed, and then the sound of carriage wheels was heard.

"There's the carriage, nurse," exclaimed the child excitedly. He jumped to his feet, seized the three-legged stool and hurried out of the nursery and down the staircase.

In the hall he settled himself upon the stool in the angle outside the dining-room door. A white-capped maid was coquetting with a tall footman, who leant indolently, his arms folded, against the card-stand. Another maid ran hastily down the stairs with some message from above, and brushed against him as she passed. None of them took any notice of the little boy sitting silently upon the stool in the corner. Through the broad glass panes of the door could be seen the heads and shoulders of the coachman and footman, with bushy fur capes upon their shoulders; and the sound of clanking bits could be heard as the bay horses tossed their heads.

Upon an upper landing a door opened and there came the sound of soft rustling of silken skirts descending the staircase. The housemaid flew to the top of the kitchen stairs, and leant peeping over the banisters. The footman straightened himself with a jerk, and stood bolt upright near the door with rigid features and eyes of glass. The heart of the child began to beat anxiously. The soft rustling drew nearer, and a wave of well-known perfume rushed to meet him.

He got up from his seat and stood at the foot of the staircase. His heart was thumping so painfully that it made him feel giddy. Through a mist he saw the face of his mother, smooth and creamy,

with its big black eyes and coils of jetty hair, the thick drooping feathers and soft furs. The rustling passed near him. A black-garbed lady's-maid was following her mistress, carrying a glossy little lap-dog upon a velvet cushion.

"Mother!" said the child timidly. His face was quite white, and his eyes were dark and strained as though by terror.

The rustling stopped for an instant as his mother glanced down at him.

"Don't worry me now, child," she said, "I'm late."

Her voice was deep and rather husky. She went on, and down the steps, the footman hastening after her. The little dog upon its cushion was placed by her side. The child stood alone in the hall, gazing blankly out into the garden. The carriage door slammed and it glided away. The footman and the lady's-maid came up the steps and the hall door was shut again. The tears sprung into the child's eyes, but he turned hastily so that they should not be seen. Picking up his stool he began to make his way blindly up the stairs. He knew that the two in the hall were jerking their heads significantly in his direction. The blood rushed into his face at the thought, and he straightened his back and tried to walk erectly up the staircase.

When he reached the nursery the fat nurse was dandling the baby in front of the window. She turned and looked at him curiously.

"Well," she said, "was your mother pleased to see you?"

He made no answer, but his flushed face suddenly blanched. He knew that glances were again being exchanged over his head between the fat nurse and her subordinate. He was filled for a moment with a sudden fury against them. The tears rushed to his eyes once more, but he bit his lips and forced them back. He hated the glances which constantly pursued him.

He had learnt never to speak of his mother when there was more than one person present, because his mention of her name invariably provoked those odious looks and nudges which he dreaded so keenly and so bravely pretended not to see. Indeed, the name "mother" on any lips filled him with a kind of painful shame, and a feeling that he was being blamed for something. His father had of late grown very cold and silent and stern; and he noticed that he became still colder and sterner in the presence of his mother; so that on the rare occasions when he was alone with them he was oppressed by a nervous uneasiness.

There were terrible occasions, too, when they spoke loudly to one another, so loudly that their voices could be heard all over the house. His father uttered short rapid sentences, while his mother's voice was continually upraised and became so hoarse that his heart turned sick. All the servants would be agog, crowding upon the kitchen stairs to listen. The two nurses hung as far as possible over the nursery balustrade, leaving the baby brother alone in the nursery. On their return the boy would wear an unconcerned expression, and would carelessly hum a tune to hide his shame and terror from them. He knew that afterwards there would be whispered conversations between servants in odd corners, checked suddenly at his approach; and he would hold his head very high, and pass slowly by pretending not to notice, while the blood rushed to his head and burnt his cheeks intolerably.

One morning he had crept unnoticed into his mother's bedroom in the wake of the lady's-maid. His mother was sitting in front of the glass in a long pink wrapper, her black hair hanging loose upon her shoulders. He watched the maid brushing the hair, and he could see his mother's lovely, pale face in the glass in front of her. Fascinated, yet dreading reprimand, he crept closer and closer until he reached her chair. The maid, seeing him, put her finger to her lips warningly, and smiled at him. His mother did not notice. She was evidently thinking attentively of something. Very gently he took one of the long shining locks between his fingers. It was soft and fine and fragrant. He drew nearer still until he leant timidly against the side of her chair. She was frowning as if some unpleasant thought had struck her. The maid still smiled to him encouragingly through the glass. He resented the smile and dropped his eyes. His nearness to his mother filled him with a delicious anxiety. He longed to be nearer still, to feel her arms around him, and to press his face against her. His limbs ached with his effort to restrain them. He looked up into her face, his eyes shining with a wealth of timid love. Her cheek was gleaming like a smooth, pink shell through the dark fall of hair. Slowly and tremblingly he raised his cold little hand and stroked it.

His mother started violently.

The child sprang back, frightened by her sudden movement, and knocked a small uncorked bottle off the dressing-table. Liquid streamed out over the carpet, and a strong pungent odour rose into the air. The lady jumped curiously to her feet, and the boy shrank back trembling into the corner. She

pointed her finger threateningly at him, and two purple spots dawned suddenly in her cheeks beneath her eyes.

"See what you've done, little monkey!" she cried angrily. "Get out of the room!"

She pointed towards the door and repeated huskily:

"Go out of the room, this instant!"

But the child cowered trembling in his corner, frightened to move. She seized him by the collar of his tunic, and dragged him across the room towards the door. Opening it she thrust him out into the passage with such violence that he fell forward upon his face, striking his forehead against the sharp corner of the stair. The door was slammed behind him.

He rose slowly to his feet, dizzy, shaking all over. His head was swimming from the violence of the shock, and throbbing with a heavy aching pang. Clinging to the banister he began to sob convulsively and tearlessly.

"Mother!" he gasped, "oh, mother!"

His face was deadly white, and a round bruise was rising in his forehead. There was a quick footstep upon the stairs and he heard his father's voice.

He tried to speak, but his chest heaved, and his throat was gripped by struggling breath.

His father passed into the bedroom and there was a sound of voices. Then the door opened and the maid slipped out and ran into an adjacent bedroom. He heard his mother's voice upraised, repeating something in loud hoarse tones. Then the door opened again and his mother rushed out upon the landing. Her black hair was still hanging about her, and the purple spots had spread and covered both her cheeks. Her lips and eyes were swollen, and in her face was the wild and sinister expression of an infuriated beast.

She stamped her foot upon the ground, and savagely wound her fingers in the hair about her face.

"Devil! Devil! Devil!" she shrieked.

In her frenzy she tore long black strands from her head, and they hung upon her wildly clutching fingers.

"Devil! Devil!" she shrieked again.

The boy, half unconscious from terror, crouched upon the ground and pressed his hands against his eyes. He heard his mother dash headlong down the stairs, and below a door banged violently.

The frightened maid peeped out cautiously through the door, and fled swiftly up the stairs to her room. His father came out upon the landing, his face cold and grey, his brows drawn together,

and his mouth distorted as though he were suffering some acute physical agony. He approached the child crouching against the banisters. The boy lifted his face with the blackening bruise upon it towards him, and the father with a hurried movement covered his eyes with his hand.

"Go," he said, "up to the nursery."

He turned abruptly and went back into the bedroom.

The boy rose, giddy and trembling, and began slowly to mount the stairs. Above, on the nursery flight, the two nurses were standing. He stiffened himself instinctively at the sight of them, and passed them in silence. The livid bruise upon his forehead stood out in sharp contrast to the pallor of his face. He went straight into the nursery and sat down at the table with his head upon his hands. He still felt sick and giddy. The fat nurse followed him, and placed her hand gently upon his shoulder.

"Come and lie down, Master Harry," she said, "and let me bathe your forehead."

His face flushed scarlet in an instant.

"Thank you," he said, "it is not necessary."

For a long time after that he did not see his mother. The terrible figure upon the landing constantly tormented his imagination, and the remembrance of the scene filled him with dread. But after a time the impression grew fainter, and he began once more to carry down his stool into the hall of an afternoon to watch for her. Once this habit of his engaged him in an excited altercation with the portly nurse, and his father had approached and inquired its reason.

"I want to sit here," he said, gazing imploringly up into his father's face. "I want to see mother go out."

He saw his father's eyes and mouth contract suddenly into the expression of pain he had seen upon his face before.

"Leave him," he said abruptly, turning aside; and speaking to the nurse: "Let him come here whenever he likes."

The desire for the presence of his mother had once more become irresistible; and one morning he crept into her favourite boudoir which was next to her bedroom. Its walls were painted up to the ceiling with ladies whose long flowing hair, interwoven with flowers and tiny cupids, floated in the air with wreaths and garlands against a pure blue sky. Some famous Polish artist had come especially from Warsaw to paint them.

His mother was lying upon the sofa. She was all covered in soft falling lace. The exquisite lines of her fair pale face showed clearly against the soft clusters of dark hair upon which it was

pillowed. She was reading a book in a yellow cover. A coffee-cup stood upon a little table beside her, and near it he noticed with a guilty pang of recognition the little bottle he had so unfortunately knocked off the dressing-table upon the fatal morning.

Holding his breath, he slipped noiselessly into a chair opposite and began to look at her. The longing gaze of the hungry little eyes was so intense that it troubled her. She laid down her book and glanced across at him.

"Well," she said, with a faintly amused smile, "what are you staring at?"

At the sound of her voice he ran across the room to her.

"May I stay, mother?" he said, anxiously.

The bruise upon his forehead had faded away to a pale pink patch, with a little red mark in the middle. She put out her hand and drew him towards her.

"Was that the terrible wound?" she asked, pushing the hair back from his forehead, and touching the scar lightly with her finger.

"Your dad *was* in a way that morning," she said in her low, veiled voice, and her smile deepened a little.

She drew him still closer and he noticed that with her breath there came a faint odour, slightly resembling that which had arisen from the bottle he had overturned. She continued to stroke the hair from his forehead with her soft fingers.

"You should wear your hair like that," she said with a little laugh. "It suits you."

Her unwonted caress set his lips trembling and he felt that he was going to cry. But he shut his mouth firmly, and looked back bravely at his mother. His face grew rather pale with the effort and his eyes were very bright because of the tears so near them.

His mother laughed again as she looked at him.

"You're a funny kid," she said.

She yawned and raised herself upon her elbow to peer into the coffee-cup.

"Ring the bell," she said. "I want some more coffee."

He went across the room to obey. When he returned his mother was deep in the novel again, and had apparently forgotten his existence. But the remainder of the day was brightened for him by this brief interview. It made him feel that something in his life had altered, and filled him with a pleasurable expectancy.

But in the evening a terrible thing happened.

He had just finished his supper in the nursery and was await-

ing the summons to bed when a commotion and the sound of many voices and footsteps arose somewhere below in the house. He listened, and after a while he thought he could make out the sound of several persons mounting the stairs. They seemed to be coming slowly, and bumping every now and then heavily against the railings. He could hear the sound of gasping exclamations as if something heavy were being carried. Then suddenly he heard his mother's voice, and began to listen more attentively. He noticed that it sounded hoarse, and that though she had begun to speak loudly it dropped very suddenly and continued in an indistinct murmur. Then it rose again with a heavy drawling sound, and there was a sudden lurch sideways against the banisters. There was something so uncanny about the sound of his mother's voice that it set his heart beating strongly, and he strained his ears to listen. It rose again, and this time the hoarse, drawling mutter continued. Then suddenly there was a laugh and she began to sing—a listless, quavering singing, so unnatural, so awful, that he sprang trembling to his feet. He heard the two nurses run out of the night nursery and down the stairs. The singing stopped, but his mother's voice was upraised in loud and angry protestation. Once more it sank, but rose immediately again into a hoarse scream and began to rave furiously. The bumping upon the stairs grew louder and once or twice there came the sound of a heavy stumble.

The nursery-maid ran up the stairs again into the nursery. She leant against the wall, and rocked her body up and down in a fit of uncontrollable laughter. She stuffed her apron into her mouth to stifle the sound. The fat nurse followed more slowly.

"Give over," she said to the girl reprovingly, but she herself was smiling grimly.

"She must have come through the streets like that," she said, "she didn't 'ave the carriage."

The child hid his face in his trembling hands. His heart was beating wildly, and the blood was throbbing in his temples like the blows of heavy muffled hammers.

The nurses, noticing his agitated condition, grew silent, and the fat one came across the room towards him.

He shut his eyes and clenched his fists at her approach.

"Leave me!" he cried.

The uproar below continued. Then the door of his mother's bedroom was opened; several persons passed through it, and the noise subsided. But suddenly there came a crash in the room beneath, the door opened once more, and the lady's-maid flew

shrieking down the stairs. He heard his father's voice, and footsteps running upwards. Then there was silence.

His head ached that night as he lay in bed, and his hot sleepless eyes followed the firelight flickering upon the ceiling. He felt that a calamity had occurred. Something terrible, he did not know what, had happened to his mother. He remembered how the nursery-maid had laughed, and he clenched his little fists again in an agony of impotent rage. What had happened? He would never ask his nurses. He hated them, with their hideous looks and whispers and laughter. He would not dare to ask his father because he knew that the mention of his mother hurt him in some way which he could not understand. There was no one he could ask. And yet the remembrance of his mother's strange voice, her terrible singing and the heavy fall in her bedroom filled him with terror. He longed for some one to come in and speak to him; yet there was nobody he could bear to see. Suddenly he began to cry, passionately and bitterly; nevertheless, he quickly pulled the bedclothes over his head, and stuffed the corner of the pillow into his mouth in case the nurses should still be in the day-nursery and should hear him. When he grew quieter he sat up, and leaning on his elbow looked across the room at his little brother's cot. The sight of it filled him with a vague comfort, and his heart grew gradually more peaceful.

Suddenly he became aware that somebody was coming slowly and heavily up the nursery stairs. It seemed to him an extraordinarily long time before the top was reached. He thought it was the nurse and lay down in his bed again. Somebody began to fumble with the handle of the door, and he watched it in surprise, wondering that it did not turn. Then there came a bump against the panels and the murmur of a voice he did not recognise. He sat up in bed and looked anxiously at the door. The fumbling began again and the child grew frightened. It seemed to him an eternity as he sat gazing spell-bound at the door, nervously clutching at the edges of the bedclothes. His hands grew moist, and the perspiration began to start out upon his forehead. He tried to speak, but his tongue had grown stiff and dry.

At last the door opened and a figure entered the room. It wore something long and white, and was carrying a candle. Black hair streamed around its face and over its shoulders. The boy sat gazing speechlessly at it, powerless with fear. Then his heart gave a sudden leap of terror as he recognised his mother. He had not known her at first because she had altered. Her

face was so swollen that it looked twice its natural size, and it was so dark in colour that it was difficult to distinguish it from the hair by which it was half covered. The lips were bulging and hanging loosely apart, and the big black eyes looked filmy and vacant and bloodshot. The candle in her hand was held crookedly so that it hissed and spluttered and the grease began to drop down upon the floor. The child's eyes were riveted upon her in spell-bound terror. She came a little way into the room and leant heavily against the wall. There was a small cupboard a little way in front of her and she staggered towards this, and stumbled heavily against it. She set the candle down upon it and turned and looked at him. An agony of terror seized him as her eyes rested upon him. The sweat upon his forehead gathered in great drops and began to run down the sides of his face. She continued to look dully at him for some seconds, and then, swaying forward and clutching at the cupboard to steady herself, she said in a thick confused voice :

" Where's baby ? "

Still gazing at her, speechless from terror, he made a trembling gesture in the direction of the cot, and watched in anxious fear as she lurched unsteadily across the room towards it. Reaching it, she fell up against it and the cot swung round upon its rollers and struck against the wall behind. The baby awoke and began to stir restlessly, and the child slipped out of his bed and ran across the room towards it. The thought of her nearness to his little brother was so horrible to him that for the moment he forgot his fright. He plucked at the sleeve of her night-gown, and then recoiled suddenly, struck with the fearful thought that she would look at him again. He fell back several steps as she turned, and waited, trembling. The terrible eyes were fixed upon him again, blank, senseless, inhuman. The extremity of his terror caused him to make frantic appeal to the very object which had inspired it.

" It's me, mother ! " he said.

She continued to look at him, bewildered for a few seconds and then another expression dawned in the misty eyes—that of sudden capricious anger. She made a clumsy plunge in his direction, and as she moved he felt his jaws grow rigid and his teeth clench tightly together. His arms turned cold and heavy as though chained against his sides. It seemed to him that a black cloud came rushing across the room with a noise of flapping wings to meet him, while two mad bloodshot eyes glared threateningly at him from its midst. As it reached him, his jaws were loosened suddenly and he gave a piercing

shriek. Shriek after shriek he uttered, and then fell senseless to the ground.

When he first came to himself it seemed to him that he was lying quite alone in some vast, empty place, and that he had been lying so for a very long time. But gradually he began to distinguish the sound of people moving near him and speaking gently, though he was too tired to open his eyes and look at them. His head felt heavy and confused and there was a constant buzzing in his ears.

But one evening he awoke after a deeper and less troubled sleep. The monotonous buzzing in his ears had ceased, and he recognised the bed and his surroundings. There were voices again in the room, and the firelight was flickering lazily upon the walls and ceiling. He lay and listened drowsily and indifferently to the soft persistent murmur of the voices, until little by little he became more awake and conscious, and at last a sentence fell distinctly upon his ear.

"She was one of them actresses when master first met her."

It was the fat nurse speaking. Somebody answered her in a voice that was unknown to him, and he could not catch the words although he tried vaguely to grasp and understand them. But he was still so weak that the effort soon tired him, and his head grew heavy again and the voices indistinct.

After what seemed to him a long time he heard some more words spoken as though in a dream.

"Master's 'lowanced her off. He says he won't have her home no more."

The voice sounded like an echo, very small and distant. He was not even sure that it was real. He felt that he was beginning to float away again through a soft grey mist, out of the room, backwards into vast silent spaces. Then a dark curtain dropped suddenly before his eyes, and he was asleep again.

For a long time after his full return to consciousness the occurrence of the night before his illness remained a blank to him. It was not until after he had left his bed and gone into the nursery that the consciousness of some unpleasant and indistinct remembrance awoke in him and began to oppress his mind. It hovered constantly about him, and made him anxious and depressed. He racked his memory trying to fix it in the past, and sometimes an impression arose and seemed to loom so near him and so plainly that he could almost grasp it. But then it always faded away, and left him as puzzled and restless as before.

But one night as he lay in bed with his face towards the door,

the phantom-like impression suddenly presented itself again, but this time he seized it, and it remained a certain memory, overwhelmingly forcible and clear. The opening door, the entrance of the terrifying figure returned to him with fearful distinctness. The sudden realisation that the central figure in the sinister nightmare, the shadow of which had lain so irksomely upon him while constantly eluding him, had been his mother fell upon him like a heavy stroke. He sat up suddenly in his bed with a bewildered cry.

"It was mother!"

The fat nurse was sitting at needlework in her arm-chair by the fire. She had been forbidden to leave him alone in the evening in case this remembrance should suddenly return and frighten him. She rose hastily and waddled quickly across the room to him.

"It was mother who came in!" he cried again on seeing her, although he hardly knew to whom he was speaking. He clung to her instinctively as she came near him, and trembled.

"It was, wasn't it?" he said, looking up into her face with feverish eyes.

The old woman was touched by this first appeal he had ever addressed to her. She soothed him tenderly.

"Lie down again, my lamb," she said. "Nobody shall hurt you. Nurse is here."

He lay down, still clinging to her hand. The old resentment towards her rose up in him for a moment, but his gratitude for the assurance of her presence and the tenderness she had shown him overcame it.

When he came downstairs again he felt that his mother was no longer in the house. But he made no inquiries concerning her, and never mentioned her name. Indeed, he would not allow himself even to think of her, for with the remembrance of her there came those other memories which still could make him tremble. He avoided everything which might recall her, and at dusk he hurried past her room with a sickening fear that it might open and that she would appear before him as he had last seen her. The cold barrier of reserve which he had set up between himself and his nurses became still more settled and impassable. He rarely spoke to any one unless he was obliged. His father had gone abroad after his recovery, leaving the house and children in charge of his sister. She was a motherly and gentle lady and she made many loving efforts to win the child and draw him nearer to her. But her very tenderness filled

him with a cold hostility towards her, and the resentful suspicion that she, a stranger like the rest, understood his loneliness and pitied him for it. But in the night, when he was safe from observation, he often crept out of his bed to sit beside the baby-brother's cot. For an hour sometimes he would silently watch the little one as it slept, and then steal quietly back into his bed again. His unnatural life with its relentless suppression of extreme sensitiveness told heavily upon his health, and he grew paler and thinner.

One day, a long time after his illness, when the trees beneath the nursery windows were green again, his aunt sent for him from the nursery and said to him :

" Harry, darling, would you like to see your mother ? "

She watched his face as she spoke, to see how he would take the mention of his mother's name. He looked at her quickly, but turned his eyes away again and said nothing.

" She is ill," she added gently, " and she has sent Fifine to fetch you. I think father would wish you to go."

But still he did not speak.

She laid her hand upon the bell.

" Shall I say you do not wish to go ? " she asked.

But he interrupted her hastily :

" No, Aunt Laura, don't say that. I do want to."

He had never in his life deliberately rejected an opportunity of being with his mother. His craving for her society had been the strongest influence in his life, and the dormant impulse suddenly awoke in him at this unexpected juncture, and for an instant dominated him as of old. He spoke the words before he had considered them, but because of his aversion from discussion or explanation he let them rest and said no more. He could not tell whether the thought of seeing his mother again after so long a time gladdened or dismayed him ; but it filled him with an undefined and restless expectation.

Fifine was the maid who had smiled at him through the looking glass as she brushed his mother's hair. She took him to the station, and he sat opposite to her in the train, and looked at her. Her eyes were black and bright, like his mother's, but they were rounder and smaller, and her cheeks were very rosy.

" What illness has mother got ? " he asked her.

He fancied that she smiled a little as she answered :

" You'll see when you get there."

When they got out of the train and left the station they were in a quiet country road with green hedges on either side. Fifine took his hand, and they walked some distance along the road, till

they came to a high white gate through which they entered into a garden. There was a carriage-drive up to the house, and a wide lawn in front of it. An immense cedar spread its branches over the lawn ; and under the cedar in a long garden-chair his mother was sitting. She had a black dress on, as she had often had at home. But it seemed to be made of a coarser stuff, and did not look so soft and fine and covered with lace as those she used to wear. He noticed that her face was redder than it used to be, and that she had a little frown on her forehead and pouted with her lips, as if she was often very angry. At the first sight of her his heart suddenly fell with a little thrill of fear. He had not seen her since that terrible night, and the meeting stirred him unpleasantly.

"They let him come, then," she remarked to Fifine as they approached, taking not the smallest notice of him, "It's a wonder."

Then she spoke to him.

"What did your dad say when I sent for you ?" she said.

"Father was away," he answered, and his heart sank lower still.

"Who's there, then ?" she asked.

"Where ?" he said.

"At home," she answered impatiently.

"Aunt Laura and baby."

"Aunt Laura ! I thought so !" she remarked with a glance at Fifine. "That's why I've had no answer to my letters. It was she who put him up to this, *I* know !"

"What did Aunt Laura say to your coming, then ?" she asked him next.

"She said she thought father would wish me to," he answered.

"Oh, she did, did she ?" said his mother, with another significant glance at Fifine.

She asked him other questions with the same insolent indifference of voice and manner, and he felt his heart fall lower and lower with dismay and shame. He noticed with surprise that the maid leant familiarly against the back of his mother's chair, and threw in an occasional question on her own account, and that several times they laid their heads together in whispered consultation. After one of these his mother said to him :

"Look here, Harry, you can just tell your dad from me that he's playing me a nasty trick and I'm not going to stand it. It's no good me writing to him because your aunt won't let him get my letters. I'm not going to stick in this hole of a place any

longer, and he'd better mind what he's about or I'll let him know ! D'you hear me ? "

Her voice had risen with the terrible hoarse notes which made him shudder, and her face was growing dark and swollen. She looked at him with eyes full of angry hate. The maid behind the chair winked at him, and wagged her head in evident enjoyment of her mistress's excitement. He had never felt so humiliated and insulted in all his troubled little life.

With a white face he turned, and without a word walked away from them. Following the gravel path he went round the house, passing a window which he saw to be that of the kitchen. Two figures in the black and white livery he hated peeped through the window at him, and he turned abruptly and made for a little avenue of fig-trees. The branches interlaced overhead, and it was quite dark in the avenue. He went to the furthest end of it and sat down upon the ground. His hands were trembling and his teeth chattered as though it were winter. He sat there in the soft gloom of the avenue not noting the time, thinking of nothing, feeling nothing but a dull sense of helpless misery. After a while footsteps were heard, and Fifine came down the avenue towards him. He shuddered at her approach and shrunk away from her as though she were going to strike him.

" Come to dinner, Master Harry," she said, stopping before him and smiling down at him.

" When can I go home ? " he said.

" You can't go till the evening, there isn't a train," she answered.

" Then please go away and leave me," he said.

She remained some time coaxing him to come with her, but he answered only :

" Please go away."

He sat there nearly in the same position till she came again to fetch him after tea. He did not see his mother before leaving, and he did not speak once on the homeward journey. His face was still white, his eyelids were swollen and heavy, and his head was aching.

When they reached the house Fifine knocked at the door and went away, leaving him alone upon the steps. When he entered he saw a rug and a portmanteau in the hall and the footman told him that his father had just returned. But his brain was so benumbed that he scarcely noticed the words.

As he passed the study door he saw his father standing by the table reading one of the pile of letters which lay before him. He still wore his travelling-coat, and had evidently come straight

to the study upon his arrival. At the sight of his father a feeling long forgotten suddenly awoke again within the childish breast, a wistful yearning for protection, an anxious, fluttering hope. He stood irresolute outside the door. The timidity which he had formerly felt in his father's presence was still there, but it was different from the torturing mistrust and proud aversion with which he regarded all those surrounding him. Upstairs the two nurses would be waiting to fling themselves upon him with a shoal of questions concerning his day's experiences. The thought of them revolted him. He went inside the room and stood against the door. His father was absorbed in the letters and did not hear him.

"Father, I have—seen mother," said the child, in a small unsteady voice.

His father threw down the letter and turned to look at him. He opened his mouth to speak, but the words died away upon his lips. He was dumfounded by the aspect of the child, so greatly had he altered, so infinitely small and weak and sorrowful he looked.

"You have seen your mother?" he repeated mechanically, still gazing at the child in consternation.

"Yes, I have been to see her. She sent for me. She——"

He broke off suddenly and his lips began to quiver. He looked up piteously into his father's face.

He was still gazing at the child without speaking. Then in a flash he understood. In the dark and terrible tragedy, which, with all its horror and bitterness and degradation, had so deeply overshadowed his own existence, there had been, unknown to him and unnoticed, another participant—this lonely, helpless child, who had shared it fully with him. The realisation smote upon his heart with a torturing pang of shame and self-reproach and pity.

Dropping into a chair, he held his arms out to the child. "Harry, come here to me," he said.

The child could not have told how long he lay there, silent and motionless in his father's arms. Several times people came into the room but turned without speaking and went noiselessly out again. He felt himself encompassed in a soft abundance of love and of protection and perfect rest. He had come into some wondrous new possession, to be his for ever, ever present with him, which had changed the face of all the world. The new-found treasure hovered over him as he lay in bed that night and he smiled in his sleep and pressed his arms against his breast as though to clasp it closer to him. The fat nurse stood and

watched him for some minutes—so child-like and joyous and tranquil.

The same expression was upon his face when he woke in the morning, and it dwelt there as time went on. For this little wanderer at last had reached his kingdom—the kingdom of the little children—which is ruled by love and mirth and perfect trustfulness.

A Call

A Tale of a Passion

By Ford Madox Hueffer

PART III

I

In the shadow of a huge mulberry-tree, upon whose finger-like branches already the very light green leaves were beginning to form a veil, Katya Lascarides was sitting in a deck-chair. The expression upon her face was one of serenity and of resigned contentment. She was looking at the farm-house, she was knitting a silk necktie, a strip of vivid green that fell across her light grey skirt. With a little quizzical and jolly expression, her hands thrust deep into the pockets of cream-coloured overalls, Kitty Langham looked sideways for approval at her aunt. She had just succeeded in driving a black cat out of the garden.

They lived down there in a deep silence, Katya never speaking and eliciting no word from the child. But already the child had made concessions to the extent of clearing her throat or emitting a little " hem ! " when she desired to attract her aunt's attention, but her constant occupation was found in the obstinate gambols of a pet lamb—a " sock " as the farm people called it—which inhabited the farm-house, bleated before the door, or was accustomed by butting, to send the garden gate flying back upon its hinges.

This creature, about one-third the growth of a mature ram, was filled with obstinacies apparently incomprehensible ; it was endowed with great strength and a considerable weight. With one push of its head it would send the child rolling several feet along the grass ; it would upset chairs in the dining-room ; it bleated clamorously for milk at all meals when Kitty had her milk and water.

Against its obstinacies Kitty's was valiant but absolutely useless. With her arms round its neck, a little struggling thing

with dark eyes and black hair, in her little white woollen sweater, she would attempt to impede the lamb's progress across a garden bed. But the clinching of her white teeth availed nothing at all. She would be dragged across the moist earth and left upon her back like a little St. Lawrence amongst the flames of the yellow crocuses. And at these struggles Katya Lascarides presided with absolute deafness and with inflexible indifference. Indeed, after their first meeting, when Ellida Langham had brought the child with her nurse to the gloomy, if tranquil, London hotel, where Katya had taken from Mrs. Van Husum a parting which lasted three days and ended in Mrs. Van Husum's dissolving into a flood of tears—at the end of that meeting Ellida had softly reproached Katya for the little notice she had taken of what was, after all, the nicest child in London.

But cool, calm, tall, and dressed in a grey that exactly matched her eyes, Katya " took charge." And, during the process, whilst she said : " I shall want this and that," or " The place must be on a hill : it must face south-west : it must be seven miles from the sea : it must be a farm with plenty of live-stock but no children "—Ellida watched her, silent, bewildered, and admiring. It seemed so improbable that she should have a sister so professional, so practical, so determined, yet there it was.

And then they descended, Katya and Kitty alone, into the intense silence of the farm that was found. It was on a hill : it faced south-west : it was seven miles from the sea and the farmer's wife, because she was childless, surrounded herself with little animals whose mothers had died.

And there the child played, never hearing a word—in deep silence with the wordless beasts. This had lasted three weeks.

The gate was behind Katya's back as she smiled at the rolling hills below the garden. She smiled because the night before she believed she had overheard Kitty talking to the lamb. She smiled because she was exhausted and quivering and lonely. She knitted the green necktie, her eyes upon the April landscape where bursts of sunlight travelled across these veil-like films of new leaves that covered tenderly the innumerable hedgerows.

And suddenly she leaned forward : the long fingers holding the knitting-needles ceased all motion. She had heard a footstep—and she knew every footstep of the farm. . . .

He was leaning over the back of her chair : she saw, against the blue when she opened her eyes, his clear, dark skin, his clear, dark, contemplative eyes. Her arms slowly raised themselves ; her lips muttered unintelligible words which were broken into by

the cool of his cheek as she drew him down to her. She rose to her feet and recoiled, and again, with her arms stretched straight before her, as if she were blind and felt her way, her head thrown back and her eyes closed, an Oriental with a face of chiselled alabaster. And, with her eyes still closed, her lips against his ear, as if she were asleep, she whispered :

"Oh take me! Take me! Now! For good. . . ."

But these words that came from her without will or control ceased, and she had none to say of her own volition : there fell upon them the silent nirvana of passion.

And suddenly, vibrant, shrill, and interrupted by sobs and the grinding of minute teeth, there rose up in the child's voice the words :

"Nobody must be loved but me. Nobody must be loved but me."

They felt minute hands near their knees : they were parted by a little child, who panted and breathed through her nostrils. They looked at each other with eyes into which, very slowly, there came comprehension. And then over the little thing's head Katya repeated :

"Nobody must be loved but me. Nobody must be loved but me." And with a quick colour upon her cheeks and the wetness of tears in her eyes :

"Oh, poor child," she said.

For in the words the child had given to her she recognised the torture of her own passion.

That night quite late Katya descended the stairs upon tiptoe. She spoke in a very low voice.

"The little thing's been talking, talking," she said. "The quaintest little thoughts. I've seen it coming for days now. Sometimes I've seen her lips moving. She's the most precise enunciation in the world."

"I wired Ellida this afternoon," Robert Grimshaw said.

"Then Ellida will be down here by the last train ?" Katya answered, and he commented : "We've only got an hour."

"But little Kitty," she was beginning.

"No, no," he interrupted. "Nobody must be talked about but us. Nobody must be talked about but us. I'm as glad as you or Ellida or Paul could possibly be about Kitty, but now that I have got you alone at last you're bound to face the music."

"But little Kitty ?" Katya said. . . . She said it however, only for form's sake, for Robert Grimshaw's gentle face was set in a soft inflexibility and his low tones she knew would hold her

to the mark. She had to face the music. In the half darkness his large eyes perused her face, dark, mournful and tender. The low, long farm-house room with its cheap varnished furniture was softened by the obscure light from the fire over which he had been standing for a very long hour.

"Is it the same terms then?" he asked slowly, and she answered: "Exactly the same."

He looked down at the fire, resting his hand on the chimney-piece.

At last she said:

"We might modify it a little," and he moved his face, his eyes searching the obscurity in which she stood, only one of her hands catching the glow from the fire.

"I cannot modify anything," he said. "There must be a marriage. By what recognised rite you like but—that."

Her voice remained as level as his, expressing none of the longing, the wistfulness that were in her whole being.

"Nobody knew about mother," she said. "Nobody seems to have got to know now."

"And you mean," he said, "that now you consent to letting nobody know it about you?"

"You did succeed," she evaded him, "in concealing it about mother. It was splendid of you. At the time I thought it wasn't possible. I don't know how you managed it. I suppose nobody knows about it but you and I and Ellida and Pauline."

"You mean," he pursued relentlessly, "you mean that now you consent to letting nobody know it about you? Of course, besides us, my solicitor knows—of your mother."

"At the first shock," she said, "I thought that the whole world must know, and so I was determined that the whole world should know that I hadn't deserted her memory. . . ." She paused for a wistful moment, whilst inflexibly he reflected over the coals. "Have you," she said, "the slightest inkling of why she did it?"

He shook his head slowly: he sighed.

"Of course I couldn't take you—even on those terms, that nobody knew," he said with his eyes still averted. Then he turned upon her, swarthy, his face illumined with a red glow. The slow mournfulness of their speeches, the warmth, the shadow, kept him silent for a long time.

"No," he said at last, "there isn't a trace of a fact to be found. I'm as much in the dark as I was on that day when we parted. I'm not as stunned, but I'm just as mystified."

"Ah!" she said, "but what did you feel—then?"

"Did you ever realise," he asked, "how the shock came to me?—You remember old Partington with the grey beard—he asked me to call on them. He sat on the opposite side of the table: he handed me the copy of some notes your father had made for their instructions as to his will. It was quite short. It ran: 'You are to consider that my wife and I were never married. I desire you to frame a will so phrased that my entire estate real and personal should devolve upon my two daughters Ellida and Katharine without revealing the fact that they are illegitimate. This should not be difficult since their mother's name, which they are legally entitled to bear, was the same as my own, she having been my cousin."

Grimshaw broke off his low monologue to gaze again at her. When he once more returned his eyes to the coals: "You understand," he said, "what that meant to me. It was handed to me without a word. And after a long time Partington said: 'You understand that you are your uncle's heir-at-law—nothing more.'"

Katya whispered: "Poor old Toto!"

"You know how I honoured your father and mother," he said. "They were all the parents I ever knew. Well—you know all about that . . . And then I had to break the news to you . . . Good God!"

He drew his hands down his face.

"Poor old Toto," Katya said slowly again. "I remember."

"And you won't make any amends?" he asked.

"I'll give you myself," she said softly.

He answered:

"No! no!"—and then wearily: "It's no good."

"Well: I did speak like a beast to you," she said. "But think what a shock it was to me! Mother not dead a month and father not four days—and so suddenly—all that. I'll tell you how I felt. I felt a loathing for all men. I felt a recoiling from you—a recoiling: a shudder."

"Oh, I know," he said, and suddenly he began to plead: "Haven't you injured me enough? Haven't I suffered enough?—And why? Why? For a mad whim. Isn't it a mad whim? Or what? I can understand you felt a recoil. But . . ."

"Oh, I don't feel it now," she said, "you know."

"Ah, yes," he answered, "but I didn't know till to-day, till just now when you raised your arms. And all these years you haven't let me know."

"How did you know?" she asked. "How did you know

that I felt it ?—but of course you understand me even when I don't speak."

" It's Heaven," he said, " to know that you've grown out of it—it has been Hell to bear the thought . . ."

" Oh, my dear . . ." she said.

" Such loneliness ! " he said. " Do you know ? " he continued suddenly, " I came back from Athens ! I'm supposed to be a strong-minded man. I suppose I am a strong-minded man. But I turned back the moment I reached Greece because I couldn't bear . . . I could not bear the thought that you might still shudder at my touch. Now I know you don't and . . ."

" Ellida will be here soon," Katya said. " Can't you hear her train coming down the valley . . . there . . . ? And I want to tell you what I've found out about mother. I've found it out. I've made it out, remembering what she said from day to day. I'll tell you what it was : it was trustfulness. I remember it now. It was the mainspring of her life. I think I know how the very idea came into her mind. I've got it down to little details. I've been inquiring even about the Orthodox priests there were in England at the time. There wasn't a single one ! One had just died suddenly—and there did not come a successor for six months. And mother was there. And when she was a young thing mother, I know, had a supreme contempt—a bitter contempt—for all English ideas. She got over it. When we children were born she became the gentlest being—you know that was what she always was to me : she was a being, not a woman. When she came into the room she spread soothing around her. I might be in paroxysms of temper, but it died out when she opened the door. It's so strong upon me that I hardly remember what she looked like : I can't remember her any more than I can conceive of the looks of a saint . . . A saint !—Well, she was that. She had been hot-tempered, she had been contemptuous : she became what you remember, after we were born : you may say she got religion."

Katya, her eyes full of light, paused : she began again with less of exultation :

" I daresay," she said, " she began to live with father without the rites of the church because there was no church she acknowledged to administer them—but later, she didn't want them. I remember how she always told us : ' Trust each other : trust each other. Then you will become perfectly to be trusted.' And again she would never let us make promises one to another. Don't you remember ? She always said to us : ' Say that you

will do a thing. Never promise. Never. Your word must be your bond.' You remember ? "

Grimshaw slowly nodded his head : " I remember."

" So that I am certain," she said, " that that was why she never married father. I think she regarded marriage—the formality, the vows—as desecration. Don't you see ? She wanted to be my father's chattel—and to trust him absolutely. To trust ! To trust ! Isn't that the perfect relationship ? "

Grimshaw said :

" Yes, I daresay that is the explanation. But . . ."

" But it makes no difference to you ? " she pleaded. In the distance she heard the faint grind of wheels.

" No," he said, " not even if no one else knew it. I'm very tired : I'm very lonely : I want you so. I want you with all my heart. But not that : not that."

" Not ever ? " she said.

" No," he answered. " I'll play with my cards on the table. If I grow very tired : very, very tired : if I cannot hold out any longer, well, I may consent—to your living with me as your mother lived with your father. But . . ." and he stood up briskly : " I'll tell you this : you've strengthened me. You've strengthened me in my motive. If you had shuddered at me as you did on that day years ago—I think I should have given in by now. But you didn't any longer : you've come to me. You raised your arms to me. Don't you see how it has strengthened me ? I'm not alone any more. I'm not the motherless boy that I was . . . Yes : it's heaven ! "

Her hands fell by her side. The sound of wheels filled the room and ceased.

" If I'd repulsed you, you'd have given in ? " she said.

The door fell violently back and from the black and radiant figure of Ellida came the triumphant cry :

" Kitty's spoken ! Kitty's spoken ! You've not deceived me ? "

II

He found Pauline Leicester in his dining-room upon his return to town. Little and serious and always with the tiny smile about her lips she was seated in his deep chair by the fireplace. He was happy and erect with Katya's kisses still upon his lips, and for all the world he felt a tenderness.

" I got your letter," she said. " Miss Lascarides has come back ? The child has spoken ? I suppose you are very happy ? "

He feared to detect jealousy in her tones : he found only a business-like precision.

" I was coming to dine with you," he said. " Can't you do with me ? "

" Oh, we want you so much," she said.

He had a sudden and black premonition.

" You're not on bad terms with Dudley ? " he asked.

" Tell me," she said, " you were in town part of the time when Dudley was all alone ? Mother died, you know, a week after you left for Athens ! "

" Oh, poor child," Grimshaw answered.

Her lips moved a little.

" She suffered so much, poor dear : she was so brave," she looked up at him with a queer little smile. " I suppose we're born to suffer. It's up to us to be brave."

" Oh, but Dudley hasn't been giving you trouble ? " he asked. " You aren't on bad terms with him ? "

" One couldn't be on bad terms with Dudley," she said. " But he's giving me trouble."

" The hound ! " Grimshaw answered.

" Oh, it isn't what he does. It's what he is," she said quickly. She rose and put her little hand upon his arm.

" Tell me, Robert," she said, " what has happened to him ? He's very ill."

Grimshaw made a step back.

" Not tuberculosis, really ? " he asked.

" I am sure he's very ill," she said. " Mentally ! He's quite altered. What's to be done ? "

" My poor girl," Grimshaw voiced his tenderness and concern.

" Tell me," she adjured him : " what happened to him ? It's something that's happened. He couldn't do anything. Tell me the truth ! "

" How should I know ? " he asked. " How should I know ? "

" Sometimes he's quite the same. Sometimes he's gay—he's too gay. And then . . ." She looked up. " He sits and thinks ; he'll sit silent for hours. He's not spoken a word all the morning. And then suddenly . . . he'll shudder ! And his eyes aren't the same. They aren't the same, you understand. It's as if he were afraid. Afraid ! He cowers into a corner. What is it, Robert ? You know."

Grimshaw was silent, pondering.

" Tell me ! " she said. " You *shall* tell me. You know. Is it religious mania ? "

Grimshaw shook his head.

"No: I don't think it can be religious mania." He added: "It might be hypochondria—sheer anxiety about his health. He was always like that."

"No," she said. "He hasn't been near a doctor. It can't be that." She looked up at him with a little, bird-like gaze. "I know what it is," she said, "it's another woman."

Robert Grimshaw threw up his hands that were still gloved.

"You aren't surprised," she said, and there was about her whole figure an air of a little and tender calmness. "It's no good your feigning surprise. I am sure you know all about it. Oh, I know what men are—and women. I have been a nursery-governess, you know. Isn't it true that there was another woman?" and at his hesitation she pleaded:

"Tell me the truth. There was!"

"Well: there was," he said.

"And it was Etta Stackpole," she accused him.

He saw her sit, looking down at the point of her umbrella.

"I've got to get him well," she said. "Tell me the truth."

"Yes, it was Lady Hudson," he answered. "But you aren't going to . . ."

"Robert dear," she said, with her little, clear, appealing voice, "you can't make such a mistake as to think that I am going to hamper Dudley. It's my task in life to keep him going. Think it out. I'm not *really* the girl to give ourselves away. I turned Dudley out of my mother's house. I ought not to have done it. But mother could not bear him. Perhaps I valued mother more than Dudley: perhaps that was wrong. But I've heard you say: 'Do what you want and take what you get for it.'—I'm taking what I get for it—and it's easier to do it because I know what men are."

"It wasn't Dudley's doing," Grimshaw said. "We can't even tell . . ."

"Robert dear," she repeated, "I *have* been a nursery-governess, you know."

"Oh yes," he answered, "but you're a woman too."

"Oh yes," she imitated him, "but I'm a woman of our class. Don't you see the two things I've learned? One is that we can't have what we want—I may have wanted. . . . Well, that does not matter. But if I couldn't give, I could get—adoration. That's all there is to it."

Robert Grimshaw said suddenly:

"Yes: you could make something out of poor Dudley."

"I won't say that it doesn't hurt," she took him up: "it does. Or no it doesn't—well, one can't say. . . . Up in the nursery at

the Brigstocks' there were great big clumsy boys. They adored me—and it was my business to make men of them—at any rate, during the holidays. Well: they'd disobey me. Sometimes they'd even deceive me—rather meanly, in little things. And then they'd behave like Dudley. So that I'm used to it on a small scale. It's saddening that a man can't be quite true, even when he adores. But he can't. That's all."

She was buttoning her little black gloves and she stood up to go.

"Wouldn't you like me," Grimshaw asked, "to break it to him—that you know? I suppose he's got to know it."

"Oh, of course, he's got to know it," she answered. "He'll never be himself as long as he's trying to conceal it. But . . . I think I'll tell him myself. You see, he might not like you to know. It might make him shy. It's best to drink one's own black-draughts."

But when she reached the door she turned to say:

"You might come along soon: quite soon. I sha'n't say more than three words to him. Your coming in might relieve any strain. It would carry us over till bedtime."

"I'll be there well before lunch," he said. "It's twelve now."

As they stood on the doorstep, he taking his farewell, she brought out:

"Mind: nobody's to blame but me from the beginning. If it hadn't been for mother I don't suppose I should have married Dudley. I knew I could make a good wife for him. I know I can make a man of him and I know he adores me. But that isn't everything. I can put him into the sort of position he ought to occupy. But that's only being a nursery-governess on a larger scale. It's a good piece of work. . . . But, but for mother . . . Oh, poor dear," she broke off, and the blue eyes that gazed down the empty street were filmed over for a moment. . . .

"Much it has profited mother to have me off her hands. It's five months now and she's been dead thirteen days. Well, so long!"

She waved her hand minutely to him from the pavement, exclaimed, "Go in, you'll take cold," and then she seemed to be blown round the corner into Curzon Street.

III

In passing from the dining-room to his snuggery at the back of the house Dudley Leicester brushed against his tall hat. He took it from the rack and surveyed distastefully its ruffled surface.

"Saunders," he called, "take this round to Tang's. They're to put a band on it a half-inch deeper and to iron it. I hate a hat that's been ruffled."

"It *does* mark a man off, sir," Saunders said from the dining-room door. Saunders had been considering with his master the question of dark shades in trousering and the colloquial atmosphere seemed to remain in the air.

"Now what the devil do you mean by that?" Leicester asked. "Do you mean it would help you to track him?"

"It helps you to place him, sir," Saunders answered. He brushed the hat with his sleeve, surveyed it inscrutably. "If a gentleman doesn't know that his hat's ruffled it means that he's something on his mind. I mean, sir, it means that he belongs to the professional or merchant class—or below that. It's only gentlemen of leisure who can think of their hats at all times."

Dudley Leicester laughed.

"What an odd fish you are, Saunders," he said. "Get along, man, with the hat at once. I'm going to Mrs. Langham's with your mistress just after lunch."

He lounged towards his snuggery, smiling to himself at the thought that Katya Lascarides had again refused Robert Grimshaw though he and she and Ellida and the child had been staying a week or more at Brighton together.

"A funny job: what?" he said. He had developed the habit of talking to himself whilst Pauline had been away. He looked at himself in the rather smoky mirror that was over the black marble mantel of a gloomy room. "What the deuce is it all about? She loves him like nuts: he's like a bee after honey. Why don't they marry?"

Looking at himself in the mirror he pulled down one of his eyelids to see if he were not a little anæmic—for he had heard the day before that if a man were at all anæmic the inner flesh of the eyelid was pale. A careful survey showed him that his eyelid was very red, and, his eyes watering, he muttered:

"Cobwebs! That's what it is. Cobwebs in the brain. . . ." He dropped himself into a deep, dark, saddle-bag chair. In twenty minutes it would be time for him to take his exercise.

"Umph . . . Cobwebs!" he said. "Yes: I've had some of my own: but *I've* broken through them. Poor old Robert: he hasn't though."

He suddenly realised that he was talking aloud, and then the telephone bell rang at his elbow. He gave a grunt: swore and switched off the connection so that it would ring in the butler's

pantry. And when he had got over the slight shock to his nerves he sat for some time in silence. Suddenly he exclaimed :

" What rot it was ! "

He was thinking of what he called his cobwebs. It had all been a trifle—except that Etta was a devil. He would like to flay her hide with a whip. But he realised that it was impossible that Pauline should have heard of it. At least, it was unlikely. If she had been going to hear of it she would have heard by now.

He stretched his arms behind his head and rested his crown upon his hands.

" Never felt so fit in my life," he said : " Never ! "

Saunders—if Saunders knew—he wouldn't go and blab to Pauline ? What good would it do him ? Besides Saunders was a decent sort. Besides, too, the fellow who had recognised his voice !—probably he was a decent sort too. After all, blackmailers were not in his line. He doubted if he had ever spoken to a real bad hat in his life for long enough to let him recognise his voice. . . . And perhaps the whole thing had been a trick of his nerves. He had certainly been nervy enough at the time.

" All cobwebs ! " he repeated. " Beastly cobwebs ! "

Then all the dreadful fears that he had felt . . . they were less than nothing. It would have broken Pauline's heart.

" She's had such rough times, little woman," he said, " such beastly rough times."

But though his cobwebs had been imbecile enough the remembrance of the pain made him wince.

" By Jove, I was nearly mad ! " he said. He had felt insane desires to ask strangers—perfect strangers in the street—whether it was they who had rung up 4259 Mayfair ?

" By Jove," he repeated again : " By Jove ! And now it's all over."

He leaned back luxuriously in his chair ; he stretched his long legs.

" Never so fit in my life ! " he said, and he extended his long hand to take from the desk at his side a little, carved box that Pauline had bought of a Japanese to hold his nail-scissors. He had observed a little speck of dirt beneath the nail of his forefinger. And, in the pleasant well-being of the world, he half dozed away, the box held nearly to his nose. It exhaled a faint, musky odour and suddenly his eyes opened as he jerked out of his day-dream.

" Etta ! " he said : for the box exhaled the scent that Etta Stackpole always had about her—a sweet, musky, cobwebby odour. . . .

"My God!" he cried out. And he crossed himself as he had learned to do in St. Andrew's, Holborn, where his wife worshipped.

The lines of his face seemed to decompose: his head fell forward: his mouth opened. Pauline was closing the door after her silent entry. It was a long, dusky slice of the rear-house, and he watched her approach, wide-eyed and panic-stricken, as if she held an animal-trainer's whip. The little smile was about her lips when she stood over his huddled figure, in the light of the stained-glass window, that had been put in to hide the dreary vision of house-backs.

She held out her little, gloved hand. Her face was quite tranquil.

"She knows all about it," he said. "Good God!"

"Dudley, dear," she said, "I know all about it."

IV

Robert Grimshaw was pushing the electric button beside the Leicesters' entry when, hatless, the daylight falling on his ruffled hair, Dudley Leicester flung open the door and ran down the street.

"Oh, go after him: go after him!" Pauline cried from the hall.

If Dudley Leicester had done anything at all in his life it was to run, at school. Thus it was a full minute before Grimshaw came to the door of the little, dark, hat-ironing shop, in the middle of which Leicester stood, leaning over the counter, holding by the waistcoat a small man with panic-stricken blue eyes. Afterwards he heard that Leicester had asked where his man Saunders was. But for the moment he had ceased to shake the little hatter. And then suddenly he asked:

"Are you the chap who rang up 4259 Mayfair?"

"Sir! sir!" the little man cried out. Dudley Leicester shook him and shook him: a white band-box fell from the counter and rolled almost into the street.

"Are you? Are you?" Dudley Leicester cried out incessantly.

And when the little man screamed: "No! no!" Leicester seized the heavy, rounded smoothing-iron and raised it to the height of his arm so that it struck the brown, smoked ceiling. The little man ducked beneath the counter, his agonised eyes gazing upwards.

But at Grimshaw's cool, firm grasp upon his wrists, Leicester

sank together. He passed his hand so tightly down his face that the colour left it, to return in a swift flush.

"I've got cobwebs all over my face!" he muttered. "Beastly, beastly cobwebs."

He did not utter another word: Grimshaw, taking him firmly by the arm above the elbow, led him back to his house, of which the white door still stood open.

The dark door of the snuggery at the end of the long passage closed upon Leicester and Pauline, as if upon a deep secret. In the hall Robert Grimshaw remained standing looking straight before him. It was perhaps the first time that he had ever meditated without looking at Peter, and the dog's large and luminous eyes fixed upon his face were full of uneasiness. Robert Grimshaw had always looked mature. In the dreary illumination from the fan-light above the hall-door he seemed positively old. The healthy olive-colour of his clear, pale complexion seemed to have disappeared in a deadly whiteness. And whilst he stood and thought and whilst, having gone into the dining-room, he sat deep in a chair with Peter before him, the expression of his face deepened gradually. At each successive progress of his mind from point to point, his mouth, which was usually pursed as if he were pleasantly about to whistle—his mouth elongated itself minutely, until at last the lips turned downwards. He had been leaning back in his chair. He leaned suddenly forward as if with fear and irresolution. His eyes saw nothing when they rested upon the little brown dog that turned its quivering muzzle up to his face.

He rose and stood irresolutely. He went, setting down his feet very gently on the marble squares of the hall. It was as if he crept to the door of the room that held mystery. He could hear the voices of the servants and a faint clicking of silver being laid upon a tray. But from the room . . . nothing!

He stood listening for a long time, then gently he turned the handle and entered, standing near the door. Pauline Leicester was leaning over her husband, who was sunk deep into his chair. He had an odd, a grotesque aspect, of being no more than so many clothes carelessly thrown down. She looked for a moment round at Robert Grimshaw and then again bent her tender face over her husband.

"Dudley dear," she said, "don't you hear? It's nothing. It's all nothing. Listen!"

She raised her voice to repeat: "It's all nothing. I've nothing against you."

She remained seated on the arm of the chair looking at him

intently, mournfully, almost as Peter looked at his master : and the little dog paddling through the room stood up on its hind legs to touch her hand with the tip of its tongue. She began to speak again, uttering the same words, repeating and repeating them, hoping that some at least would reach his brain. He sat entirely still, hunched together, his eyes looking as if they were veiled and long dead. Pauline had ceased speaking again when suddenly he passed his hand down his face from brow to chin, and then, as if the sudden motion gave her the idea that his brain might again have become alert, she repeated :

" Listen, Dudley dear . . ."

Her voice, clear and minute, continuing in a low monotone had the little flutings and little catches that so exactly and so exquisitely fitted the small quaintnesses of expression. And to Robert Grimshaw she appeared to look downwards upon Dudley, not as if she were expecting him to answer, but with the tender expression of a mother looking at a child many months before it can talk.

And suddenly she let herself down from the arm of the chair and glided over to where, in the gloam, Robert Grimshaw was standing beside the door. The little brown dog flapped after her over the floor.

" You had better go and get a doctor," she said.

He answered hesitatingly : " Isn't it a little early ? " He added : " Isn't it a little early to take it that he's definitely ill ? "

" Oh, I've known that he's been definitely ill for a long time," she answered. " I ought to have called in a doctor before but I wanted to consult you so I waited. It was wrong. As it turns out it was wrong, too, my not letting you speak to Dudley instead of me. You think it would hurt my feelings to hear a doctor say that he is actually mad. But I've been through with it already. I know it. The only thing now is treatment and the sooner it begins the better."

Grimshaw's face set sharply in its painful lines.

" Don't say that he's mad," he said in the most sharp accent she had ever heard him use.

" Just look at him," she answered.

Dudley Leicester, with the air of a dissipated scarecrow ruined by gambling, was gazing straight in front of him, sunk deep in his chair, his eyes gazing upon nothing, his hands beating a tattoo upon the leather arms.

" I won't have you say it," Robert Grimshaw said fiercely.

" Well, the responsibility's mine," she answered and her tiny lips quivered. " There's my mother dead and Dudley mad, and I'm responsible."

"No, I'm responsible," Grimshaw said in a fierce whisper.

"Now come," she answered, "if I hadn't married Dudley, mother would never have had her pony-chaise or got pneumonia . . ."

"It was I that brought you together," Grimshaw said.

"Oh, if you put it that way," she answered, "there's no end to who's responsible. You might say it was the Brigstocks. But the immediate responsibility is mine. I ought to have called in a doctor sooner. I ought not to have given him this shock. Don't think I'm going to be morbid about it, but that sums it up and the only question is how the thing is to be put straight. For that we want advice—and soon. The only question is who's to give it.

"But what are the facts?" Robert Grimshaw asked.

"Oh, you know the facts," she answered.

"I want a few details," he responded, "to give to the man I go to. When did it begin? Have you seen any signs of fever? Has he been off his feed? and so on."

Pauline opened the door gently: she looked over her shoulder to see if Leicester had stirred: she held the door just ajar when she and Grimshaw were outside.

"I used to think," she said, "even when we were engaged that there was something a little strange about Dudley. It wasn't an unpleasant strangeness. No. It was an attraction. He used to be absent in his manner at times. It was that gave me the idea that there might be something in him. It gave an idea that he really had a brain that stuck to something. Of course when I twitted him with it, when I got really to know him, I discovered—but that was only after we were married—that he was only thinking about his health. But since we've been married he's been quite different. I don't believe you really know Dudley. He is very quiet, but he does observe things and he's got a little humour of his own. I don't suppose any one else has ever noticed it but it's there. But his fits of strangeness before we were married were very much like this. Not so wild—but still like this in kind."

She opened the door and peeped in. Dudley Leicester was sitting where he had been.

"As to fever. No, I haven't noticed that he's had any fever. He's eaten very well except when these fits of gloom were on him, then it was almost impossible to get him to the table. I don't know when I noticed it first. He came down for mother's funeral and it seemed natural to me that he should be depressed. But in between these fits he's been so nice! So nice!"

"I'll 'phone to Sir William Wells," Grimshaw said. "I'll 'phone at once."

"Oh, don't telephone. Go!" she answered.

He hesitated markedly.

"Well then, have Saunders with you in the room," he said, "or just outside the door."

She looked up at him for a moment, her blue eyes wide.

"Oh, *that!*" she said. "You don't need to have the least fear for me. Don't you understand—if he is mad, what it is that has driven him mad?"

He looked down upon her with a deep tenderness.

"I suppose it's the shock," he said.

"Oh no," she answered. "It isn't that, it's his feeling for me. Haven't you heard him say a hundred times: 'Poor little woman: she's had such a beastly time!' Don't you understand? The quality of his love for me was his desire to protect me. It's funny, isn't it? Funny enough to make you cry. He thought I'd had such a bad time that it was up to him to keep every kind of trouble from me. He's done something—with Etta Hudson. Well: and ever since he's been dreading that it should get to my ears. And me in mourning for dear mother and be alone and dreading—oh *dreading!* And not a soul to speak to . . ."

Again she looked up into Grimshaw's eyes—and he was filled with an intolerable pity. She smiled quaintly and bravely.

"You see!" she said, "he was not afraid of what I should do but of what I should feel. I woke up and found him crying one night. Funny, isn't it, that any one should cry—about me. But I suppose he was feeling all that he thought *I* should feel: he was identifying himself with me. And now: he's like that and I don't feel anything more about it. But—" she added, "that ought to satisfy you that I'm quite safe."

"Ah," he said, "but so often—these strong passions take exactly the opposite turn. Do have Saunders handy."

"Robert dear," she said, "if he's mad enough for that I should not mind his killing me. I should be glad."

"Oh, dear child," he answered: "Would that be the way to help you to make a man of him?"

She reflected for a moment.

"Robert," she said, "how right you always are! I seem to be so wise to myself until you prove how wrong I always am. I thought it the right way for me to speak to Dudley. If I only *had* . . . And oh, Robert," she said, "how good you are to us. How could we get on without you?"

He said suddenly, as if it were a military command :

" Don't say that ! I forbid it." He added more softly : " I'll go to Sir William Wells at once. Katya says he's the best man of the kind in London."

" She ought to know," she said. " Yes : go quickly. I've kept you talking only so as to let you know all there is to know. It's difficult for a wife to talk about these things to a doctor. He might not believe it if I said that Dudley was so fond of me. But *you* know—and you may make him believe it. For it all turns on that . . . But I will have Saunders within call till you come back with him . . ."

She went into the room and having touched the bell stood looking down upon her husband with a contemplation of an infinite compassion. In the light of the stained glass at the end of a long passage of gloom she brought tears into Grimshaw's eyes. She brought an infinite passion and tenderness into his whole being. His throat felt loosened and he gasped. It was a passion for which there was neither outlet nor expression. He was filled with a desire for action without having any guidance as to what it was that he desired to do.

And the discreet Saunders coming up the servants' steps to answer the bell saw his master's friend strike himself suddenly on the high, white forehead, a hard blow, with his still gloved hand.

" Ah ! I thought it would come to that," he said to himself.

V

" Well, you aren't looking very chirpy ! " Etta Stackpole said.

" I'm not feeling it," Robert Grimshaw answered.

He was leaning over the rails in Rotten Row and Etta Stackpole sat on a huge chestnut that, its body motionless as a statue, its legs planted wide apart, threw its arched neck from time to time into the air and dispersed great white flakes of foam.

" Time goes on, too," he continued. " It goes on and it's only you that it passes by."

" Thanks," she said and she touched her hat with her crop.

With the clitter of stirrups and the creak of leather and the indistinguishable thud of hoofs the riders went by behind her in twos and threes. Behind his back was the perpetual crushing of feet and whisper of innumerable conversations conducted in discreet undertones. It was a place of a myriad rustlings and small, pleasant sounds ; and along the great length of the Row, vanishing into the distance, the young green of the leaves swayed

in the April breezes. A huge cloud toppled motionless above the barracks, pink against the blue sky and dull in its softened shadows.

Robert Grimshaw had walked along nearer the rails than was his habit, until he came to where Etta Stackpole—it was just as much her habit so that he had known where to find her—was talking to three men in her brilliant way. And raising his head, Robert Grimshaw had inserted himself between Hugo van Voss, a Dutch Jew beginning to show adiposity, and Charles McDiarmid who, with his grey peaked beard and slight lisp, was asking why she hadn't come to the Caledonian Market last Tuesday to look for bargains in the *bric-à-brac* that is displayed there upon the broad flag-stones.

"Oh, I'm not a bit gone on *bric-à-brac* really," she said, "and it's the most tiring thing in the world."

"Well, Hugo there," McDiarmid lisped slightly in his gentle and sibillant tones, "got a Chinese tapestry in scarlet silk as big as the size of the Ritz, with realistic dragons and mandolines embroidered on it in sky-blue and purple. He got it for thirteen and sixpence and he's going to make dressing-gowns out of it."

Van Voss protested inaudibly.

"Oh, you are, you know you are," McDiarmid asserted gaily, "and we're going to carry you in triumph down the Mall. Get Van Voss to give you one, Lady Hudson, and get Grimshaw here to drive you down to Bushey on a coach labelled 'Queen of Sheba'."

"He doesn't take me anywhere any more," Etta Hudson said. And Grimshaw answered desultorily:

"Only give me a chance."

Etta Hudson sustained with a brilliant indifference the glances from the half-closed eyes of McDiarmid and those of the dark, large, rather insolent and inscrutable orbs of the stockbroker.

"Oh yes," she said to Grimshaw. "You take me down to Bushey again. I'm booked up three deep for the next six months but I'll chuck anybody you like except my dressmaker."

"Booked up?" Robert Grimshaw leant over the rails to say: "Yes, we're all booked up. We're an idle, useless crowd and we never have an instant to do anything that we like."

McDiarmid, reaching over a long claw, caught hold of the shiny financier and hauling him off up the Row seemed to involve him in a haze of monetary transactions. He was, indeed, supposed at that moment to be selling Van Voss a castle on the borders, where the King had stayed.

"Well, we used to be chummy enough in the old days,"

Etta Hudson said. "Yes, you take me down to Bushey again. Don't you remember the time we went and Dudley stopped at home because he thought he was sickening for the measles?"

It was then, after their eyes had encountered for a long minute, that Etta Hudson had said that Robert Grimshaw wasn't looking very chirpy. Except for the moments when their eyes did meet—the moments when each wondered what the deuce the other was up to, Etta Hudson flung out her words with an admirable naturalness:

"Oh, take a pill and don't talk about the passing years," she said. "It's the Spring that's crocking you up. Horses are just like that. Why even Orlando here stumbles at the fall of the leaf and about Chestnut Sunday. Yes, you take me down to Bushey. You know you'll find me as good as a tonic. I should say you're having an overdose of too-brainy society. Doesn't Dudley's wife go in for Charity Organisation or Politics? She's a sort of a little wax saint, isn't she, got up to look like a Gaiety girl? I know the sort. Yes, you tell me about Dudley Leicester's wife. I'd like to know. That's a bargain. You take me down to Bushey and talk about Dudley Leicester's wife all the way down and then you can talk about me all the way up and we're quits."

Robert Grimshaw raised his eyes till dark and horse-shoe-like they indicated as it were a threat, as it were a challenge.

"If you put it up to me to that extent," he said, "I'll bet you a new riding-habit that you look as if you could do with, that you won't come down and lunch in Bushey to-day."

"What's the matter with my habit to-day?" she said. "I've had it six years. If it's been good enough for all that time it's good enough for now. Give me time to say a word to old Lady Collimore—my husband wants me to keep in with her and she's got a new astrologer living with her as a P.G. I won't be five minutes after I've spoken to her and then I'm your man."

"You'll come? In those things?" Grimshaw said.

"Oh, that's all right," she answered. "I suppose it's a matter of popping into a taxi-cab and getting out at the Park Gates and walking across the park and having lunch at one of those little 'pub' places and then I suppose you'll let the taxi drop me at the door. You won't turn me adrift at the Marble Arch, I suppose, or send me home by tram?"

"Well you are like a man," Robert Grimshaw said. "You look like a man and you talk like a man. . . ."

She tapped her horse with her crop.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said. "But I wish—I wish to He'll

I had been one," she called over her shoulder whilst slowly she walked her horse along by the railings, searching with her eyes for the venerable figure and towzled grey hair emerging centaur-like from its bath-chair—the figure of the noted Lady Collimore who had mysterious gifts, who had been known to make top-hats perform the feat of levitation and whose barrack-like house at Queen's Gate had an air of being filled with astrologers, palmists, and faith-healers.

And the first thing that, bowler-hatted and in her tight habit, Etta Hudson said to Grimshaw in the taxi-cab was :

" Now tell me the truth. Is everything that I'm going to say likely to be used as evidence against me ? "

" Oh, come, come ! " Robert Grimshaw said.

They were whirled past the tall houses and the flitting rails. They jerked along at a terrific rate down through Kensington until, falling into a stream of motor-propelled vehicles near the Albert Hall, their speed was reduced to a reasonable jog-trot.

" Then you only want to know things ? " Etta Stackpole said. " You see one never can tell in these days what who's up to. There's no reason why you shouldn't have fixed it up with Leicester's wife. She can divorce him and have you."

" Oh, it's nothing of that sort," Grimshaw said.

She looked him up and down with her eyes, curious and scrutinising.

" I should have thought," she said, " that she would have preferred you to Dudley—I'm only telling you this that you mayn't think me mad, suspecting the other thing—but I see you from my window going into Dudley's house with your dog behind you. And I should have said that that child preferred you to Dudley, or would jolly well find out her mistake after she'd married him."

" Oh ! it's nothing of that sort," Grimshaw said.

" I'll take your word for it," she answered. " So I expect it's only curiosity that brought you here. Why do you always want to know such a jolly lot about people ? It must give you a lot of trouble and you don't make anything out of it."

" My dear child," Robert Grimshaw said, " why do you always . . . ? " He hesitated and she put in mockingly :

" Go in for cutting-out expeditions. That is what was on the tip of your tongue, wasn't it, Robert ? I've heard you say that of me from half a dozen sources. Well, I'll tell you. I do what I do because I want to. It's a hobby."

" And I do what I do because I want to," Robert Grimshaw

mocked her. "It's my hobby. We're Eve and the serpent. You want the apple and I want—I've got the knowledge."

"You have, have you?" she said. And when Grimshaw answered in the affirmative she uttered a long and reflective "Ah." And then suddenly she said: "But this isn't in the contract. You ought to talk about Dudley's wife all the way down to Bushey. Tell me about her!"

They were whirling through the dirty and discoloured streets of Hammersmith while pieces of waste paper flew up into the air in the wind of their passage. It was a progress of sudden jerks, long swift rushes, and of sudden dodgings aside.

"Ah! Pauline Leicester," Grimshaw said. "You haven't got to fear her on one side but you have on another. She's a quaint, dear, cool, determined, little person. I shouldn't advise you to do Dudley Leicester any more harm because though she's not in the least bit revengeful she won't let you play any more monkey-tricks to damage poor Dudley. Don't you make the mistake of thinking she's only a little wax doll. She's much more dangerous than you could ever be because she doesn't spread herself so much abroad. You've damaged poor Dudley quite enough."

A sudden light came into her fierce eyes.

"You don't mean to say . . ." she said.

"Oh, I don't mean to say," he answered, "Dudley's perishing of passion for you and I don't mean to say that you've spread dissension between Dudley and Pauline. It's worse than that . . ."

"What is it? What the deuce is it?" she interrupted him.

"Ah!" he said. "That's not in the contract. You shall hear as soon as we're in Bushey Park, not before. We're going to talk of Pauline Leicester all the way down."

"I hear Katya Lascarides has come back?" she said. "Well then, about your Pauline."

"Well," Grimshaw said, "I've said you haven't got to fear Pauline's taking any revenge on you, but you have got to fear that she'll upset your little game with Dudley Leicester."

"What's my little game with Dudley, anyhow?" she said. "I don't want him."

"What Pauline's going to do is to make a man of him," Robert Grimshaw said. "She'll put some life into him. She'll put some backbone into him. He'll end up by being a pretty representative Cabinet Minister. But your game has always been to make a sort of cross between a puppy and a puppet out of him. It's that little game that Pauline will spoil."

She turned a furious red.

"Now before God," she said, "I'd have made a good wife to him. You haven't the right to say that to me, Robert Grimshaw," and she picked furiously at her thick riding-gloves with one hand after the other. "By Jove, if I'd my crop with me I think I should lay it over your back."

"You couldn't lay it over my back," he said placidly, "because I'm sitting down. But I'm not insulting you in that way. I daresay you'd have been perfectly faithful to Dudley—faithful and probably furiously jealous, too, but you wouldn't have made a man of him. He'd have lived a sort of doll's life under your petticoats. You'd probably have made him keep a racing-stable and drop a pot of money at Monte Carlo and drop another pot over bridge; and you'd have got him involved all round and he'd have dragged along somehow whilst you carried on as women to-day do carry on. That's the sort of thing it would have been. Mind, I'm not preaching to you. If people like to live that sort of life that's their business. It takes all sorts to make a world but . . ."

Lady Hudson suddenly put her hand upon his knee.

"I've always believed, Robert Grimshaw," she said—"I always *did* believe that it was you who made Dudley break off from me. You're the chap, aren't you, that made him look after his estates and become a model landowner and nurse the County to give him a seat? All that sort of thing?"

"I'm the chap who did look after his estates," Robert Grimshaw said. "I'm not saying that I wouldn't have influenced Dudley Leicester against you. I didn't, as a matter of fact. I never said a word against you in my life, but it's possible of course that my taking up his land business out of sheer meddlesomeness may have influenced him against you. Dudley's got more in him than appears on the surface. Or at least he can stick straight in a way if he is put into it, and just about that time Dudley got it into his head that he *had* a duty to his County and his Country and so on . . ."

Etta Stackpole's fingers moved convulsively.

"Oh, my man," she said. "What the deuce's business was it of yours? Why couldn't you have let him alone?"

"I'm telling you the worst of what I did to you," Robert Grimshaw said. "I didn't take Dudley Leicester from you. I've never said a word against you, but I probably kept him from coming back to you once he had thrown you over. I don't mean to say that I did it by persuasions. He was dogged enough not to come back, but I daresay he would have returned to you if he

hadn't had his mind occupied—if I hadn't occupied his mind with barn-roofs and rents and field-draining and the healthy sort of things that keep a man off women."

"Oh, you devil!" Etta Hudson said. "Who'd have thought you had it in you? Where do you get it from? You look just like any other Park loafer."

"I suppose," Robert Grimshaw said speculatively, "it's because I'm really Greek. My name's English and my training's been English and I look it and spell it and talk it and dress the part. But underneath I should think I'm really a Dago. You see I'm much more my mother's child than my father's. She was a Lascarides and that's a clan-name. Belonging to a clan makes you have what no Englishman has—a sense of responsibility. I can't bear to see chaps of my class, of my clan and my country, going wrong. I'm not preaching. It's my private preference. I can't bear it because I can't bear it. I don't say that you ought to feel like me. That's your business."

"My *word!*" Etta Hudson said with a bitter irony. "We English are a lost race then!"

"I never said so," Robert Grimshaw answered. "I said you were an irresponsible one. You've other qualities but not that one. But that's why I've been a sort of Dutch uncle to numbers of young men of our class. Dudley's not the only one but he *is* the chief of them."

"And so you took him up and dry-nursed him and preached to him . . ."

"Oh, I never preached to him," Grimshaw said: "he had the intelligence to see . . ."

"To see that I'm an undesirable woman?" she asked ironically.

"To see, if it's held under his nose, that it's profitable and interesting and healthy to do the best for the people that Chance, Providence, whatever it is, has put under him in this world. It helps them: it helps him. He's got a desire by now to be a good landlord. It's a languid desire, but it's as much part of him as his desire to dress well."

Etta Stackpole said:

"By gum!"

They were dodging between a huge electric tram and the kerb of a narrow street beside a grim and squalid brewery. They dipped down under a railway arch, mounted a rise and ran beside a green, gay with white painted posts and rails, and surrounded by little houses. Etta looked meditatively in front of her, with an air as if she were chewing tobacco.

"By thunder, as Clemmy van Husum says," she brought out at last. "You dry-nursed him till he's good enough for marrying a little person you've kept in a nursery and she . . ."

"She takes charge!" Robert Grimshaw said. "She'll give him personal ambition—or if she doesn't do that she'll make him act as if he had it—in order to please her. He'd kiss the dust off her feet."

"Thanks!" she said spitefully. "*Rub* it in."

The cab swayed along in the gay weather.

"What a father-protector you are," she said, "according to your own account—and all because you're a—what is it? a Dago? Well you've got all the virtues of Greece and all the virtues of us too! Well, well, well!"

"Oh come, come," Robert Grimshaw said: "I've given you your opening: you're quite right to take it. But I've not the least doubt that I've got the Dago vices if any pressure came to bring 'em out. I daresay I shouldn't be straight about money if I were hard up. Fortunately I'm not. I daresay I should be untruthful if I ever had occasion to be. I should be rather too tender-hearted and too slack to get on in the world if I had to do it. At least I suppose so."

She said:

"Well: *well! Here's* a joke. Here we have—what is it?—a Dago—a blame Dago as Clement P. would say . . ."

"You know the van Husums?" Grimshaw interrupted her.

"Oh, I thought I'd tickle you," she said. "Yes I know the van Husums and your Katya Lascarides was in their employment, wasn't she? But I'm not going to talk of your other flame, Mr. Robert Hurstlett Grimshaw. You don't play your Oriental harem trick in this taxi-cab. One man one girl's the motto here. I only introduced Clement P.'s name to stir you up. You're so *damn* calm."

"This is a fight," Grimshaw said; "you score one and go on . . ."

"What are we fighting for?" she asked.

"Ah, that's telling," he said.

"If you only want to tell me I'm a bad, bad girl," she said, "I know it already. I'm rather proud of it."

"You ought to be," he said, "you play up to it well. But it's not that which would have brought me here. I've got an object."

"Want to make me promise to leave your adopted nephew in peace?" she asked.

"Oh, Pauline's taken hold again," Grimshaw said. "You aren't going to have another look in."

"Oh, I've had all I want of him," she said. "She can have the dregs."

"That's a pretty appropriate word at present," he said: "a good word for Dudley: Dregs."

"What the deuce do you mean?" she asked. "Anything happened to Dudley?"

"You'll hear when we get to Bushey," he said. "I'll tell you when we pass the fifth chestnut of the avenue."

"What the deuce is it?" she asked.

He answered merely:

"Ah!"

Her hard eyes gazed straight forward through the screen of glass.

"Something happened to Dudley?" she said. . . . "And it's not that his wife's lamming into him about me."

"Oh, Pauline takes it as the negligible thing that it was," Grimshaw said.

She uttered:

"Thanks!" still absently. Then "Dregs?" she repeated: then suddenly she turned upon him and caught hold of his hand:

"It's not . . ." she began.

"You'll hear when we get to Bushey," he said. "It's ten minutes still."

"Oh, you devil," she said, "you tormenting devil . . ."

He just lifted up one hand in token of assent.

"Yes, it's the function of the devil to torment the damned. You've had what you wanted in Dudley Leicester's case: now you've got to take what you get for it—from his best friend."

"His wife's best friend," she said.

"And his wife's best friend," Grimshaw repeated calmly. They were shooting fast over bad roads between villas. Etta Stackpole may have shaken with laughter or it may have been merely a thankee-marm in the road:

"Well: it's a damn funny thing," she said. "Here's our Dago God Almighty splitting himself to set up a bright and beautiful English family upon its respectable legs. What a lark! I suppose it's out of gratitude to the land that gives him hospitality. He picks up a chap without a backbone and turns him into a good landlord. Then, when he's made (I suppose you *have* made) perfectly sure of his morals he hands him over to a bright and beautiful English girl of good family and antecedents (that's the phrase, ain't it?), and she's to run the dummy along till it turns into a representative Cabinet Minister. Not brilliant, but a good household article. That's the ticket, isn't it?"

Grimshaw nodded his head slowly.

"And so the good old bachelor makes a little family for himself—a little harem that doesn't go further than the tea-table—with what he can get of Katya Lascarides for Sultana Number I., and Ellida Langham and child for Number II. Number II.'s more platonic, but it's all the same little dilly-dally, Oriental, father-benefactor game. And III.'s Pauline . . . little pretty Pauline. Oh, my eye!"

She regarded the gates of the park flying towards them.

"What is it the Orientals allowed? Four wives and forty of the other sort? Well: I suppose you've plenty of lesser favourites. Why not take me on too?"

"Oh, you!" Grimshaw said good-humouredly, "you'd always be upsetting the apple-cart. You'd have to be bow-stringed."

"I believe a sort of Sultan father-confessor would be good for me," she said, as she gathered her skirts together.

The car had stopped near the dingy yellow park wall, whose high gates showed the burgeoning avenue and the broad, sandy road.

"Well, this has been what you might call a *conversation galante* so far."

VI

They passed the little weather-beaten and discoloured lodge: waited for half a dozen deer that with delicate and nonchalant footsteps passed from the light of the broad road into the shade of the avenue, and then followed them into the aisle between the columnar trunks, the vista stretching to an infinite distance. The deep silence of the place seemed to render them both speechless. She walked, holding her long skirt held high.

Suddenly Grimshaw said:

"Here's the fifth tree."

She answered:

"I don't want to hear what's happened to him."

"Ah, but you've got to."

She averted her face.

"I know," she said.

"You've heard?"

Her voice was rather muffled:

"No! I prophesied it. He's had a panic. Perhaps he's cut his throat. I don't want to know. It serves him right."

"He is mad," Grimshaw said slowly.

She stood quite still with her back to him: her broad shoulders heaved.

" All right : it's my fault," she exclaimed. " You needn't rub it in. Go away."

" I'm not saying it's your fault," he said. " The point is whether he's curable or not. You might possibly help us."

She stood quite still.

" Why should I want to help you ? " she said. He looked at her statuesque limbs : beyond her the level grass stretched out : the little company of deer wandered from a patch of cloud-shadow into a patch of sunlight : the boughs of a small enclosure, heightened by vivid greens, shook in the April wind.

" Oh, don't take it too hard," he said. " I know what it's like."

She faced suddenly round upon him, her eyes rather staring.

" Who's taking it hard ? " she said, " let him rot."

She added :

" You devil—to tell me not to take it hard. What do you know about it ? Go and give some one else Hell. I've done with you."

She began to walk away between the trees. After a while he followered her :

" Look here," he said, " if . . ."

She turned violently upon him, her eyes staring, her mouth drawn into a straight line.

" By God," she threw out : " if you follow me I'll throttle you."

" Listen ! " he said.

He called after her :

" I don't believe it's really your fault. I'll wait here and tell you why when you're ready to hear."

She walked away fast and then, finding that he did not pursue her, she wandered slowly and aimlessly between the tree-trunks. Close to him a bole of one of the great trees formed a table about knee-high. He took off his pot-hat, and holding it in his hand, sat down. His face was very white and slowly little drops of sweat came out upon his high forehead. He rose and went into the road, looking upwards along the avenue. At a little distance she stood leaning one hand against a tree-trunk, her head bowed down, her long skirt falling all round her feet, a tall and motionless figure, shadowy and grey amongst the young green.

He returned to his bole : after a long time another small company of deer passed quite close at hand. Suddenly they quickened their pace, their feet rustling on the turf.

" Well," Etta Hudson said from close behind him, " what is it you want ? "

He said :

" It's like this : three days ago Dudley Leicester seemed to go mad. He assaulted a man after asking him an apparently senseless question. We have had him under observation ever since. And he's twice stopped strangers in the street and asked them the same question. When they've answered no, he attempts to assault them. He's got an attendant now and, if he's headed off before he can ask the question, he's calm enough. But he won't speak a word."

Etta said :

" You might let me sit down there. I can't stand."

And when she was on the bole she asked expressionlessly :

" What's the question he asks ? "

" It's always," Grimshaw said, " whether the man—a perfect stranger—got up your telephone number."

Etta Sackville said :

" Ah ! . . ."

She sat silent for a long time, looking down at the ground, Grimshaw standing before her, musing and looking at her face:

" Well : what is it you want to know ? "

" I want to know," he said, " what happened on the night he saw you home."

" I didn't think," she said expressionlessly, " that you could play the cad as well as the private detective."

Robert Grimshaw uttered sharply the one word :

" Rot ! "

" Well : it's a cad's question and you must have played the private detective to know that he saw me home."

" My dear woman," he said, " don't the Phyllis Trevors know it and Mme. de Mauvesine and Mme. de Bogota and half London. I am not making any accusations."

" I don't care a pin if you are," she said.

" It's merely a question of this sort," he went on. " The doctor who's in charge of the case wants to know whether he had any shock on that night. He wasn't by any chance knocked down at a crossing ? He didn't fall ? The cab-horse hadn't been down ? "

She shook her head minutely.

" There wasn't any violent scene ? Your husband . . ."

" Oh, he . . ." she said—" besides he was in Paris."

Suddenly she broke out :

" Look here : you don't know what this means. I don't say that Leicester's very much to me. But still it's pretty sickening to have it happen to him."

"Well," Grimshaw conceded a point, "I'm not saying that it's your fault."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about whose fault it is," she said. "It's him. It's the thought of him. Poor harmless devil!"

She looked up at Grimshaw.

"What doctor have you got? What does he say?"

"We've got a man called Wells," he answered. "He doesn't say much either way. He can't tell till he knows what happened."

She scrutinised his face.

"Look here," she said, "this *is* true? You aren't merely telling me a tale to get things out of me?"

Grimshaw did not even answer her before she looked desolately down again.

"Of course it's true," she said, "you aren't that sort."

"And you knew I knew already that he saw you home and that he stayed two hours," Grimshaw said. "What I want to know is what gave him a shock."

"Ah . . . you'd get that from his servant," she said. "He'd be sitting up for Dudley. Well, I don't care about that. I'd fight any case on that."

"Oh, don't worry," Grimshaw said. "I promise you that Pauline . . ."

"Don't you," she said suddenly, and, clenching her hands, "don't you mention that little pink toad to me if you want to get anything out of me. I hate her and I hate you. You got Dudley away from me together. Why it's been like devils and angels fighting for a man's soul. That's what it's *been*. I'm a religious woman, though you mayn't believe it. I believe in angels and the devil too."

She pulled her skirt a little up from the ground.

"I expect you'll say," she began again, "that you're on the side of the angels. Well: see what you've made of him, poor dear. This wouldn't have happened if you'd left him to me. It's you who are responsible for it all—you, poking your nose into what doesn't concern you."

"Ah," he said slowly and rather mournfully, "perhaps it has turned out like that if we get outside and look on. But as to which of us is which—angel and devil—I should not care to say."

She looked up at him.

"You wouldn't?" she said.

"You see," he said and he shook his head slowly, "perhaps it's only a case of a square peg and a round hole. I don't know. If you'd had him you'd have let him be a loafer all his life.

Perhaps that's all he's really fitted for. Possibly, by shoving him on to do things, Pauline and I—or I principally—have brought this sort of thing on. Englishmen haven't any sense of responsibility: perhaps it's bad for them to have it aroused in them. They can work: they can fight: they can do things—but it's for themselves alone. They're individualists. But there is a class that's got the sense of duty to the whole: they've got a rudimentary sense of it—a tradition at least, if not a sense. And Leicester comes of that class. But the tradition's dying out: I suppose it was never native to them: it was forced on them because *some one* had to do the public work and it was worth their while. But now that's changing: it isn't worth while. So, no doubt, Dudley hadn't got it in his blood. . . . And yet I don't know," he said, "he's shaped so well. I would have sworn he had got it in him to do it, with careful nursing. And Pauline had it in her—the sense of the whole, of the clan, the class, the County and all the rest of it. Women have it much more often than men. That's why she isn't going for you. Only the other day she said to me: 'I'm not the sort of girl to give ourselves away.'"

"Now look here," she said, "what right have you, a confounded foreigner, to run us down? We take you up; we let you be one of us and then you gas. There's a great deal too many of you in this country. Taken as you are, on your own showing, poor dear Dudley that you patronise, damn you—is worth a score of you. If you're so set on the public service why isn't it you who's standing for Parliament instead of him? You're ten times as rich. You've a hundred times more the gift of the gab . . ." and she broke off to begin again:

"Whatever you can say of him," she said, "he doesn't go nosing out secrets and peeping and prying. He is straight and clear and as innocent as a baby and as honest as a die. . . ."

"If he's as honest as a die," Robert Grimshaw said, "why was he carrying on an intrigue with you all that time? He must have been pretty deep to keep it concealed from me."

She looked up at him with pale fury.

"Oh! you horrible-minded man," she said. "How dare you! How dare you! You may kick me as much as you like. I am down. But you let Dudley Leicester alone. He's too decent to be jumped on by a man like you."

Grimshaw displayed a sudden and incomprehensible agitation.

"Then he hadn't been carrying on with you?" he said.

"Carrying on with me?" she mocked him, but with a bitter

scorn. "Do you mean to say that you suspected him of that? I suppose you suspected him of fooling about with me before he was married to his Pauline and after? What an unspeakable toad of a mind you've got!"

Robert Grimshaw said: "Good God!"

She struck her hip with her clenched hand. "I see it," she said, "you thought Dudley Leicester had seized the chance of his wife's mother being ill to monkey about with me. You thought he'd been doing it before. You thought he was going to go on doing it. You thought he'd managed to conceal it from you. You thought he was a deep, dark, ne'er-do-weel like yourself or any other man. I'm the only person that's to blame. I tell you Dudley Leicester hasn't spoken a word to me since the day we parted. I tell you I got him just that one night to show myself what I could do. He couldn't help being with me. He had to see me home. We were all at the Esmeralda together, and all the rest of us were married, or engaged, or coupled up somehow. He *had* to see me home as we lived next door. He did it with the worst grace in the world. He tried to get out of it. It was because he behaved so like an oaf that I set myself to get him. I swear that it is true. I swear as I am a religious woman and believe in God and things."

Again Robert Grimshaw said: "Good God!" and his agitation grew on him.

"Well," Etta Stackpole said, "what is there to get so upset about? It doesn't count in Dudley for dissoluteness. There isn't a man in the world, not even yourself, Robert Grimshaw, could get out of my having him if I set myself to it at that time of night and after that sort of evening. I'm not boasting about it. It's the nature of the beast that you men are. I set myself to do it because I knew it would mortify him; because it would make him feel he was a dirty sort of dog next morning. What are you in such a stew about?" she said. "It wasn't anything to do with Dudley's real nature. I tell you he's as pure-minded as a sucking-lamb."

Robert Grimshaw was walking nervously up and down striking the side of his trousers with his ebony stick.

"Oh," she said with a sudden gibe, "I know what's the matter with you. You're feeling remorse. You're upset because you suspected Dudley of being a mean hound. I know you, Robert Grimshaw. You were jealous of him. You were madly jealous of him. You married him to that little pink parakeet, and then you got jealous of him. You *wanted* to believe that he was mean and deceitful. You wanted to believe that he

was going to turn out a black hat. You wanted to believe it so that you could take your Pauline off his hands again and now you're feeling remorse because you suspected him. You knew in your heart that he was honest and simple and pure, but your jealousy turned you mad. I know you, Robert Grimshaw. Well, go on feeling remorse. Get all you can of it. I tell you this. I got Dudley Leicester into my hands and I did what I wanted with him, and nothing happened to shock him except when the telephone bell rang and some one recognised his voice. I guess that was shock enough for him. I thought he was in for something. I could tell it by the look of his eyes, but that only proves the thorough good sort he was. It wasn't till then that he understood what he'd been up to. Then he was knocked flat."

"There wasn't anything else at all?" Robert Grimshaw said. He had pulled himself together and stood with his stick behind his back leaning upon it a little. "Yes, I admit I misjudged Dudley, but it's a queer sort of world. You're quite sure there wasn't anything else?"

"What more do you want?" she asked. "Could a chap like that have had anything more beastly happen to him? Besides it's indicated in the form you say his madness takes. He's always asking who it was who rung us up. Doesn't it prove that that's what hit his brain? No, he wasn't thrown out of a cab. He didn't stumble. My husband didn't turn up. No. Nothing of the sort. He was just knocked plumb-centre by that chap saying: 'Isn't that Dudley Leicester speaking?'"

Robert Grimshaw's face was the hue of wood-ash.

"My dear Etta," he said with his gentle collectiveness, "it's perfectly obvious that you aren't responsible for Dudley's collapse. It was the meddling fool at the other end of the telephone."

"It was rather meddlesome when you come to think of it, but then perhaps he didn't know there was anything wrong in Dudley's being where he was?"

"Perhaps he didn't," Robert Grimshaw said. "Let's go and have luncheon."

"Oh, I don't want any luncheon," she said. "Take me home."

She supported herself on his arm as they walked up the long avenue for her footsteps were not very steady.

(*To be continued*)

THE MONTH

EDITORIAL: *THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE—The Two-Shilling Novel; South Africa as an Imperial Asset, by* J. A. HOBSON; *Spain's Future is in Spain, by* R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM; *To-day in Madrid, by* WILLIAM T. GOODE; *Youth for Teachers, by* MISS M. E. ROBINSON; *William James and Pluralism, by* JOSEPH H. WICKSTEED; *Doughty's Poems, by* EDWARD GARNETT

THE CRITICAL ATTITUDE

The Two-Shilling Novel

THE world of letters in England is, perhaps, always in a critical condition, but certain crises of the economic aspect of writing do undoubtedly stand out. And it is to the effect of the financial side of Literature upon the quality of writing that we wish, for the moment, to devote our attention. Certain questions may be asked: Is the writer at his best when, shivering in a garret, having sent his breeches to the pawnshop, by the light of a guttering candle stuck in a bottle, upon sugar-paper he indites deathless words? Or is he at his best when, a Civil Service employé at the Board of Trade or at the Inland Revenue Office, he produces minor verse, Art criticism or annotations of writers who have preceded him by a couple of centuries? Or again, is he at his best when, with a comfortable fortune at his disposal, with a fine library at his command, say, from Lausanne, he directs his literary operations with a peer as his agent?

ALAS! in England we are familiarised with the dictum that Literature is a good stick but a bad crutch, just as in France they have the figure of the goat of M. Seguin "*qui sé battegué touta la nieue émé lo loup, et piei lo matin lo loup l'a manzé.*" And inasmuch as the great bulk of humanity is not in the fortunate possession of sufficient unearned increment to maintain itself, and to rejoice the heart of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so the great bulk of humanity being desirous of expressing itself by means of letters, the large majority of writers are those who walk with the aid of this crutch, who fight all night against the wolf. And then in the morning the wolf eats them.

THE wolf eats them, the wolf has always eaten them and, voraciously, the wolf will continue to swallow them down. That, of

course, is a matter which does not interest the public : perhaps it should not interest the public. But officially the public is interested in the quality of the literature that reaches it. Cabinet Ministers tell us that this is so at dinners of the Royal Literary Fund, at Academy banquets and in other places where they speak. But complacently the public continues to steal the bread from the mouths of the heirs of men of letters, and to read the halfpenny papers. In these islands literature has never come into its own ; perhaps never will, perhaps never can. Probably it never can, since, our public being strictly utilitarian, it cannot be proved that reading imaginative literature ever led to the invention of the steamboat, the gaining of a new colony for the British Crown, the improvement of the morals of Society, or the extension of the Franchise. In short, in the minds of engineers, empire-builders and moral or social reformers in this country, imaginative literature occupies no place at all. In France a man will inscribe himself in an hotel register as *homme de lettres* and be received by the host with effusion. In England, on the other hand, your political agent, of whichever party, calls upon the man of letters as upon other qualified householders or lodgers. But hearing that his prospective supporter is an author he will say with a deprecating, polite smile : " Oh please put yourself down gentleman." This more favourably impresses the revising barrister.

These, however, are only the generally prevailing conditions. At the present moment there is a crisis in the book trade. The price of the novel is to be reduced. The novel is to be sold by the pound. One publisher, with a candour which removes his action from the category of sheer cynicism, has adopted the design of a pair of scales for his device and for his motto he has taken the words : " Just weight is a delight." So that we presume, if he should print so many hundred pages of " printer's pie " upon lead-glazed paper he would have a masterpiece worth selling at ten shillings per volume. There is no escape from this deduction ; and, indeed, the first book published by Mr. Heinemann under this new dispensation—Mr. Hall Caine's " The White Prophet "—is a sufficient proof that if Mr. Heinemann has his way quantity not quality shall be the distinguishing factor of the book of the future.

We have the less hesitation in mentioning Mr. Heinemann by name as it was he who, at a public dinner lately, first promulgated

this dictum. He said, as far as we can remember, that the book of high but condensed quality was nowadays so exceedingly rare that for commercial purposes it might be altogether neglected. And this is a very serious pronouncement to the consideration of which we will return later. But it is, at any rate, a reversal of the former policies of Mr. Heinemann and of all the reputable publishers in London. With this earlier policy we have never had any quarrel. Indeed, when advising those about to start publishing we have always held this policy up as the only possible, as the only commendable course to be pursued. It has consisted in publishing, when available, enormously popular but absolutely worthless writers and devoting a certain portion of the profits made by these publications to the production of work that has literary merits and very small commercial attractiveness. It is lamentable that worthless work should be popular, but for that not the publisher but the public—the persons in high places, the preachers, the social reformers and all the rest of those who have the power to influence the public—are responsible.

And even if this were not the case—if, that is to say, the publisher of repute did not adopt as a settled and public-spirited policy the subsidising of good work by work of the most worthless —the inevitable pressure of circumstances would squeeze out of existence any publisher who published good work at all, supposing him not by luck to hit upon a popular author. The following figures may go to substantiate this view. A certain publisher who kindly put his books at our disposal published in a late season thirteen novels. These thirteen had a collected sale of 54,000 copies, or an average of 4000 apiece, but one of these books sold a little over 40,000 copies, and another 6000, leaving to the remaining eleven novels a sale of about 8000 copies. On these figures his accounts showed a considerable profit though actually his losses upon the eleven novels amounted to about £600, without taking into account his expenses for offices, staff, &c. The book which sold 40,000 copies was one of comparatively little literary value. Indeed it had no literary value at all. But it was a quite earnest work calling in a sensational manner the attention of the public to a social evil. The work which sold 6000 copies was of a higher literary value : it had, indeed, even an appreciable interest from the point of view of craftsmanship, of handling—of what is called " technique." But the main appeal of this book, as of the other, was sociological. It was concerned with the difference between classes, with the hard lot of the poor : it was, in

short, an "improving" book. One of the other books was a work of extreme merit, but since it consisted of short stories its sale was the lowest but two of the books in the publisher's list. This the publisher had anticipated, but he had desired to have the author's name in his advertisements in order that his own name might not stink too redolently in the nostrils of the Literary world.

The other works were, in the majority, the ordinary novel of commerce, but, the season being a bad one in the book trade, they practically all of them failed in appeal. Three, however, were by unknown writers, the publisher's adviser having recommended their publication, not because there was any probability of their proving remunerative, but because they showed promise, or because it would be a pleasure and a credit to publish them.

This, upon the whole, is a reputable record. It was, moreover, a profitable one. For whereas the profit upon a novel selling from 800 to 1200 copies is relatively small it becomes relatively enormous in the case of one selling 40,000 copies, since in the latter case the cost of composition is an infinitesimal percentage and there remain, to all intents and purposes, only the costs of machining, of paper and of binding. For, when once a book is really started upon a "boom," advertising may be stopped altogether. Thus it was infinitely more profitable to have the two sales at 40,000 and 6000 and the eleven small sales than to have had the sales distributed over the thirteen books at the rate of 4000 a piece.

What then will be the effect of reducing the published price of a novel to two shillings—or of selling novels by weight? In the first place, it must lead to the absolute extinction of the finest class of work, since the finest class of work is that in which every superfluous word is meticulously excised, in which every episode is of value to the story. We are familiar enough already with the old-fashioned tyranny of the bookseller who demanded from the publisher that every novel should be of the length of 75,000 words at least. This demand has led to the virtual extinction of what is almost the most beautiful length for any history of an episode —as distinguished from the history of an "affair" involving the life-stories of many persons—that of between 30,000 to 40,000 words. For this type of story there is, except in our

own pages, practically no place for publication at all in England now. It is too short to be published in volume form: bound up with other stories it becomes catalogued with and unsaleable as "Short Stories": the magazines will not print it since it is too short to be a serial, and too long to go in in one or two instalments. In consequence, and simply owing to commercial pressure, this particular form is practically extinct. Yet it is one which, on the face of it, should be particularly suited to the English genius. For the Englishman appears to be almost incapable of producing the real short story—the *conte*. He has not the technical skill necessary for getting the best out of his subject, and, his especial genius being what is called "getting an atmosphere," he is utterly incapable of getting an atmosphere in a few words. He must have his initial page or two for the description of Dartmoor, Cork Castle, the Mile End Road, a drawing-room in Mayfair or the environs of Trincomalee. And having in this leisurely way made himself feel at home he is then fit to deal in an equally leisurely manner with the human affairs of his episode. Of course it would be unreasonably arbitrary to say that all episodes must be treated of, at, or under the length of 40,000 words, or that all "affairs" must have devoted to them two hundred, or more, thousand words. But, as a rough generalisation, we may say that there is no settled form that is really satisfactory between the length of, say, Flaubert's "Cœur Simple" and that of his "Education Sentimentale." The latter work Mr. Heinemann would welcome with open arms, the former he would condemn.

And if the present state of things is unsatisfactory for the writer of a fine conscience and a talent for compression, the revolution which Mr. Heinemann has initiated and which almost every other publisher in London is, in secret, preparing to take part in—this revolution will prove infinitely worse. What these publishers are really doing is to attempt to compete with the sevenpenny reprint, an attempt foolish in itself the moment one considers that the public is quite well aware that it can procure any new book for the price of about one halfpenny—from its circulating library. The public, in fact, is an almost negligible quantity as far as works of the imagination are concerned. Figures fluctuate a little, but we believe it is fairly safe to say that of the works of fiction and *belles-lettres* published every year only 20 per cent. are purchased by the booksellers, the rest going to the circulating libraries. Now these figures should give a publisher furiously to think, for they represent all of the book-buying class

who must, either for pleasure or for profit, possess works of the imagination. The libraries, obviously, must have the books, or they would lose their customers; and so rare is it for any Englishman to purchase a book that we must imagine that the remaining 20 per cent. must be impelled to this expenditure by some irresistible force. And the publisher, in the face of this helpless body, instead of putting up his prices, puts them down. It seems like a policy of madness. It is a policy that certainly will profit nobody but the libraries. For one factor which the publishers always forget is that of time. If a man feel himself rich, healthy and prosperous he will eat more beef, drink more wine, purchase more clothes, and order new motor-cars, but neither health nor wealth can give a man more time for reading. And the amount of time the public can, or will give to reading is now entirely taken up. The consequence is that Mr. Heinemann's *confrères* will be giving to a market, already strictly circumscribed, an article of greater quantity, of almost inevitably lower quality and certainly smaller price. The writer without a conscience will spin his works out to enormous length: the normally long-winded author will obtain a smaller honorarium: the author who seeks for artistic restraint and conciseness will find no form of publication at all. For the immediate result of a reduction in prices must be very much to limit the output of books. The publisher, for the mere reasons of the size of his staff, the cost of distribution and the comparative smallness of his profit, must tend more and more to put his eggs into one basket, and that one basket must be that ingeniously woven by a "safe" author. And the "safe" author, whatever he be, can never, in England, be the author of literary merit. That, the quality being equal, a book three times as long stands three times as much chance of success as a shorter book we are inclined to believe—simply because the book taking longer to read the libraries, to satisfy their customers with some approach to despatch, must obviously purchase a larger number of copies and, indeed, the most egregiously popular of our present-day novelists do, as a rule, put forth yearly volumes of an intolerable length. And the poor publisher, confronted with these great bulks of matter, his offices filled with copies awaiting distribution, will find his profits reduced to almost nothing—for it is impossible to imagine that three times as many people will be found to spend three times as much time reading the works of Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Marie Corelli and the other writers of the stamp, three times as much time as is at present spent over these normally enormous productions. And having no space for the unsold

copies of writers of definite merit, but of only problematic commercial value, the poor publisher will be forced to let his good name go by the board; no longer will Mr. Henry James save the face of the gentleman who publishes Miss Corelli, no longer will Mr. Doughty's name be weighed in the balance against Mrs. Elinor Glynn, no longer will the white and innocent candour of publishing Mr. Joseph Conrad cover the purple blush of shame that will come at the thought of having poured innumerable copies of Mr. Caine's work upon the world.

E. R.

(To be continued)

South Africa as an Imperial Asset

By J. A. Hobson

Those who ten years ago insisted with so much assurance upon the inevitability of war in South Africa, failed to recognise that the sequel of the war was equally inevitable. That the most redoubtable Boer Generals, who eight years ago were in the field against our troops, should now be in London imposing on the British Government the terms of a national Constitution which will make them and their allies in the Cape the rulers of a virtually independent South Africa is, indeed, one of the brightest humours of modern history. The irony gets a broader touch of humour when Generals Smuts and Hertzog are gravely summoned to advise in the defence of the Empire. The general view of the British public towards this outcome is one of mingled amazement and goodwill. This popular sentiment is in part penitence for a half-recognised misdeed, in part pride in our magnanimity, and in part a curious feeling that union has justified the war. In fact, there are not wanting persons who believe not merely that there would have been no union without the war, but that the sole motive of the war was to bring about the union. But those who fasten their eyes on the abiding factors in the history of South Africa know that, war or no war, the achievement of political union between the free self-governing States lay in the early future as a settled fact. Even before the spread of railways, and the new direction thus given to the course of trade, the issue was assured. For though the premature endeavour of British statesmen to force the pace by pressure from without in 1878, and again by conspiring with financial politicians on the spot in 1895, paralysed for a time the internal forces working for union, these latter had too much vitality to suffer more than a brief check. Even had there been no war, the needs of union were ripening so fast that it is quite likely that consummation might have been achieved as early, though the Dutch supremacy which it embodies and assures would have been less conspicuous and the form of the union would probably have been less closely knit. The absence of strong national barriers, save in the case

of Natal, the similarity of racial, industrial, political and social conditions throughout the country, the free interchange for purposes of business and of settlement between the white inhabitants of the several States, the community of interest in customs, transport, education, sanitation, finance and above all else, in native policy, were forces whose acceleration and direction were constant and uniform. The devastation of the war, with its fearful aftermath of poverty and universal distress, may, indeed, have precipitated action in its final stage. Adversity makes strange bedfellows and perhaps rendered easier that co-operation of Boers with Randlords, Bondmen with Progressives, which has been so interesting a feature in the making of the Constitution. One thing is certain. It welded into a passionate spirit of unity and fixed resolve that somewhat torpid and precarious sympathy between the Dutch of the Colony and of the two erstwhile Republics, which hitherto had failed to keep them to any lasting co-operation. So defective, indeed, was this sympathy before the war that within a single decade the members of a race alleged to be possessed by the single passion to drive the British into the sea were several times upon the very verge of an armed struggle among themselves over some question of trade or of right of way. The war has not made the Union, but it has made Dutch mastery within the Union. To some it seems that the present control of the Dutch in three of the four provinces and so in the Union is the mere turn of the scales in the changing fortunes of popular election. But I feel sure that the keen-witted and loyal statesmen, who ten years ago defeated our armies and to-day rule our South African colonies, gauge the situation more truly. Our national sentimentalism befogs our vision. It delights us to imagine that at the close of a bloody and prolonged struggle, in which we wore down resistance by sheer dint of numbers, Briton and Boer should grasp hands of friendship, mutual respect warming into affection, every past unpleasantness at once forgotten, and all determined to live together happily for ever afterwards. A nice propriety of loyal speech in some of the Boer leaders may, indeed, be adduced in support of this romantic view of history. But it is foolish for those who wish to understand and estimate the future of the country where such bitter deeds were done to accept at their face value these polite assurances of oblivion. Loyalty under a flag which shall allow them perfect liberty to use their superior solidarity and persistency in shaping the destiny of the country they regard as peculiarly theirs, it is, indeed, reasonable to expect, but forgetfulness of the violence of the conquest, of the thousands of

children whose death by disease and starvation in the concentration camps blackens almost every family record in the two new colonies, such amnesty is not bought by the new glory of entering an Empire upon which the sun never sets, with its alien heritage of history.

I do not dwell upon this necessary imperfection of Imperial sympathy to suggest that it is likely to affect the practical relations between the South African Union and Great Britain. When the Peace of Vereiniging was made, the future of South Africa was marked out quite irrespective of the shifts of party power either in that country or in this. If Lord Milner had looked before he leaped ten years ago he would have recognised that the surest way to render certain for the future that "dominion of Africanderdom" which he hated, was to convert the two Republics by force into two self-governing British Colonies. For, even if the Government which had made the war had kept the reins of office afterwards, with Lord Milner as their authoritative adviser, the utmost they could have achieved would have been a postponement of complete self-government for a few years, accompanied with jerrymandering of constituencies designed to favour British voters; a policy which might have goaded the Boers to political reprisals when they entered on the full colonial status which the first entry of a Liberal Government in England must have secured to them, but which could have had no abiding influence upon the further course of events.

But though it is probable that the greater stability and the more prolific character of the Dutch will make them the chief formative stock in the amalgam of the new South African nation, while the persistence of the Taal and of the Dutch-Roman law will maintain strongly distinctive features in this section of our Empire, the trend of national development will not differ materially from that of Canada or Australia, so far as its relations towards Great Britain and her sister nations in the Empire are concerned. How are these relations shaping? Among those who accept as final the sharp distinction which has hitherto been drawn between those white colonies ripe or ripening for self-government and the unfree remainder of our Empire, it is natural that the achievement of South African Union should bring this question into new prominence. For to Mr. Chamberlain, as twenty years before to Lord Carnarvon, this union, however desirable upon its own account, had its chief significance as a step towards a larger federation, or other reconstitution of the self-governing sections of the British Empire. Group federation was to be followed by Imperial Federation. The former process is now nearly complete in the Canadian Dominion, the

Australian Commonwealth, and the South African Union. Whether New Zealand elects still to stand alone, or, as is not unlikely, is drawn into an Australasian Union by the supreme need of a strong Pacific policy, is a question of no present urgency. Other fragments still remain for inevitable absorption, Newfoundland in Canada, Rhodesia in the South African Union. But does this grouping of adjoining colonies into nations evidently favour the ideal of a close-linked British Empire of which Imperialists have dreamed ?

Does the smaller centralising process imply the larger one ? The general trend of colonial history during the last three-quarters of a century supports no such implication. As each colony has grown in population, wealth, and enterprise it has persistently asserted larger rights of independent government which the Mother Country has, sometimes willingly, sometimes reluctantly, conceded : each colony values among its most prized traditions the successful resistance to some acts of interference on the part of the Imperial Government which it has deemed injurious to its vital interests or offensive to its sense of dignity, some endeavour to restrict its territorial growth, to force upon it undesirable immigrants, to coerce its commercial liberty. But in general the lesson of the colonies contained in the American Revolution has sufficed to teach us acquiescence in the continuous assertion of larger independence. The actual bonds, alike political and commercial, between the several colonies and the Mother Country have been growing every decade weaker, in spite of the greater physical accessibility which the steamer and the telegraph have brought, and in spite of the great machinery of modern investment which every colony has used so freely to draw capital from Great Britain for her own developement. Nor is it without significance that the oldest and the nearest colonies, and those which federated first among themselves, have gone furthest in the practical assertion of an independence which now leaves Imperial control and obligations well-nigh divested of all corresponding rights even in issues of foreign policy.

When the power to place protective tariffs on our goods and to make their own commercial treaties with foreign countries was once conceded, it needed no undue insistence upon the economic interpretation of history to see that a continual evolution both of commercial and of political self-sufficiency must follow. As each colony fell into federation with its neighbours, this spirit and this practice of autonomy naturally grew, and the four nations now forming part of our overseas empire are firmer in their confident self-sufficiency than ever were the constituent

colonies. Those British Imperialists who, with the events of the last few years before their eyes, still imagine a closer Imperial federation in any shape or form practicable, are merely the dupes of Kiplingesque sentimentalism.

It is true that these Colonies sent gallant troops (at our expense) to our assistance in the Boer War, and that for purposes of Imperial defence the British Flag may remain a real asset, though, as the recent Conference will clearly show, the same spirit of separatism exhibited in politics and in commerce demands that even in defence, National shall always take precedence of Imperial interests. Though in each colony aspiring politicians have been found to fan Imperialist sentiment to a glow and to utilise the heat for electoral purposes or for personal glory, these bursts of effervescent feeling, however genuine while they last, cannot be taken as serious factors in the shaping of their national policy. The pride in the British connection may bring Canadian, Australian and South African statesmen to toy with suggestions of political or commercial federation on decorative occasions such as Imperial Conferences : it may even evoke some sentimental dole of preference in a colonial tariff, or some eleemosynary contribution towards a British fleet, but it will not lead the people of these countries on this ground to abate one jot or one tittle of their fixed determination to go their own way, to develope their own natural resources for their own sole advantage, and to be guided in all important acts of policy by purely National, as distinct from Imperial, objects. The very notion that Canada, Australia, New Zealand, or South Africa will even consider the advisability of entering a close political union, through the formation of some Imperial Council, which, whether vested with legislative powers or not, could only act by restricting liberties hitherto enjoyed by each colonial unit, is acknowledged to be chimerical by most of those who in the nineties were enamoured of the project.

Mr. Chamberlain soon saw that the front-door of political federation was shut, bolted and barred. He thereupon sought the tradesman's entrance, claiming to knit the colonies and the Mother Country into an indissoluble union by means of a set of preferences which he hoped might eventually give free trade within the Empire. We now perceive that the appeal to community of trading interests is as futile as was the earlier appeal, and for the same reason. Each of our offspring nations is determined to consult its own interests, and it finds that these interests are opposed to any commercial union. This for two reasons : first, because such commercial union to be valid must

imply some subordination of its own immediate interests to the co-operative trading ends of the Empire, and to such restraint it will not submit ; secondly, because experience, as registered in trade statistics, shows that its commercial interests lie more in the developement of profitable trade relations with foreign countries than in British or intra-Imperial trade. The recent commercial history of Canada and Australia proves that each nation has made up its mind to utilise its tariff system, first for its own industrial developement, secondly, for its own financial needs. If British preference is retained at all, it can afford no substantial gain and no considerable bond, for British import trade must neither compete with colonial industries nor hamper the colony in negotiating special trade agreements with foreign countries. A detailed examination of Canadian preference proves how flimsy is this bond of union.

It remains for the future to show whether Imperial defence can draw the Empire nearer together, or whether it also will yield to the disintegrating forces. One thing, however, is certain. If the Colonial Office is used again as it was used by Mr. Chamberlain to procure offers of colonial aid, if British Governments, Unionist or Liberal, angle for colonial gift-ships by scare-cables with crooked phrases, all that is generous and genuine in the colonial concern for the old Motherland will perish. No one can have consorted freely with colonial visitors this summer without noting the tone of surprised contempt for the " jumpy " nerves evinced during the months of the German panic. The impudent perversion of the Imperial Press Conference to the same single purpose provoked significent protests from leading colonial journalists whose indignation was aroused at the materialistic interpretation given by British statesmen to Imperial unity. Just as participation in the Boer War opened the eyes of Canadian and Australian volunteers to the military weakness of England, so this eager pleading for Imperial defence rouses reflections upon the character of the Empire, the risks it involves for the self-governing nations, and the unequal influence which they will exercise in determining Imperial policy. It might well appear a profitable and glorious task to co-operate in the protection of a " free, tolerant, unaggressive " Empire. But it is not equally glorious or profitable for a free-born Canadian or New Zealander to enter a confederation under which a necessarily dominant partner can claim his blood and money to help hold down India, to quell some struggle for liberty in Egypt, or to procure some further step in tropical aggrandisement at the bidding of some mining or rubber syndicate. In other words, it is our huge,

"unfree, intolerant, aggressive" Empire which may well give pause to our self-governing colonies when invited to enter a close unity of Imperial defence. For this Empire is no real concern of theirs, they have nothing in common with its modes of autocratic government, they are unwilling even to admit its "British subjects" on to their shores. Why then should they feign enthusiasm for an Imperial defence mainly directed to maintain and enlarge this unfree Empire by quarrels to which they are no willing parties, in which no true interests of theirs will be involved, but in which they may be called upon to squander their resources and even risk their independence.

Though the full logic of the situation may not yet be manifest, we may be sure that it is a sound prophetic instinct which makes colonial statesmen so reluctant to commit their countries to any of those schemes of close central control which our home-made Imperialists have been so anxious to bind upon them. Nothing is more significant than the determined way in which the colonies, Canada leading, are urging the conditions of their participation in Imperial defence, viz., the priority of Colonial to Imperial defence with all its necessary limitations in Imperial strategy, and the retention of the *personnel* of the command in the hands of the Colonial Government.

Of the real meaning of this movement there can be no doubt. As in political self-government and in commerce, each colonial group has long established a virtually complete autonomy, so now it is proposed to take over the duty and the right of its armed defence from the Mother Country. As soon as the so-called "Imperial Defence" is consummated, there will be no Imperial troops or ships in the "free" colonies, but only national troops and national ships. Whatever language is used to describe this new movement of Imperial defence it is virtually one more step towards complete national independence on the part of the colonies. For not only will the consciousness of the assumption of this task of self-defence feed with new vigour the spirit of nationality, it will entail the further power of full control over foreign relations. This has already been virtually admitted in the case of Canada, now entitled to a determinant voice in all treaties or other engagements in which her interests are especially involved. The extension of this right to the other colonial nations may be taken as a matter of course. Home rule in national defence thus established reduces the Imperial connection to its thinnest terms.

To speculators upon the larger problems of history it will be a particularly interesting and delicate consideration whether our colonial nations will best consult their safety and their liberty

in the future by remaining formal members of the Empire, sharing both the risks and the resources of this association, or by taking their destinies entirely into their own hands, forming their own alliances, and meeting out of their own resources the rarer risks which might attend such severance.

But the formation of the South African Union emphasises in another way the instability of the British Empire. "I believe this Government," said Abraham Lincoln, "cannot endure permanently half slave, half free." Equally true is it that no abiding unity can be found for an Empire half autocratic and half self-governing. One force of dissolution we have already recognised in the divorce alike of sympathy and interest between the self-governing colonies and the rest of the overseas dominions of the Crown. But the corruption of self-government itself in the case of the new nation is a perhaps more subtle sign of weakness and decay. The constitution of the South African Union is, indeed, in some respects a more satisfactory instrument of government than either that of the Canadian Dominion or of the Australian Commonwealth. In this country it has been subjected to very little criticism. Both parties appear to regard the sanction of the Imperial Parliament as an act destitute of real responsibility. It is, indeed, understood that the Colonial Office has procured some minor modifications in the South African proposals. But all effective criticism or amendment has been denied to the House of Commons by a bold and very simple form of bluff. The South African delegates, who came here to impose this Act of Union, were well aware that the denial of any real representation to civilised natives and coloured people over the greater part of the Union, the imperilling of the coloured franchise in the Cape and, in particular, the formal adoption of a colour-line for membership of the Union Assembly, would be unwelcome to the majority of the members of the most Liberal Parliament which has ever sat in Westminster. Aware that any free exercise of Imperial legislative power would amend their Act so as to secure the standard of equality formulated by Mr. Rhodes, "equal rights for all civilised men south of the Zambesi," they agreed upon the terse formula that any such amendment would "wreck the Union!" The device was well calculated to secure its end. For though it is utterly unreasonable to suppose that the South African States, each with such carefully bargained ends to gain by union, would, in fact, withdraw their sanction because the Imperial Government chose to exercise its undoubted right to secure for the majority of British subjects in South Africa the right to qualify for civilisation, the firm

assertion of this peril proved enough to overbear the opposition of all save a negligible minority. It was inevitable that this should be so.

The fast confederacy of Dutch and British politicians was certain to bear down principles of Liberalism already compromised and enfeebled by acquiescence in the modes of government applied by Lord Morley and Sir Edward Grey to the subjects of our unfree Empire.

So it has come about that a government has been established in South Africa, in form resembling that of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, in substance very different. To describe as a self-governing nation the white oligarchy that has, with our connivance, fenced itself against admission of the ablest and most progressive members of races living in their midst and by general admission capable of a civilisation at least as high as that of the ordinary white wage-earner, is an outrage to political terminology. Deliberately to set out upon a new career as a civilised nation upon a definition of civilisation which takes race and colour, not individual character and attainments, as the criterion is nothing else than to sow a crop of dark and dangerous problems for the future. Such a government, such a civilisation, must fall between two stools. There is, indeed, no parallel without or within the Empire for a self-government in which five-sixths of the governed are excluded from all rights of citizenship. In other colonies where the population is mainly composed by "lower races" bureaucracy is never more than tempered by representation, and that representation is mostly free from colour-lines: such government can at least secure order, if at the cost of progress. It is conceivable (though our Empire affords no present instance) that sound order and political serenity might be attained by a white oligarchy which kept in economic servitude the lower races of inhabitants, barred them from skilled industries, from any large participation in modern city life, and from religious and intellectual instruction of any kind. This was virtually the old Boer policy, though adopted as readily by British settlers on the land; it was absolutely successful. But it is not comformable to-day either to the conditions or the sentiments of the more progressive white citizens of South Africa, even in Natal. There is no intention to refuse all technical and intellectual education to Zulus, Fingos, and other natives capable of profiting by it; much of the hard work which Europeans will continue to require and will refuse to do themselves involves and evokes knowledge, intelligence, and a sense of personal responsibility. Not even the most carefully sophisticated Christianity,

furnished by "kept" white missionaries, can prevent the democratic doctrines of the New Testament from doing this revolutionary work.

To take away the political liberties enjoyed for a third of a century in Cape Colony would prove too dangerous: to leave them will be to set a continuously growing ferment at work throughout the length and breadth of the Union. For there are very deep and very real native grievances. In the Transvaal and Orange River Colony the elementary freedom of movement from one place to another is denied, the right of buying and holding land is denied: whenever in South Africa a dispute arises between a white and a coloured man it is tried in a white man's court, by white man's justice. Indeed it is needless to labour such an issue: political rights are everywhere the indispensable condition of civil rights, and without them can be no security of life, liberty and property for an "inferior" race or class.

I am well aware that public opinion is very unenlightened among the bulk of the white population of South Africa. Many of the political leaders confess themselves favourable to a carefully restricted native franchise, but insist that "the people will not have it." But I cannot help feeling that if these statesmen had taken a little more time to forecast the troubles which are certain to arise from an essentially inconsistent native policy, such as I have here described, they would have thrown the full weight of their personal authority, never likely to be greater than now, against the popular prejudice, and have welcomed the aid of our Liberal Government to support a Constitution free from this stain of colour. There can be no enduring peace, no steady progress and prosperity in a South Africa where the vast bulk of the work of industry is done by men who are denied all opportunity to participate, proportionately to their proved capacity, in the government of the country which is morally theirs, in the sense that they are genuinely interested in it and have put their personal effort into its developement.

At the best such a South African Union as is now established will be a close replica not of Canada, but of the Southern States of the American Commonwealth, where the races subsist side by side in the same land in no organic spiritual contact with one another, each race suffering the moral, intellectual and industrial penalty of this disunion. As the recent spread of education and of skilled industry among the negroes of these Southern States has only served to develope and aggravate the situation, so it will be in South Africa. There, as in the Southern States, the black population grows at least as fast as the white, it cannot be ex-

pelled or put into reserves because it is required for white men's wants, it cannot be permanently kept in ignorance, and knowledge means not only power but the demand for rights and a rising discontent at their denial.

The higher mental calibre and capacity of many of the Bantu peoples and the presence of considerable numbers of unintelligent Asiatics will be likely to ripen in South Africa even more rapidly than in the Southern States this sense of wrong and this demand for justice. This claim is misunderstood when it is resolved into a race question. Though the form of the exclusion gives it that aspect, it is not at root a race question but a question of personality. The Zulu, the Indian, who is denied a voice in his country, does not say, "Give me a vote because a Zulu, or an Indian, is as good as a white man." He says, "Give me a vote because by any reasonable test of manhood you lay down—work, knowledge, personal character, even property—I am as fit a man to serve the State as others whom you admit." Unless and until the sentiments of the white peoples in South Africa can be adjusted to the acceptance of this humane and just view of a State, one which can only operate by raising the average standard of citizenship, its destiny will move upon an unstable axis, and it will remain a source, not of strength, but of weakness to the group of self-governing nationalities to which it falsely claims to belong.

Spain's Future is in Spain

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

The recent events in Spain must seem inexplicable to those who have not got the key to them.

All of a sudden, as it appeared, the nation was shaken, as by an earthquake, from north to south, from east to west, with not a single premonitory sign that anything was wrong.

A war of intervention, neither more just nor more unjust than that of France and Casa Blanca, or England and Egypt or the Transvaal, suddenly seemed to throw the nation into an agony of rage.

To us, who make our little wars without a protest from our servile population, for not a nation in all Europe is so servile and so listless as our own in everything outside our islands, it must have seemed nothing but madness or at least idiocy. What can possibly be simpler or less reprehensible than for a European Power to coerce an inferior race who objects to let it work a mine upon its territory. Mines, we all know, are placed by a wise Power in many countries where people are black, yellow or brown, and in general use inferior arms. That shows, to any one who cares to read God's mind, that He intended all those mines for us. Why, if He did so, He did not put them in our territory we never stop to think—or if we think, we fancy we are helping Him in His design. We know that He is overdone with work and looks to us to aid Him and fill up all lacunæ in the creative plan. Besides all this, when natives " massacre " some of the workmen who by working at the mines are helping God and us, what more is wanted ? It clearly shows that we must be up and at the outrageous authors of the massacres for our good name and God's.

Spaniards, of course, are hardly Europeans, but then their " mission " evidently was divine, by virtue of their arms. Who doubts that it is impious, and a direct and wicked violation of the eternal fitness of things, that peoples who are half armed should feel a delicacy about frontiers, treaty rights and all those

things that it is patent were never designed for them, as is typified by their inferior guns.

Let this be as it may, the Spanish people did not see their way to fight merely to uphold the rights of the authors of the scheme I propose to expose.

Since the Middle Ages, Spain has had a series of penal settlements on the north coast of Africa. Ceuta, just opposite Gibraltar, is the only one of any value to her and that purely from a strategic point of view. The others, Alhucemas, El Peñon de la Gomera, Melilla, and Las Islas Chafarinas are sinks of money to the Spanish Crown. Most of them are situated between the sea and the Riff Mountains.

El Peñon de la Gomera is a mere barren rock, rising up from the sea, a miniature Gibraltar, connected by a bridge with the mainland. The country opposite to it is rocky and extremely mountainous ; the tribe who holds it being one of the fiercest of the Riffs. For centuries no Spanish soldier has been safe a mile beyond its guns.

Les Alhucemas (the rosemary bushes) is a shallow sandy bay, without a proper anchorage, and the same geograpical conditions apply to it as apply to El Peñon. Las Chafarinas are several flat, wind-swept and sun-scorched islets. They contain no proper wells, and rain is collected in a catch-tank and in dry seasons water is brought from Malaga. They have not long been Spanish and now serve as a place to which to send political prisoners. Maceio, the Cuban leader, passed several years in this inhospitable spot. In those days, report averred, the Government detained him there, hoping that he would die, as the climate of the islands is not good and every sort of sanitation was unknown. However, he survived and found his death by the hand of treachery in his own native land.

Melilla is the nearest of Spain's possessions on the coast to the French frontier in Algeria. It is a little, old-fashioned Spanish town, full of strange passages and archways, over some of which the double-headed Austrian eagle still rears its lying head.

Upon the east of the old town, which clusters round a hill, is a more modern suburb in which there are some shops and to which Moors from the interior resort to deal in wool and grain. If ever a railway is constructed Melilla might be valuable as it is nearer to Fez than any other town upon the coast. At present it is worthless, for it affords no anchorage at all, and has an open roadstead exposed to every wind. Outside the town the country appears sterile, although ten or twelve miles away it is said to become richer and to grow good crops of wheat. The Spanish

territory extends not much more than a mile or at the most a mile and a half outside the town and the tribe (Khalaiya) which inhabits it is warlike and hostile to the last degree. Of late there has sprung up a little trade owing to the fact that half the hinterland has been held for the last five years by the adherents of El Roghi, who is in arms against the Moorish Emperor.

In direct contravention of the Act of Algeciras the Spaniards at Melilla have given protection underhand to this guerilla chief.

A trade sprang up chiefly in arms and cartridges, which were supplied from Malaga, from Cartagena, Almeria and from Melilla, the procession of smuggling craft being described in a certain paper as perpetual.

All this was bad enough, and was undoing underhand all that the Act of Algeciras had in view as to the policing of North Africa. El Roghi, a paltry man enough, could not have lasted all these years if Spain had done her duty and barred him from the sea. Instead of doing this, he has had perpetual stores of arms and provisions flowing in to him from Spain and from Algeria, and I do not hesitate to say that every officer, beginning with the governor, has had a finger in the pie.

All this was bad enough. Bad as an example of the bad faith of Europeans to the Moors and bad for Spain herself.

It was bad enough after having signed the Act of Algeciras, which engages to protect the Sultan of Morocco by every means, and to assist him to police his realm, but worse remains behind. It should be said that for a time France was at least as much to blame as Spain in regard to giving help to El Roghi; but since the Act of Algeciras has been signed she has acted differently, that is, about the Riff.

To explain what then took place and how the intervention came about requires a word or two.

In common with most other countries in the Middle Ages, Spain seems to have coveted the coast of Africa; that is, she thought that Africa was rich because the riches of the East reached her through Africa.

When Isabella the Catholic died, she left a sentence in her will calling on Spaniards never to forget that "Spain's future is in Africa." Why she wrote this no man can tell, unless perhaps it was because there was a party at her Court which had opposed Columbus, for one reason; or perhaps because she thought to stir Spain up to a crusade against the Moors and held out Africa as a reward to pious Catholics.

From that time to the present day there has been a party at Madrid which has never ceased to ring the changes on this will.

"The will of the Great Queen" is trotted out perpetually and never fails to bring a cheer. This is the more astounding when one reflects how narrow is the strait that separates North Africa from Spain. One would have thought that every opportunity was ready to their hands for Spaniards to know the poverty of Africa and to perceive that most of it was thickly populated. It was not so, and a most dense and perfect ignorance has prevailed in Spain of everything across the straits. One of the legends that has stamped itself into the popular imagination is that the Riff is full of minerals. That, too, without regard to the fact that in Algeria there are almost none, and that the geological formation of the two countries is most similar. But, be that as it may, some one discovered, or alleged that he discovered, some lead and iron deposits near Melilla. Opinions vary as to the richness of these mines. Some say that they are rich, and others that there is little there at all. Others say all the companies were working for was war, to get compensation from Morocco if outrages occurred, or else get it from Spain, if they could bring about an intervention on her part.

In Spain there is no great capitalistic class, such as there is in England or in France. The great capitalists scarcely reach fifty, and thus the self-same names appear in every scheme and all the jobs which have been so disastrous to Spain during the past few years. And of these names three or four have been seen just like recurring decimals and now appear in the extremely curious history of the Melilla mines.

These names, that of the Count of Romanones, ex-Liberal Minister, and of his brother, the Duke of Tovar (a personal friend and hanger-on of the young king), the Marquis of Comillas, chief shareholder of the Spanish Transatlantic Line, that of Garcia Alex, and, finally, that of the Count of Guëll, have been mixed up with schemes that have been ruinous to Spain.

They launched the unlucky Rio de Oro scheme. They figure in the great monopoly of tobacco which makes all Spain smoke dear and bad cigars. The subsidy to the decaying Transatlantic Line, which has not had a new boat for the past fifteen years, was engineered by them. Finally, they have been mixed up with all the operations of the Bank of Spain, that great octopus which has its tentacles upon the heart of the nation. I do not say that all or any of these men are knowingly dishonest any more than were the members of the Rhodesian gang. What I do say is that, after the fashion of their prototypes in the Transvaal, they cared but little as to the trouble they might bring upon their country so that their money-bags were safe.

These gentlemen having taken to themselves Señor Villanueva, who had been Minister of Agriculture under the Conservatives, apparently saw in Melilla an opportunity of doing business after the fashion of their kind.

Without regard to the fact that the Riff is an integral part of the same Empire that Spain by signing the Act of Algeciras had pledged herself to save, they went to the Roghi, then a rebel in the field, and from him got a concession to work some mines a mile or two miles outside the Spanish lines.

They must have known that no concession from a rebel in the field could possibly be binding on the Sultan when once he was established on his throne. With as much reason might a Moor, when George II. reigned, have got concessions from Rob Roy to work mines in the Highlands and then expected George to ratify them.

The concession granted, the next thing was to construct a railway to bring provisions to the mines, for to the present day no word has reached the outside world of any mineral being sent down to the coast. A company was slowly formed under the presidency of Villanueva, the chief founder being the Duke of Tovar; the Count of Romanones and a Scotch Spaniard called McPherson, an employé of the Marquis of Comillas in the Transatlantic Line.

The pity of it is that they neglected to provide a good photographer to take them in a group.

Had they done this, and written on the picture "Rio de Oro, La Tabacalera, Subsidy to the Transatlantic" and all the rest of their great national undertakings for the developement of Spain and their own pockets, much trouble had been saved.

The efforts of the company being conducted in the true Spanish style ("let my death come from Spain" was a saying in the Middle Ages), a new company was formed in Paris, but with Señor Garcia Alix for the Spanish figure-head.

It is not fully known whether the second company secured a new concession or merely worked upon the old one, but in any case concessions cost El Roghi nothing, and usually put something in his purse. Early this spring, Spain sent a mission up to Fez, the ambassador being Señor Merry del Val, the brother of the Cardinal.

This gentleman apparently thought to carry everything by fire and sword, with the result that his mission was a failure, and he will probably be sent to represent his country in Tristan d'Acunha or in Fernando de Noronha or whatever place is the equivalent in Spain for Stellenbosch.

One of the demands he laid before the Sultan was that he should ratify the concessions of the mines near Melilla which had been given by the Roghi, a rebel in the field.

The Sultan naturally refused, and the ambassador left Fez, as the French put it, *bredouillé*, or we, in English, with his tail between his legs.

Being a weak man, he exhaled his rage in threats, and told a friend of mine that if the matter came to war, he would have every man in Spain behind him, for, as he said, the ancient cry "War with the Moor" was never known to fail.

This dictum of the ambassador shows how much he knew of national feeling, for it may be said that with the exception of the capitalists and clergy there is no single man or woman in all Spain in favour of the war.

Hardly had Señor Merry del Val returned from Fez than the slaughter of four Spanish workmen happened at the Melilla mines. Instantly, without rhyme or reason, came the intervention, without apparently a moment's thought of justice or recollection of the falseness of the position of the concessionaries, working as they were upon a title which no sane man could approve.

Let us examine quietly what had occurred. A Moorish freebooter, such as was Rob Roy in Scotland, had given a concession for the working of a mine to men who were well educated, one of them (Romanones) having been a Liberal Minister of State. This man at least (even supposing that Tovar, McPherson and the Marquis of Comillas all were uneducated men) must certainly have known the bearings of the case.

Instead of representing to the Sultan of Morocco (the potentate his government had pledged itself to aid, and also to maintain the integrity of his dominions), Spain rushed straight to a crusade. There is no doubt Tovar, Comillas, Romanones, and the commander of the army in Melilla thought it such, though clearer-minded people see it was nothing but a filibustering raid.

Let us suppose, just for a moment (since we are, as I hear, a Christian nation) that the old *Lex talionis* is still in force. Four Christians had been slain; nothing would have been easier than to send out and shoot four Mussulmans. After this act of Peralvillo justice (which perhaps might have been made still more palatable to those concerned by shooting eight of the Moorish dogs instead of four, for cent. per cent. is almost certainly a law of God), had Spain been really a civilising Power she could have approached the Sultan and got a new concession of

the mines; this would have put the thing upon a business footing, and if the mines prove worth the working, they then could have been worked with a clear conscience and a fair chance of success.

Spain, though the least of all the European Powers, must needs go to work in just as arbitrary a fashion as do the greatest, with the results we see.

Her troops have had a serious reverse. Two or three thousand miserable conscripts have been slain, the national prestige has had another blow, and for a week the country has been verging on rebellion while the throne tottered to its base.

This takes us back again across the straits, those straits which, in the Middle Ages, bore the ominous name "The Gate of the Road," meaning thereby that by that path the Moors had entered Spain.

Nothing is easier, now that Barcelona has been swept by artillery and no return of killed or wounded has been forthcoming, or will ever be; now when again "Peace reigns in Warsaw" (as one might say)—nothing is easier than to depreciate all that has taken place.

Just in the same way that a bronco-twister riding a wild colt, or on the southern Pampa a gaucho on his bagual sticks out his feet and leans a little sideways in the saddle saying, that horses nowadays do not buck half so hard as they did years ago—when he has sat some dozen or two plunges and the horse begins to give his head, so does a government that just has held its own behave when it has drowned a rising in men's blood.

For all that, just as the bronco-twister or the gaucho still keeps a watchful eye on the wild horse's ears, and pats him cautiously upon the shoulder, so does a government comfort itself with words.

That this is so in Spain is proved to demonstration by the edict of the king just published (August 5) abolishing the right to buy exemption from military service, and thus ending a scandal which figured in the forefront of the national protest against the stupid war.

This fact, and also the release of nearly all the prisoners from the dark dungeons of that Spanish Schlusselburg, Montjuich, shows amply that the Government has had a fright. Certainly they have had good cause.

In spite of all the specious misrepresentation of the newspapers, the cry against the war (*Guerra à la Guerra*) has been spontaneous, and not a rising only of the Anarchists in Catalonia.

In Catalonia, where the people are fierce and turbulent and where, moreover, a Separatist (Conservative) agitation is always

going on, they have appealed to force. In the Castilles and the Basque Provinces, even in hedonistic Andalusia, the feeling has been deep and indignant at seeing Spanish blood poured out and Spanish honour prostituted at the beck and call of a few money-mongers.

Such little and contemptuous popularity as has hitherto been accorded to the king on account of youth, and being born in Spain and having grown up in Madrid, seems to have vanished. For the meantime, the throne seems safe, once more the dynasty (that lost the colonies) is saved, but without honour. It now remains upon probation, and mostly by the fact that there are no Republicans out of whose ranks to build up a republic, and that both parties, Liberal and Conservative alike, are hopelessly corrupt.

During the last ten years of tarnished honour to the national flag, of stern repression of all Liberal expression, Spaniards have had full time for self-examination. Never before, in all her history (since the day when Spanish liberty was lost at Villalár and the disastrous Austrians came to reign over her), has Spain been so convulsed, not even in the War of Independence, where her dear Latin, transpyrenean brothers stabled their horses in her churches, and carried fire and sword throughout the land. What may come of the now seething cauldron when it cools down no man can say.

One thing is certain, Spain wants peace. Peace to build up her commerce, peace to heal old wounds, and her best friends would rather see her lose the whole of her possessions on the coast of Africa, useless and costly as they are, than plunge into a war.

All that she lost in Cuba and the West Indies has been gain to her. Her commerce has improved, her national credit has become more stable since the war. There is no reason why, in fifty years, she shall not once again be a Great Power, if she will comprehend the full significance of the cry which has lately rung in every street of every Spanish town: "Spain's future is in Spain!"

To-day in Madrid

By William T. Goode

Life in Madrid, some one (I think Gautier or Dumas) said, is passed *entre una insolación y una pulmonía*, between a sunstroke and an attack of pneumonia, a sarcastic allusion to the violent extremes of climate through which the city passes yearly: extremes due to its situation. Just now, the *soi-disant* sunstroke period, it is perfect. The heat which a few days ago filled the gorges of Viscaya with thunderstorms, and the wind which howled across the plains of Castile, raising clouds of dust and whipping the sparse trees into imploring phantoms, these have combined to give us a fine clear heat tempered by a gentle breeze. The morning air is divinely light and brisk, the evenings are deliciously cool and fair: as for the rest of the day, it is best to imitate the Madrilenos and suspend active operations; or if one must go out, then cat-like one crawls round the squares and streets following the belt of shade, leaving the blaze in the centre for the *simones* (cabmen) and the policemen.

This being the height of summer, and the Chamber closed, most of the well-to-do Madrilenos are summering elsewhere, at San Sebastian or Biarritz, or in Switzerland, out of the hurly-burly: for which some of the papers do not spare them. But just as London is never so full as when some few hundreds of Society people have left, and with bland self-complacency notified that it is therefore empty, so Madrid teems with life, and the Puerta del Sol, the pulse of Madrid, throbs from morning till far through the night. Though the drive in the Buen Retiro, the Rotten Row of the Madrilenos, may show a smaller number of dashing turn-outs, and the "Paseo" or the Prado not quite so many Parisian models, as in spring and autumn, there is no lack of occupation for eyes and ears. In the movement of the Puerta del Sol, the variegated types with which the city abounds just now, or the appalling cacophony which rises from all the busy corners of Madrid—the more or less indifferent train service, the trams, a few automobiles, the ox-carts of Viscaya, which torture the ear-drums; the *diligencia* with its *mayoral* and

mules and the entirely Spanish occupation of *tomar el sol* or *tomar el fresco* according to the season—in all these particulars Madrid remains much the same always.

Gautier was much amused in one of the bourgs through which he passed to notice the economy of the authorities who had left up in the chief square the names of Plaza Real : Plaza de la Constitucion : Plaza de la Republica—one above the other : the choice of the name for use was dictated, he supposed, by the passing political phase. To the witty Frenchman the splash of white paint, ready to receive any name whatever, on the massive stone wall of the building, was typical of the political movements which come and go in Spain, leaving little or no trace on the hard-grained character of the country itself. With very little change the metaphor will serve again to-day, for the complexion of the Governments which rise and fall in Spain matter little, so long as they exist by corruption, favouritism and "spoils." They may, indeed, be like the splash of white paint bearing a changeable name, underneath is the same unvarying, unsavoury foundation.

Yet even Spain has moved since the thirties ; the growth of the population in some of the great towns, the extension of industry, commerce and wealth in enterprising provinces like Catalonia and the Basque provinces, the intercourse of these parts with progressive nations, and consequent mental growth which these things have brought about, having introduced into the country a political element conscious of its own needs and desires, anxious for improvement and profoundly dissatisfied with the jobbery, self-seeking and class interest which characterise the actual government of the country. Whatever may be the state of opinion in the agricultural districts, where the population is scattered and ignorant, it is safe to say that in the great towns like Madrid, Barcelona, Malaga, Bilbao, Valencia, and many others, the mass of opinion is anti-governmental, and, along with it, anti-dynastic. The war in the north of Africa, entirely unpopular in spite of official efforts to rouse patriotic ardour, has given an occasion for expressing this feeling of profound dissatisfaction, with results in Catalonia with which the world is now more or less accurately acquainted.

It is a little difficult to get at opinion in Madrid. The censorship nominally exercised only over news relating to the operations at Melilla is, in practice, extended to all political matter. It is sufficient for a paper to publish something displeasing or inconvenient to Ministers to run the risk of denunciation and consequent suppression. In these circumstances, the journals can print only official statements concerning the

movements of troops and the calling out of further reserves, scraps vouchsafed by the censor on what is, or may be, going on at Melilla, mild polemics or vague historical articles, and in the official and clerical sheets reports and stories concerning Catalonia which are, even to an ordinary reader of newspapers, obviously apocryphal. It is in the things which are *not* said, not permitted, in the absence of political discussion and of political information, and in the licensed attacks of the official organs on the journals of professedly progressive character, that the significance of Madrilena journalism lies. Open expression of opinion is, indeed, a difficult matter in the capital of a country where constitutional guarantees have been suspended; where the Parliament is closed and Government by decree is the order of the day; where all meetings or manifestations are forbidden; and where the strictest pressure is brought to bear upon the public press. It is for these reasons, perhaps, that recent "special commissioners" from London newspapers have failed to get at the truth of things, and have seen nothing, where knowledge of the country, its life and language would have enabled them to find out much whose existence they never even suspected. It is in the *cafés*, the markets, on the eternal *paseo*, or the sidewalk, or the Prado, in the railway carriage, in a thousand and one ways, that public opinion in Madrid can be gathered and sorted, and my experience is that it is strongly anti-governmental; anti-martial; anti-dynastic. The feeling about the war gathers all else into itself, for all other reasons of discontent are connected with it, directly or indirectly, and those reasons, be they good or bad, are many and strongly held. So, when the English newspapers, following official statements, print notices about the enthusiasm for the war and for the royal family, declare that the troubles in Catalonia had nothing to do with Melilla, that there is no anti-clericalism in the country, and that the days of fire and blood-letting in Barcelona were the work of anarchists and international revolutionaries—in a word, that we are to believe that life in Spain is normal and that all is for the best, those newspapers are quite beside the mark.

The Government is discredited in the opinion of thinking people. Small wonder! Nominally constitutional, it is bureaucratic to a degree, all but autocratic, the autocrats in this instance being, not the sovereign, but the Ministers. Constitutionalism is a vain form in a country where elections, save in the quarters mentioned above, are "managed" by the party in power, resulting in an entirely subservient Chamber. Of the corruption of the administrative mechanism, the practice

of treating places in the administration, down to the very meanest, as spoils of the conquerors, of the multiplication of posts, favouritism and its attendant evil, inefficiency, it is almost futile to speak at this date. But these things rankle in the minds of thinking Spaniards, and produce a state of mind which makes many ready to welcome almost any change in the hope of a change of *system*. In no other way can one account for the growth of Republicanism and of Republican clubs and newspapers.

Two months ago at one of the theatres in Madrid, *zarzuelas*, or topical skits, were being played to crowded houses under the very noses of the Ministers, which would never have passed the censor in London. They were nothing more nor less than bitter political satires in which no attempt was made to disguise the persons satirised; on the contrary, to prevent any error, the name of each Minister attacked was printed below the satirical character in the *dramatis personæ*. And it was significant that, in Madrid, the seat of Government and the home of royalty, the spirit of revolution was applauded as "a spirit, not destructive only, but constructive; a spirit of progress and liberty." The point may be small, it is profoundly significant.

There is widespread dislike for the royal family, though in varying degree according to the different members of it.

Alfonso XIII. is regarded as a puppet of the Ministers, a young and amiable nonentity, useful as a figure-head on public occasions, for social functions, but negligible as a political quantity. And, moreover, he is a Bourbon. His English marriage is unpopular, *malgré* all official announcements to the contrary: an unpopularity which is explicable when Spanish traditions, religion, and dislike of foreigners are taken into account. But the fullest intensity of dislike is reserved for the Queen-mother, Maria Christina, who is regarded by many as the *âme damnée* of Spain. To find the reason for that odium one must go to the feeling which has been declared again and again, officially, not to exist—anti-clericalism. In the general hatred dealt out to the regular Orders, especially the Society of Jesus, Queen Maria Christina takes a full share. Rightly or wrongly, she is credited with entire submission to their influence, and with exerting her own influence on their behalf over King and Government. As a Madrid editor put it to me yesterday, "The Jesuits give orders to the Pope: the Pope to Maria Christina, and she to the Government." This is crudely put, but it expresses a widespread opinion, and accounts for the odium in which she is held. In an interview with the publicist of the capital in a position to gauge

the current of feeling in the country, tremendous importance was attached to this question of clericalism. According to the Concordat of 1851, three religious orders only were legalised in the country; to-day they number at least forty, and the *frailes* themselves mount up to a large figure, some say close on 60,000.

They are credited, rightly or wrongly, with dabbling in financial matters, sharing in monopolies, working with companies and banks, and are included, with the royal family, in the shady business of mining concessions to French and Spanish companies, at whose feet the odium of the war in Africa is laid. And in this hatred of religious orders all classes are mingled—workers, industrials, merchants, intellectuals, and even the *secular clergy*, whose position, entirely under the power of the *frailes*, becomes often intolerable. The Government says there is no clerical question: it is an invention of the diabolic French imagination. Progressives say there is hardly any other question, that in this is concentrated all the questions that relate to the future of Spain. The fact that for many years past hardly any internal troubles have occurred in which there was not the attacking or burning of religious houses in Valencia, Talavera, Logrono, Barcelona, Bilbao, Santander, Coruna, Orense, Cordoba, &c., seems to have taught the Powers that be nothing at all. Instead of studying the question they content themselves with repeated and obstinate denials, as if the mere denial disposed of the matter sufficiently. Even when convent after convent was being burned in Barcelona in a way that recalled the famous telegram of the Alcalde of a town in revolt: "The convents of this town are being burned with the greatest regularity," even then the official statement was obstinately repeated: "There is no clerical question, these acts are the work of anarchists." On the truth of that last statement, as of many other lurid and sensational paragraphs telegraphed to English newspapers on the strength of rumours gathered a hundred miles from the actual occurrences, a little light has been thrown from time to time, though the day of full disclosures is not yet. On them I have been able to gather information here in Madrid, but it is better that it should be controlled and verified on the spot. I have been concerned here chiefly with gathering the general opinion on the crisis through which the country is passing.

It may soon be summed up: the lower classes are deeply stirred, for the calling out of the reserves for service in a war whose motives pass their comprehension presses most hardly on them. Numbers of the reservists had obtained permission to marry during the last few years and have young families, and they

are further embittered by the fact that exemption could be secured from service on a money payment—about two thousand pesetas. The better classes, in the parts of the country which count, are furious against a system of Government, almost autocratic, out of touch with the population in general, in which corruption and inefficiency abound, and under which monopolies flourish. The economic condition of the country is, in some respects, desperate: the poverty in which numbers exist is hopeless almost beyond imagination. The great families of the country, rich and privileged, are classed together with financiers, politicians, and even royalty in the *louche* transactions involving the country in a war of which hardly any one seems to understand the why or the wherefore. And lowering over all is the question of the religious Orders, especially of the Jesuits, and "the question of the life of Spain" as it was described to me, in which all the previous elements are confounded in one intense detestation. It is difficult to imagine the issue. But the war seems to draw all the rest to a head. A speedy and successful issue may stave off an explosion. On the other hand, it is possible that in the mountains of Gurugu both Government and Dynasty may find a Sedan. When I suggested to the publicist before-mentioned the possibility of a disastrous ending, he looked horror-stricken and said: "In that case I think not a monk would be left alive in Spain."

Youth for Teachers

By M. E. Robinson

When superannuation schemes for the profession are being discussed, one often hears it stated that a teacher is worn out at forty-five. This estimate is, of course, an exaggeration : yet there is no doubt that modern teaching is more wearing than any of the other professions, even those which, like medicine, journalism and acting, require a large and constant expenditure of energy, and call for the unsparing employment of gifts both intellectual and emotional of a high order.

The reason seems to be that the teachers have no freedom for self-expression and are more under discipline than the children. In many schools, especially kindergarten, art and girls' high schools, teaching has reduced itself to a laborious contrivance for removing every difficulty from the path of the learner and giving him a lively sense of his own merits, and of other people's responsibility for his failures ; and child-study is pursued with such relentless particularity that the teachers practically have to lay down their lives for their pupils.

As year by year the educational machine becomes more and more complex and costly, educationists and ratepayers, parents and employers alike are beginning to wonder whether all this provision for every possible intellectual and moral need which the young may feel or their elders discover for them is not becoming an iron framework which prevents instead of promoting growth. It is pernicious in the first place because it allows the child but little opportunity for the spontaneous employment of his time, and in the second because it gives him the impression that his teachers are entirely at his disposal. He knows that they sit up half the night correcting exercises and preparing lessons for him ; that not only must they watch over him with unceasing solicitude in school hours, but also must play games with him whether they want to or not, and give up many a Saturday afternoon to escorting him round parks and woods and museums ; that they often hold important meetings in which his individual virtues and faults are discussed : and that imposing conferences

frequently take place to which they are compelled to devote no inconsiderable portion of their holidays for the benefit of children like himself.

These educational elaborations are due to the belief that the young are the wealth of a nation and the hope of the world. A distinguished physician who is a sociologist has described the modern city as primarily the cradle of the growing citizen, and the whole of civilisation as a system organised only incidentally for the convenience, education and enjoyment of adults. But the growing citizen is not always the one who is young in years ; and the new elements of thought and feeling which men and women could contribute to the good of humanity if the opportunity were given them would be much more valuable to society than those which are wrought into it unconsciously by immature minds. If social effort were to be expended on behalf of the latter alone civilised life would be nothing but a perpetual promise, to be fulfilled only in the case of a few problematic gods and goddesses at the end of all time. Teachers, probably, if time and room were granted them, could do more in the way of achieving wise reforms than almost any other body of workers, for owing to the conditions of their work they are among the most unselfish men and women in the community, and compare well with the rest of the population in point of intellectual and moral worth. Most of them represent locked-up capital that will remain for ever untouched. A great deal of both public and private money has been invested in them. The selective processes of their training have singled them out as people of good abilities, and when it is finished they are equipped with the knowledge that makes natural endowments effective. It is therefore wasteful to let them spend their best days in school work. Every child is only a hope and an experiment. He may or may not render them a just return for their labours. They, on the contrary, have actually proved themselves to be educable in a high degree, and therefore a good social economy would materially simplify the school curriculum, require them to spend only half their day in ordinary teaching, and allow them a larger stint of liberty for self-developement that they might enjoy a generous measure of " the greater bliss than wonder was before." They should be encouraged to undertake the discovery of new truth in the special sciences they have studied, and to diffuse their knowledge among the adult population of all classes and ages. What is wanted in the educational world to-day is the improvement, not of the ladder which exalts the learner to the universities, but of the intellectual atmosphere into which the young are growing up, so that

adaptability and hard thinking will pay them better than traditionalism or frivolity.

To bring about this change, prizes and scholarships and examinations ought to be instituted for those who have already profited by the educational facilities of the day and have in them the spring of that perpetual youth which is no fable to the man of science, and are public-spirited enough to spread far and wide the kind of knowledge which enables man to put his environment to the very best social use. Without a large educated public who can delight in something better than threepenny thrillers and shilling shockers, men of genius and scientists and scholars are helpless; the universities always turn out a certain number of good-natured, successful ignoramuses, and of morbid, misunderstood cranks, clever and instructed, but useless; and progress comes to a standstill. Workers of all sorts, whether in trades, crafts or professions, make remarkably good learners. To hold out educational encouragements to them at the present time would be a paying enterprise, for they are already beginning to discover that without knowledge they are slaves, particularly in the political field. If once the book of nature and man were opened up to the whole people a deeper and broader social sympathy would prevail; the able, disappointed cranks would grow sweet-natured and happy in the sun of popular favour; the persuasive ignoramuses would no longer be believed in: and university professors of independent mind would not have to complain, as that very original teacher Professor Yorke Powell used to do, that they have to do priceless work for privileged "wasters" who ought never to go to college at all.

At present there is far too much care and forethought in the teacher's work. He strives with infinite pains to put his own curiosity and sense of moral responsibility into the child, who must be driven or coaxed by all manner of means to achieve specific results, insomuch that these are often spurious. Many a design that wins a prize at headquarters is essentially the production of the art master, who has no intention of being dishonest, but unconsciously, though strenuously, communicates his own ideas to and infuses his own enthusiasm into the limp student. The fact is that if educationists lay plans for originality it escapes them. It never prospers as a hothouse plant. The gifted student needs for the fulfilment of his powers not so much good schools as the reign of the spirit of youth among the people at large which will destroy their disposition to crucify all who are radically unlike themselves. As for the mediocrities, the educational advantages which are well-nigh forced on them in these days are for the most part wasted.

Teachers are altogether too anxious about their pupils, who seldom do anything worth doing until some real responsibility calls forth their initiative. A boy will, perhaps, take ten years to learn French at school, but he will master it in six months under the influence of some one or more of the elemental passions, like ambition or love, which are the springs of action in all men. In the course of some rather rude remarks on the disciplinary absurdities that are committed by mothers and by clergymen in their dealings with children, Herbert Spencer has noted how the moral nature of the latter commonly survives all the twisting and spoiling to which it is subjected, and becomes quite vigorous and unselfish merely through the force of circumstances and the pressure of the social environment. At thirty a man may be of temperate habits and thoughtful mind, with a certain large charity and noble strength which make him able and willing to bear the burdens of others and maintain silence about their faults. Yet in boyhood he may have been cowardly, untruthful and mean, with "no good feeling or youthful freshness and simplicity," obstinate "without even the grace of quickening into fierceness," preposterously conceited and arrogant, and churlishly fond of solitude and shamefaced in the presence of any one who was natural and simple. His career may have been aimless and even riotous, but years and work bring discipline and self-respect; and he accepts the troubles that his youthful extravagances have entailed with a grateful humility that gives him the hope and the power of transforming them into good.

Psychologists now have sufficient knowledge of the child to save him from the conflict and error through which such a man will attain force and beauty of character. They should not seek to guard the child from every mistake and sorrow and make his character for him. The effort is exhausting to themselves and enervating to him. The teacher should be a fact for his pupils, not a factor for their use. It is not those who sacrifice themselves to him who earn a child's respect and sympathy. The latter sentiment is maintained by fulness of life and abounding delight, not by self-denial or modesty or any other virtues of the negative sort. Consequently, if the teacher lives a happy and complete life of his own, and has plenty of time to cultivate his individual tastes and constantly to renew his youth in the pursuit of truth, which never grows old, he will not only communicate happiness and energy to his pupils with effortless felicity, but will also be able to teach them good conduct without preaching or contriving artificial circumstances by way of moral

instruction. Regard for the rights of others is the bed-rock of morality, and on this foundation he can build up their character by simply being young himself, in his own special way, and claiming his personal rights in relation to them and respecting theirs in relation to him.

The cultivation of youth in the teacher as well as the pupil would relieve both of many burdens. Lessons that are particularly troublesome to the former would be given up, and the latter could easily be made to revel in overcoming difficulties for himself by being told confidently and rather impressively, that is to say suggestively, how delightful it was to be self-dependent and unselfish, and not worry his elders or give unnecessary trouble to any one. On this principle children would be taught to read at three or four instead of eight or nine, because they are much less in other people's way when they can amuse themselves with books than when they are always on the move; and probably school governors would prefer married to unmarried masters and mistresses, because the majority of men and women feel that something is lacking in their lives if they do not marry, and they can more readily make the school atmosphere calm and healthy and cheerful when this desire has been satisfied.

Youth for teachers and for adults generally is part of the twentieth-century movement which will transfer the government of mankind from nature to man himself. Grown-up people have never wished to give up their lives to the young, and the renunciation has been good for neither. Nature multiplies individuals but cares nothing for their life or development. Therefore, as long as man worshipped her and thought her decrees could not be manipulated he continually had to throw away the old in favour of the new-born. War, disease, and unemployment still claim victims by the myriad, and the social religion that condemns mothers to the production of large families to the neglect of themselves claims women victims by the million. But at last the individual is beginning to be respected, in the case even of women, and the maternal ordering of society is taking the place of the spendthrift one of impersonal nature and masterful men. The woman's constitution, both physical and psychic, is of a more youthful type than that of the man. Children represent antiquity. Nothing could illustrate this truth better than Dr. Stanley Hall's brilliant, though ill-ordered and sentimental treatise on youth, showing how all the ugly sins and pitiful errors of the past, slavish in girls and brutal in boys, are summed up in the child, and ever dwelling, with admiration and enjoy-

ment, on the wild riot of nature in which women were overmastered by men and men by fate. The forces by which the world will renew its youth cannot be wielded by children. They belong only to mature minds. Professor Earl Barnes looks to the successive generations of children for the new ideas and the regenerating activity that rejuvenate society. This, however, is nature's way of bringing about progress, and it is inhuman, prodigal and fortuitous, and infinitely slow. Both the conservatism and the radicalism of the young are intolerant and irrational, and it is only by a difficult forcing process that their ideals are carried into actuality. The child's reformative zeal comes not from a love of truth, but from his inability to understand other people and their circumstances. Experience is no longer "a dumb, dead thing," because the scientific spirit is entering into it, and that means continuous, rational adaptation of social institutions to human nature without the struggle and strain occasioned by the clashing of opinions, beliefs, and prejudices. The "rational imitator" by whom this practical rejuvenating process can alone be carried forward, is by no means an impossible person. Indeed, Dr. Ross's account of him might very well be used as a description of the modern teacher freed from bondage to children.

"He is not fascinated by the great man or the crowd. He is impressed neither by antiquity nor by novelty. He is as open to what comes from below as to what comes from above him in the social hierarchy. He is *conservative* in that he keeps every precious inheritance from the past until he has found something better; he is *radical* in that he goes to the root, instead of judging by mere surfaces. On the one hand, he regards the existing device or institution as a provisional thing that will one day be surpassed; on the other, he knows that not one out of ten innovations that sue for his favour is an improvement on the thing as it is. . . . For him social life is always a process. Seeing the bases of society in incessant flux, he realises that the superstructure must change. He accepts the relativity of our dearest mental furniture, our moral standards, social theories, political philosophies, and party programmes. He distrusts yesterday's thought, not as unsound, but as unfit for to-day's occasions. Most institutions he knows are in the grasp of a current of change which relentlessly antiquates not only the wisdom of the fathers, but even the conclusions of his own youth. Hence, he combats the somnolence that creeps upon us in the thirties, insisting, though the years pass, that it is still forenoon and not too late to think."

This outlook may be terrible to the many who, in spite of all the evidence of the warring, wasteful ages to the contrary, have been able to set their minds at rest in the sure hope that the dearest aspirations, if not of the individual, at any rate of the race, will eventually get fulfilled, and that "somehow good will be the final goal of all." But it will do them no harm, and it will make them infinitely kinder-hearted and more practical, to realise that this kind of optimism is futile. Man must find out the how. Otherwise ill certainly will not turn into good; and the taints of blood and sins of will must be got rid of, or they will surely work his ruin in the future, as they always have done in the past. Not belief but knowledge will save mankind, not intuition or conscience or conviction, but truth.

To quote from Dr. Lester Ward, who ought to be as well known, all over the world, as Darwin and Spencer, "the kind of progress which is needed is teleological progress. The slow and imperceptible genetic progress which society has thus far made is barely sufficient to keep pace with the increase of population. Its entire increment towards improving the condition of society is neutralised by the rapid multiplication of individuals which it itself enables the race to carry on. . . . Let no one be deluded by the thought that this cosmical progress, even in its own slow way, can continue for ever. This swarming planet will soon see the conditions of human advancement exhausted, and the night of reaction and degeneracy ushered in, unless something swifter and more certain than natural selection can be brought to bear upon the psychic faculty, by which alone man is distinguished from the rest of the fauna of the earth and enabled to people all parts of its surface. The resources of the globe are not inexhaustible unless zealously husbanded by the deliberative foresight of enlightened intellect."

The nation who put their faith to-day mainly in their children are doomed to senility. It is the community that makes the most of every man and woman within its borders that will be humane, progressive, and prosperous; and when the constructive forces that are prisoned up in every citizen, and which frequently do great mischief for lack of employment, are fully utilised for the public good, all the world will be at peace, for the nations will be engaged not in fighting one another, but in making common cause against nature.

With the establishment of man's dominion over the human field of action, child-life will diminish. Merely from a business point of view educators will, therefore, have to find fresh provinces for themselves outside the traditionary school and

university. From the sociological standpoint this departure from the prevailing educational custom is necessary from the need of the peoples for a new civilisation, and a youthful spirit that will be daunted by no problem of social organisation or scientific invention. In such an atmosphere adults would be as young in their way as children; and they, so far from being neglected, would receive much more sympathy than they do now from their elders, who would be enjoying the enthusiasms and committing the errors and absurdities of children, only on a higher plane, and without the dangers to life and character which are attendant on early mistakes and weaknesses. The joy of childhood might be in every heart without its inhuman terrors, egotisms and superstitions; disease and death would play a smaller part in the affairs of men: and every one would be respected and no one born merely to be cast on the scrap-heap of a rushing, fashionable world where there is much hurry but no progress, and plenty of novelty but nothing new.

William James and Pluralism

By Joseph H. Wicksteed

A Pluralistic Universe. By William James. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 5*s.* 6*d.*

WHAT Lord Bacon attempted in the "Novum Organum" to do for Physical Science is, in a large measure, what William James and his school are to-day attempting to do for Philosophy. "The human intellect," says Bacon, "from its peculiar nature, easily supposes a greater order and equality in things than it actually finds." * And in his "Pluralistic Universe" James pleads with us to turn from abstract metaphysics which ever tend to represent Reality as a perfect and changeless whole, in order that we may seek a deeper understanding of life in the multifarious press and mystery of our concrete world. "The subtlety of Nature," again to quote Bacon, "far exceeds the subtlety—of intellect: so that those fine meditations and speculations and reasonings of men are a sort of insanity; only there is no one at hand to remark it." †

The criticism of Monistic Idealism with which James introduces his theme is a thoroughly characteristic piece of work; clear, forcible and subtle. His conclusions may be very briefly summarised thus: In reducing our perceptions to ideas, we first mutilate them for mental use, then the idealist taking the ideas for the facts, finds the universe unworkable. And it is to correct this unworkableness that he then reads back his own mental economy into the natural order. Thus, he imagines a type of unity in nature which really only exists in the mind; while the richer if less rigid type of *continuity*, which does exist in nature, escapes his ken. The idealist insists—in James's phrase—on "the whole complete block-universe through and through—

* "Novum Organum," i. 45: Intellectus humanus ex proprietate sua facile supponit majorem ordinem et æqualitatem, in rebus, quam invenit: et cum multa sint in natura monodica et plena imparitatis, tamen affingit parallala, et correspondentia, et relativa, quæ non sunt. Hinc commenta illa in cœlibus omnia moveri per circulos perfectos, &c.

† "Novum Organum," i. 10: Subtilitas naturæ subtilitatem sensus et intellectus multis partitus auferat; ut pulchræ illæ meditationes, et speculationes humanæ, et causationes, res malæ sint, nisi quod non adsit qui advertat.

or no universe at all." * But James holds with Bacon that "the faulty demonstrations which we have in Logic come little short of making over the universe in bondage to "human thoughts, and of giving thoughts in bondage to words." †

An even greater danger, however, appears to thinkers like James than that which Bacon was concerned to demonstrate. For not only do these "fine speculations and reasonings" make us miss the subtlety of the outward natural order, but the whole inner moral world—everything that gives push or motive to our existence—is disparaged by the conception of a unity in the cosmos, for which only a faulty rationalism vouches.

"If we were readers only of the cosmic novel," says James, "we should then share the author's point of view, and recognise villains to be as essential as heroes to the plot. But we are not the readers, but the very personages of the world-drama. In your own eyes each of you is its hero, and the villains are your respective friends or enemies." ‡ The world is, in fact, not one novel, but many; all overlapping it is true, and in this sense all strung together in a certain irregular fashion; thickly and complexly matted and involved in one part, and in another meagrely spun out. Our human worlds are not knit into one, like the words in a sentence, but at best like the threads in a dress of homespun.

It will be seen, then, that James's pluralism is a middle position taken between the exaggerated Monism which the idealists end with, and the unmitigated pluralism they start from. For if we begin by supposing concrete *things* to be as distinct from one another as so many definitions, we shall have to end by introducing a compensating unity into our universe that is in truth equally unreal and intellectualistic.

James, therefore, begins by showing the possibility of a saner pluralism, in which there is from the start a far larger measure of inherent connectedness, such as does away with the necessity of seeking a rigid and unreal unity. But he is by no means content to stop at this. In getting rid of this unreal intellectual conception we seem to him to have lost something of great emotional and religious value; the idea of the Absolute. And it is not satisfactory to improve our intellectual position at the expense of our higher needs. Anything, therefore, of spiritual value

* Page 76.

† "Novum Organum," i. 69: At pravæ demonstrationes, idolorum voluti munitiones quædam sunt et præsidia; cæque, quas in dialectionis habemus, id fere agunt, ut mundum plane cogitationibus humanis, cogitationes autem verbis addicant et mancipent.

‡ Page 48

found in the transcendent unity of the idealists, must be sought in the concrete philosophy of pluralism if this is to command our complete assent. The saner plurality, he believes, must prove itself the basis of a saner unity.

It is to this search, rather than to the developement of his pluralism as such, that the remainder of the book is principally devoted. But with all his wide knowledge, his keen critical powers and genius for exposition, the search is a failure, and a foredoomed one. For James's pluralism is itself also the unity which his system admits. He is not really either pluralist or monist in any radical sense. What he shows is that our choice does not lie between these two unreal extremes. Regarded as One the universe is a very multifarious and loosely connected kind of "one": while regarded as many it is a never completely discontinuous "many." But the natural universe is the same in whichever way we regard it, and the attempt to find a new vision of a divine unity, which is no longer demanded by his philosophy, leads James, as it seems to the present writer, to miss the particular humanist vision which is the legitimate child of his pluralism.

Anything James writes, however, is full of charm and pregnant with stimulating suggestion, and to many readers this attempted reconstruction will prove the most interesting part of the book. In order to follow it rightly, we must bear in mind James's pragmatic principles. Without the will to believe, truth may ever lie hidden from us. Our beliefs can only be tested by *trying* them, and it is only the man who sufficiently *wants* to believe that will try long enough, and hard enough, to give his ideas a real test. "Things reveal themselves soonest," he says, "to those who most passionately want them, for our need sharpens our wit. To a mind content with little, the much in the universe may always remain hid." * Unquestionably there is profound truth in this view; and one which academic discussion is too prone to forget, but it is one of those profound truths that must ever go coupled with a profound caution. For the things which appear in answer to the bent of our minds often turn out to be husks with no kernel. The fortuitous resemblances to the human face or figure which every one has seen in rocks, or splashes of ink on the wall, are sometimes *really there*. But if it were not for our native bent towards the things which the human features signify, we should never have discovered these actual but non-significant images. And is it not universally true that the things we discover because we want them often turn out, when discovered, not to be the things we want? Some such

* Page 176.

misfortune as this, we cannot help thinking, has befallen Professor James in the conclusion of the present book.

But to proceed. There are four stages in James's reconstruction—each one of great intrinsic value and interest in itself, however the final result may be judged. First we are introduced to the pantheism of Fechner, which serves the double purpose of presenting a form of the " vision " James has set out to seek; and at the same time of suggesting unwittingly the crucial difficulties in its way. Secondly, James himself enlarges on these difficulties with all his characteristic forcefulness. Thirdly, he calls upon Bergson to enable him to solve them. And in the last two chapters he uses Bergson's philosophy to base his own conclusions on; or rather (it must be said) his right to jump at his conclusions, after the basis has been proved clearly inadequate.

To begin then with Fechner. Gustav Theodor Fechner, James tells us, was a Leipsig professor, whose life covered the larger part of last century. The account of his system glistens with entrancing poetic suggestion, and though scarcely conclusive as a philosophy, it has the great merit of being based on the solid facts of experience, which are then built up into a world of glory and delight. " Paradise and groves Elysian " are, in fact, seen as " a simple produce of the common day." For to Fechner the object of worship is no transcendental being, but the solid and beautiful earth as it rolls serenely on its path through space. Just as our bodies are composed of numberless cells, each with a life more or less individual and yet capable of some cumulative power; a power by means of which it becomes part of a whole that is many times more wonderful than the mere sum of its composing atoms—so Fechner appears to conceive that the life of earth in vegetable, animal and man is cumulative; and that our separate joys and pains are merely the tiny functions and readjustments in the vital tissues of the great globe itself. The very rocks and sea, with all the molten and rigid depths below, appear to serve as some nature of reservoir, in which the accumulated life of the past is stored in a calm and mighty consciousness, and from which in our need we may draw strength and inspiration as the babe drinks in life from its mother's breast. But the lives of planets and suns are themselves cumulative in their turn; and through this earth-worship we rise to a singularly rich and substantial form of the pantheistic vision, in which the universe itself is seen as the sum of conscious being.

One would like to think that the system might establish itself as a form of poetic vision, but if our account of it is correct,

it appears to sin as a philosophy, in the very way that James accuses the idealist philosophies of doing. It starts, indeed, with concrete facts—a point, by the way, which James admits to Hegel's great honour—but by the time it has worked these up into the unity it sets out to seek, they have become ethereal visions wholly independent of the tedious mill of human observation and experiment. The chapter, however, is beautiful in itself, and serves to introduce what is to James the crucial difficulty in all attempts to find a larger whole, in which the inequalities of our temporal lives may find their readjustments, and the deeper hopes their security of fulfilment.

In a word, this difficulty is to understand how "you" and "I" can become merged in a greater whole without becoming something completely different from either of us. Yet in so far as the supreme Good of the universe is other than us, it is no good to *us*. To quote James's own words, "The particular intellectualist difficulty which held my own thought so long in a vice was—the impossibility of understanding how 'your' experience and 'mine,' which 'as such' are defined as not conscious of each other, can nevertheless at the same time be members of a world-experience defined expressly as having all its parts co-conscious or known together." *

It is at this point that James introduces us to Bergson's critique of intellectualism to overcome the difficulty. Bergson is a living thinker, and the account James gives of certain features of his philosophy is full of luminous and searching analysis of the value and limitations of our mental systems. The characteristic of his thought may, perhaps, be expressed in this way: he regards our systems as bearing a similar relation to experience as maps or charts do to the earth's surface. They may be supremely useful in enabling us to find our way about, when we have to deal with areas of experience too wide to be comprehended in a single act of immediate cognition; but they are utterly unable either to explain, or even truly to represent, life itself. The commonest facts evade them completely. No system gives us any inkling of what really happens when anything grows or changes its form, or when a moving body passes from one position to the next. To quote James's own words again, "concepts are not *parts* of reality, not real positions taken by it, but *suppositions* rather, notes taken by ourselves, and you can no more dip up the substance of reality with them than you can dip up water by a net." †

Intellectualism, James concludes,—and few, indeed, will

* Page 221.

† Page 253.

dispute this—must be abandoned when "it makes experience less, instead of more intelligible." And in order to find how "your" experience and "mine" may become one in a greater whole, without losing the individuality which makes them what they are, we must forget mere definitions of "yours" and "mine" and re-examine experience. And this brings him to the end of his quest. Experience tells us that many things float on the margin of each man's mind at any moment, which are part of it and yet distinct from it. They are in a sense dependent and detached, and yet by an effort of attention may be brought into the full light of consciousness and become vividly one with his other thoughts. And here it is claimed is the mysterious truth that is to help us. Despite the change from detachment to perfect unity, our thoughts are recognised by us as the very same when fully realised as when only dimly present to the mind. "And just as we are co-conscious with our own momentary margin, may not we ourselves form the margin of some more really central self of things, which is co-conscious with the whole of us?" *

"I am tiring myself and you I know," he confesses, "by vainly seeking to describe by concepts and words what I say at the same time exceeds either conceptualisation or verbalisation." † And in order to prove the actuality of an idea which surpasses conception or description, he appeals to certain of the familiar religious experiences, of which he has so wide a knowledge. In moments of exaltation the mind seems to experience a sudden breaking of the flood-gates, so that its own shallows are all at once opened to the flowing tide, coming as it seems from an inexhaustible ocean.

"The believer finds that the tenderer parts of his personal life are continuous with a *more* of the same quality, which is operative in the universe outside of him, and which he can keep in working touch with, and in a fashion get on board of and save himself, when all his lower being has gone to pieces in the wreck. In a word, the believer is continuous, to his own consciousness at any rate, with a wider self from which saving experiences flow in." ‡

James thus arrives at an interpretation of the religious consciousness, unexpectedly like that of the intellectualists. But there remains this great difference. His Deity, however much greater than ourselves, is like us in this, that he is not the whole, but something *in* the whole. He is such a being as can exist in a world that is still a pluralism of some kind. In short he has an

* Page 289. † *Ibid.* ‡ Page 307.

environment, and is conditioned by necessities outside of himself.

It is always an ungracious task to criticise the " vision " of any man, and especially that of a thinker to whom many thinkers of many schools are deeply indebted ; one, moreover, who is ever tender towards the vision of others. But it would be disloyal to all James's master-labours in the service of clearer thinking if one left these last conclusions of his unchallenged. And it must be confessed that the book is laid down with feelings of deep disappointment. It is as though one had been led by a guide of unrivalled skill and experience over treacherous snowfields and precipitous slopes to a hitherto unconquered summit, to be told that we might now at last see, if we could not actually touch, the stars. The goal we are told has been ours seems to be exactly as near and as far as before we started.

Probably most readers will feel at least dimly conscious of a failure of some such nature in the book. But it needs some scrutiny to see exactly whence the failure originates. To put it in a word, it seems to spring from James's attempt to use the same weapon which he wields so well against the intellectualists, in order to overcome a difficulty which is very much more than an intellectual one. To show that the cleavage between the various entities comprising the objective world was created by the process of intellectualisation, and gave rise to a merely intellectualist difficulty, was a surely invaluable piece of work. But the cleavage between " your " experience and " mine " is a matter of only too vivid reality. And it is curious to see how James himself falls at this point into the very confusion of definitions with realities, which is the " vicious intellectualism " he charges home against the monistic idealists.

It is difficult to analyse the last step in his argument without appearing to give an intentional parody. But there seems only one way of stating it which makes it able to do the work he demands of it. He seems to say in effect : " I have many thoughts in my mind at the same time, and as each thought requires a thinker, therefore I have in a sense many thinkers in my mind. Theoretically this would make it impossible for my mind to be one mind—but as a matter of fact it *is* One. Therefore, the difficulty of understanding how many thinkers can become parts of one thinker is a merely intellectual one." In other words, he takes it for an apparent truth that " thoughts " are as separate as definitions, and in so doing he divides the unifying element of thought amongst its parts. Having himself made this purely intellectualist difficulty he proceeds to show that it does not exist

in experience, and thereupon assumes that the real difficulty of uniting really separate thinkers is as easily overcome. As a matter of fact we all know that the thoughts in one mind, at one time, are not totally separate, because they are always united by the mind of the thinker. But when he talks of "your" experience and "mine" being separate by *definition*, the definition is right, so far as it goes. The only fault to be found with it is that it is weaker than the reality, not at all that it exaggerates the actual distinction. You and I *are* separate. *You* may be in a philosophic ecstasy at the very same time that *I* have toothache. Nay, the *same* fact may be as opposite as heaven and hell to two minds. It is horrible but true that the gush of warm blood that assuages the aching need of the carnivore may shoot back black death and agony to its victim. To treat such differences as matters of definition is "intellectualism" with a vengeance.

Indeed, all James's virile avowal of the uselessness to him of a God who can enjoy *us* even in our own agony, and is able to know the essential delight of what comes to us only as pain, recoils upon his own vision; for so long as we *are* on the margin (as he wishes to believe) of some greater consciousness, we *are* liable to suffer, and suffering is neither a mere verbal nor a mere intellectual reality.

The religious experience, indeed, remain like the stars themselves. However we may account for it, men do sometimes find themselves unexpectedly and unaccountably restored, and much more than restored, from deepest need and the pit of despair. But the fact that the spiritual life can be restored does not of itself justify the assumption of a "more of the same quality"—still less that our minds are continuous with a higher mind. All life is capable of renewal by other things as well as sustenance from a kindred life. Even a flame may be increased not only by another flame but by more oil or fuel. And if we are honest with ourselves we must admit that it is not only love and sympathy, or the beauty of works of art, that can refresh the soul, but sometimes purely outward things may have a similar effect. Mountain air, food and drink, mere business successes, and other things in no sense spiritual, may suddenly make poetry and worship once more realities to us, just as oil or tallow may feed a flame. It need not be a higher consciousness, therefore, that renews our conscious spirits. For aught we know it may be something bearing the same relation to our spiritual as food does to our bodily life.

The difficulty of ever knowing what the mystic vision is, or whence it comes, is that while we have it we do not care, or need,

to know. All we can tell is that it seems to be equally accessible to upholders of very different systems, and that it is alleged to vouchsafe the truth of incompatible beliefs. While it lasts, indeed, it secures us from the assaults of a contingent world, but it gives us no real data to explain the universe, or to plot the future and gauge the security of our temporal world. Such problems still wait upon the patient mundane intellect for solution.

Indeed this modern demand which James voices so strongly for the security of *this* world has not been characteristic of those whom we generally most closely associate with the mystic vision. To the medieval it was not the earth but eternity that was secure, and even so its security was not a blessed one to that great majority which included heretical philosophers. And James's substitution of a "conditioned" for an "absolute" God only enhances the insecurity of the temporal universe. His claim that a conditioned Deity "escapes from the foreigners from all that is human of the static, timeless, perfect absolute" is of course true; and it was in response to this truth that the doctrine of the Incarnation arose. But it would be easy to show that, unless secured by some such doctrine as the Trinity, the Deity in proportion as he is like ourselves is always liable to be the sport of powers more ultimate than himself. Nothing short of an infinite and eternal being that *fills up the abyss* can give any absolute security either for eternity or for any space of time however short. And this is why the God of Christianity is conceived as both absolute and human.

But let us return to Pluralism, for in it we shall find a philosophy that has a great deal to say to us about *this* world. The mountain remains though it does not take us to the stars, and even the position which James describes as materialism and abandons in his first chapter as too pessimistic and cynical for conquering spirits to entertain, becomes in the light of his pluralistic vision far from barren of hope.

So long as we were in the grip of an idealistic monism any evil in the environment seemed to indicate an active principle of hostility in the whole. But with a pluralistic view of things we may believe that evil is at least as accidental and limited as good. We do not need a universe planned with foresight to suit our humanity, so long as some parts of it are plastic to our desire. Indefinitely more may become so in future; and if not for us, why not for some other beings?

Materialism, James says, defines the world "so as to leave man's soul upon it as a sort of outside passenger or alien." *

* Page 23.

But why *passenger?* Has our race navigated the seas of the universe so long unsubmerged to be still landlubbers, unskilled in navigation and the building of ships? We are not outside passengers at all, but explorers and creators in the universe. And if the universe was not planned to fit us, it is certain that we have evolved to fit it. The mutual fitness of the train to the lines and the line to the train we may look for in vain. But the train with all its advantages is scarcely swifter and more secure than the steam-driven monster that rides the desolate deep. And much of this universe is an untamable and teacherous sea, reckless of our weal and inimical to the equilibrium of our natural life. But so long as we can make vessels of human knowledge and wisdom we shall still tempt its storms with our venturing, and constrain its wastes to serve our ends despite the shipwreck that sometimes awaits us.

To those who have anything of the spirit of adventure in their souls the outlook upon our earth to-day has surely something inspiring in it. Our evolutionary history on the planet so far has been one of accumulating triumphs, and we stand to-day on a pinnacle no living creature has before remotely approached. As we progress, the prizes become ever greater and the dangers more circumscribed. Yet our civilisation numbering only thousands of years as it does, is as yet in its puling infancy, a babe of a few weeks old, with a life still to live that on the briefest estimate of the future of our planet will be as the life of a centenarian. It seems premature to be anxious about a possible decrepitude or death while all the dreamless possibilities of life are ever opening round us as they are to-day. But if we must dwell on the ultimate future, is it not at least as difficult to suppose that a universe (whether we call it material or spiritual) that has once produced good will never produce it again, as to suppose that what we call good is an inherent potentiality of things and eternally liable to recur?

And surely there remains a type of unity more concrete and human, and really far richer and more truly pluralistic than any to which James has introduced us in this book. The unity of any human corporation is such as to minimise the subordination of the individuals to the whole. For in a sense these unities show us a whole that is always less than its part. The whole which we call a city has its life in the minds of the citizens. When we say the citizens live *in* the city we refer only to the bricks and mortar. The real city lives in its citizens. The ultimate city of San Francisco did not dwell in the material structures recently destroyed by earthquake and fire, but in the

idea which made the visible city rise again from its ruins. Human corporations are the greatest reality in the world to-day, but their greatness dwells in the men and women who think them, not in any superhuman entity such as the ancients worshipped in their tutelary divinities.

In seeking a concrete unity Fechner looked for one analogous to the unity of the body. And in the same quest James has tried to establish one analogous to the unity of the mind. But daily life gives us something far richer and less limiting. Human minds, nowithstanding all their mutual intimacy and interchange, remain inviolably distinct, and for this reason the only possible type of unity is one which is variously repeated in every individual. The whole must be multiplied by its parts.

It is the unity of essence rather than of inclusion. Each member is part of the whole in virtue of his essential completeness far more than of his differentiation. Thought must be limited and defined in order to be contained in the same mind. Organs must be differentiated in order to complete the same body. They can only be parts of the whole by cutting off many parts of their complete nature, as the worker-bee surrenders its sex and liberty to become a part of the hive. But human beings, just because they are ultimately distinct in a way more fundamental than either thoughts or organs, form unities less by differentiation than by self-completion. It is not because men are alike that they are one with one another; it is because thoughts and organs are different that they are so.

The psychic ideal which Pluralism raises before us is that life shall be something intrinsically worthy, for each of these "parts" in which another version of the whole awakes. And though it looks as yet like a grievously distant goal, it is nevertheless in the direction in which the higher developements of life on the earth seem actually moving. It asks of us no metaphysical ingenuity to make it seem true, but patience and devotion to make it be true.

And if we may take courage from that other great movement towards Pluralism, we see that the world of physical scientific thought and investigation, which awoke to new life in the era that produced Bacon's "new method," is to-day a very real corporation. Toilers in a vast variety of fields take their places at its innumerable growing-points. Each is in some sort heir of the established work of all the past, and sharer in the ventures of the present. For modern as compared with medieval learning teaches the great paradox that so long as men assert that there is one universal system, in which every mind must take

its place or be excommunicate, so long the strongest minds tend to fashion separate systems of their own, which refuse to live on terms with those of other men. It is only when each is freely sent forth into the multifarious mysteries of the concrete world, as James again sends us forth to-day, that there gradually accumulates a body of knowledge whose main features become ever more stable. And while it is ever living, changing and advancing in countless diversity of growth, it is ever more prevailingly one as it becomes more wide.

Mr. Doughty's Poems

By Edward Garnett

The Dawn in Britain. By Charles M. Doughty. Vols. i.–vi. London: Duckworth and Co., 1906. 4*s.* 6*d.* net per vol.
Adam Cast Forth." A Sacred Drama. By Charles M. Doughty. London. Duckworth and Co., 1908. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.
The Cliffs. By Charles M. Doughty. London. Duckworth and Co., 1909. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

A curious study might be made of the early efforts of men of genius whose inborn forces have long struggled with an environment of æsthetic fashions and traditions to which they are hostile. Luckily, genius is like a winged seed which floats, on favouring airs, past many obstacles till it finds a congenial soil to nurture it, and Mr. Doughty's was determined by his early wanderings in Arabia, and by his ambition, conceived in youth, to create for his own country a national epic, which, in style and texture of language, should derive from the ancient roots and stem of the English tongue, and not from those latter-day grafts which, to the critical taste of some, bear doubtful fruit. Of the language of "Travels in Arabia Deserta" a critic, Mr. Hogarth, has said, "It has the precision and inevitableness of great style . . . it must be allowed that archaistic effort sustained by Doughty's genius through more than a thousand pages of his 'Arabia Deserta,' is curiously in keeping . . . with the primeval society he set himself to describe."

The implication here that our modern literary language cannot boast of a style of austere force is just. Modern English, which has long shed hundreds of simple idioms and a great part of the racy vocabulary that was in familiar use from Chaucer's to Shakespeare's time, exhales the uncertain atmosphere of a complicated civilisation. It is, therefore, folly in the critic to complain that the linguistic horizon of Mr. Doughty's epic is not bounded by the practice of our poets of to-day or of yesterday. The subject itself precludes it. The extraordinary feat of conjuring up before our eyes the struggle of the Celtic and Teutonic aristocracies of barbaric Europe against the Roman arms (B.C. 450–A.D. 50) is one that

only a great genius, confident in its resources, could have planned and achieved. But it could not have been accomplished before our period. Though many generations of scholars and students have cultivated with assiduity the fields of archæology, philology. and folklore, their right to rank as exact sciences is but recent. Mr. Doughty has surveyed this enormous field of research, and the fabric of his epic is built upon the knowledge of the life of our barbaric forbears, unearthed by the labours of this great band of scholars. As for the language in which the vision of "The Dawn in Britain" is embodied, it is obvious that there is no instrument in the whole armoury of our English poets, ancient or modern, that could fittingly have moulded it. A new weapon had to be forged, and Mr. Doughty's blank verse, concentrated and weighty, great in its sweep and range, rich in internal rhythms, if sometimes labouring, and sometimes broken, is the complement of his theme, a theme of heroic strife, vast and rugged as a mountain range, titanic in breadth and in savage depth of passion. As a critic, Mr. Edward Thomas says, "The test of a style is its expressiveness and its whole effect" and one might as well criticise what Mr. Doughty's style expresses as the style itself, *e.g.*, the face of the primeval landscape with its dense forests and boggy valleys, marshlands and fens, the tribal settlements in stockaded villages, raths and dunes, and rude walled towns, or the battles, sieges, tumults, famines, the shock of racial invasions, the clanastic manners and religious rites, the poetic myths and legends, the marriage feasts, and funeral ceremonies of this barbaric civilisation in all its uncouth wildness and rude dignity. The heroic grandeur and strange wild beauty of this great pageant of life, resolving swiftly into new changing forms, is conveyed to us by a style that makes no concessions to the indolent reader.

One of his critics, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, has asked, "What reason was there, either in the nature of things, or in the purpose of the book, which could compel Mr. Doughty to this violent excess of archaism, to this spasmodic arrangement of truncated phrases with all their baldness of expression and strenuous inversion of order?" The answer to this is, simply, that you cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, and that if the style can bring before us by direct poetic images the mysterious forces of elemental nature, the clash of nations in conflict, the physical character and spiritual breath of a thousand varied scenes, that style, with its "obscurities" "inversions," "baldness," "mannerisms" "truncated phrases" and what not, is a style of epic greatness. So unerring is the force of the author's imagination,

so mysterious his creative insight that in the whole twenty-four books of his epic there is not a single event narrated that we do not accept and believe in as implicitly as though it had passed before our eyes. All has the inevitableness and actuality of nature. And we dare not question the artistic method, even in the broken waters of truncated phrases and obscurities, or in the prosaic sketches of the narrative, any more than we can hope to smoothe away the lines from a man's face and yet retain its character.

Mr. Doughty's verse raises questions of vital interest to-day when modern poetry by its predilection for the rarefied moods of cloistered emotions, by its retreat into æsthetic sanctuaries and inner shrines, shuts out the common air and life and abandons character and gesture in order to create cunningly carven images. Poetry, always a matter of high artifice, grows pale and languid as a plant which is sheltered indoors from the forces of wind and weather. Without the constant revolt of the great, free spirits who are the innovating forces in art, against the petrifying tendency of tradition, we know that the fairway of the main channel would gradually be silted up by the sands of mediocrity and the soft ooze of custom. Medieval Irish poetry, for example, after its fresh and forceful youth, stagnated for centuries, sinking to the level of a mere game of skill in metrical technique. Mr. Doughty's verse shows life, movement and interplay, character and spontaneous force, in a measure that transcends the example of all but the great immortals. Its rugged, strange, uncouth beauty, repellent at first sight, bears with it an air of actuality that soon weakens a reader's taste for the smoother, more graceful styles of verse. The strangeness of the achievement is that the author has preserved the flow and stress of real life on the scale of epic grandeur. Even Cæsar Claudius, the unready epicurean, trembling at the din of battle, shows that mysterious vitality which the great artists always stamp upon their portraits. It is the spirit of a man, the genius of the people or place, the essence and atmosphere of things visible and invisible that Mr. Doughty paints with such intensity and force, and with such breadth and freedom of handling as to destroy, by comparison, creations of admirable artifice but of less character. Examine, for example, this speech of Cæsar Claudius at the banquet of Asiaticus, his host, and note how the genius of Roman civilisation, its imperial outlook and the flavour of patrician luxury are all here together in twenty lines :

> Good is this loaf, of sheaf reaped by our soldiers !
> We also some will fraught, in ship, to Rome.

Which grind shall Briton captives, and thereof
Be loaves set, on all tables, in Rome's streets ;
What day to Roma's citizens, we shall make,
(as erewhile *divus* Julius), triumph-feast.
Thy maidens, Friend, be like to marble nymphs,
Of Praxiteles, fecht to Rome ; those which
Stand in *impluvium* of our golden house :
Swift Cynthia's train, with silver bows ; that seem,
And rattling quivers, on their budded breasts,
Leaping their high round flanks, on crystal feet,
Follow, with loud holloa ! the chase in heaven.
This, which beside me, my Valerius, hath
So bright long hair-locks like ringed wiry gold,
And gracious breast, whereon sit wooing doves,
Meseems that famous Cnidian Aphrodite,
Great goddess mother of our Julian house ;
Whereby now Thermæ Agrippæ are adorned.

What, damsel ! mix me cup of Lesbian wine ;
And give, with kiss of Venus' lips, of love.
Ha, these, that skill not of our Latin tongue,
Hold scorn of Cæsar, Asiaticus !

And, again, in the following passage, note how the wind of shameful adversity that Caractacus knew when led through the streets of Rome at Claudius' triumph, blows in our face so that we behold him with the eyes of the Roman populace, and feel with the sad and scornful hearts of the captive Britons :

Loud trumpets sound ! Much insolent concourse is
Descended, in Rome's ways, of mingled speech ;
(For flow the world's offscourings now by Rome,
Wherein are infinite slaves of many wars.)
Stand on all foot-ways, Rome's proud citizens,
Ranged ; bove when framed be scaffolds, in long rows ;
Where sit patricians, and Rome's senators ;
And ambassades, with purpled magistrates ;
Women look proudly on, from every porch,
Stairs, pillared temples. Other throng house-tops ;
Where great Britannic King, Caractacus,
Their Sacred Way along, towards his death,
Shall pass. He cometh, lo, chained, like salvage beast !
Afoot. With him fares Embla ; and, twixt them both,
Their little daughter traces, Maid-of-Kent.
His brethren peers, come after, in Rome-street.
As on Jugurtha bound, all Romans gaze
On thee ; (with ribald jests they mock thy looks,)
Sword-of-the-gods, divine Caractacus !
Great King Cunobelin's scythe-cart then is seen ;
Wherein war-kings of Britain wont to ride.
It draw forth, teamed, six tall young noble Britons,
War-captives ! and winged dragon seemed the beam ;

With vermeil shining scales. The bilge is full
Of dints; yet seen distained with battle-blood!
The wheels seem running eagle's claws, of bronze.
And men those barbare brazen hooks behold,
Whereon, were wont be hanged, in every field
The off-hewed polls, of chief slain ones of Romans!
Was taken that royal cart at Camulodunum;
Wherein is reared now of Cunobelin,
Broad sun-bright targe; and hauberk of Manannan,
The shrieking Briton axe-tree, of hard bronze
Rumbles, not washt, with scab of battle-dust,
And rotten gore, on, dread, through mighty Rome;
And thereon gazing, shrink the hearts of Romans;
That fear again the antique Gauls of Brennus!
Thereafter, four-wheel Briton chariots drawn
Are. March tall young men captives of the Isle,
Beside; upholding barbare glittering ensigns.
Those wains pass forth, behanged with painted shields,
Of island peoples vanquished in the wars.
Gleam war-horns, in the first, and long iron glaives:
Bound, in the next, lo, thraves of bronze head spears.
Passeth forth god-like, pale, Caractacus,
(Whose only arm a nation's shelter was!)
Betrayed, not taken, in wars; midst dog-faced press.
The Briton King, erect, magnanimous,
Vouchsafes not them behold. The stings have pierced,
Of ire, his noble breast; proud sorrow slays.
On Embla's looks, long-time, all Romans gaze!
Though she, from prison-pit, came lean and wan;
So fair a woman's face is none in Rome.
Her tresst locks part are wounden, like to crown.
Upon her noble front; part, backlong hang,
Like veil of gold. She, sad-faced Britain's queen.
Hath a royal majesty, in her countenance!
Like snowdrop pale, (the innocent oppressed!)
Their maiden child, she leads on by the hand.

The noble simplicity of the style here bears with it the atmosphere of inevitability, of things seen, suffered and lived through. We must repeat, however, that the appeal of the style lies in the cumulative effect of the whole image; and what wealth is to be found in the strange spiritual depths of this human ocean! To take one Book only out of the twenty-four: Book XX. unfolds the shipwreck of Britain's fortunes, the agony of Caractacus, his night frenzy in the grave-fields, his capture by the plotted treachery and subtle spells of Cartismandua, the harlot queen, the madness and punishment of her paramour, Prince Vellocatus, the transportation of Caractacus and his queen overseas, and their incarceration in the prison pit of Servius Tullius. Another perhaps more amazing feat of the poet's imagination is the wild passage in which Belisama, the

British goddess, incites the warrior Camulus to save Caractacus. We know nothing in literature like this, in its astounding insight into the conceptions of a primitive society.

It is not by his subject, not by his form merely, that we must rank a poet, but by the original creative force and beauty of his whole vision. In "The Cliffs," a modern drama of the invasion of England by a fleet of Dreadnoughts, and aerial ships of a hostile European Power, Mr. Doughty has the same imaginative insight in his treatment of an old shepherd, a Crimean veteran walking the shore by night, and of the strife of factitious politicians in Parliament, as in his picture of Caractacus in Rome. The sharp, homely pathos of the veteran's memories of the trenches, the biting satiric invective and fantastic mercilessness of the picture of the politicians, the aerial delicacy and poetic humour of the elves' marriage, all this is great poetry, poetry that seizes on the spiritual essences of human life and feeling and weaves them into an imperishable tissue of inevitable images. We do not claim that "The Cliffs" is an achievement as triumphant as "The Dawn in Britain." "The Cliffs" is a poem written with a patriotic purpose, and wherever the purpose becomes obtrusive, as in certain speeches of the invading foreigners on the Anglian cliff, and as in the last sixty pages of the poem describing how news is brought of the repulse and retreat of the invading foe and winding up with the patriotic Te Deum of "Sancta Britannia" which is sung by the English villagers, the vicar and all good Englishmen, we drop abruptly from poetry to prose, and the effect is the more marked, since it is not the details that are unfit for poetic treatment, but the vision that has grown ordinary in spirit and imagery through accentuation of the national, patriotic purpose. Extraordinary in its marred imperfect achievement as is "The Cliffs," one has only to place it beside "Adam Cast Forth" to see that the latter in perfection of form and creative loftiness is the crown of the poet's creations. In sublimity, in native austerity, in the qualities of elemental awe and pity the sacred drama of the earthly fate of Adam and Eve, after they have been cast forth from Eden, vies with the Miltonic drama. The Judæo-Arabian legend on which "Adam Cast Forth" is founded is, no doubt, a product of the same deserts from which the awful Monotheism of the Bible sprang. After the whirling fiery blast of Sarsar, the rushing tempest of God's wrath has reft Adam and Adama [Eve] apart. Adam is hurled over sharp rocks, and buffeted through thickets of thorns to desolate Harisuth, the sweltry land of fiery dust and burning

stones, a sunbeat wilderness, where he lies, blackened and sightless, fed by ravens for a hundred years, bowed to the scorching earth, in agony of bruised flesh, piteous and groaning. The drama opens with the appearance of Ezriel, the Angel of the Lord's Face, who tells of the Lord's mercy. Now to the blinded man comes Adama, whom he recognises by her voice, and entreats that she will bind their bodies together so that he may not lose her again. The originality and exquisite quality of the poem lies in the contrast between the naked sublimity of the awful landscape, this waterless sun-blackened high waste wilderness over which broods the Wrath of God of the Hebraic conception, and the pitiable defencelessness of the "naked and simple fleshling Adam." We have said that "Adam Cast Forth" vies in sublimity with Milton's epic, and certainly not only is the picture of the primeval Arabian landscape wrought with an austere force that no poet could command who had not himself known the horrors of its savage desolation, but the figure of Adam in elemental simplicity and force of outline, "mixt of the base ferment of beasts' flesh," and "the breath of the Highest," is both a grander and more humanly credible "world father" than the scholastic creation of Milton. In its dramatic developement "Adam Cast Forth" shows the inevitability of great art. A Voice proclaims that the years of Adam's punishment are ended, and Adama guides her helpmate to a palm-grove, where, bathing in a spring, he recovers sight and strength. To prove their hearts, "Whether, indeed, ye will obey His Voice," Adam and Adama are bidden to leave the valley of the Lord's Rest and journey perilously through Harisuth, the Land of the Lord's Curse. The narrative of their tormenting march and augmenting sufferings among the glowing crags of this vast waste of desolation is inspired by a deep tenderness and pity for human sorrow, born of an extreme sensitiveness united to a natural austerity of vision. What is to be remarked in the character of all our author's works is this dualism of mind which penetrates into the spirit of all harsh and terrible forces in nature, and on the other hand sheds mild, beneficent and healing rays of loving kindness.

But we cannot hope here to indicate even hastily the essential characteristics of Mr. Doughty's genius. And it is vexatious for our immediate purpose that in his poems every part is so subordinate to the effect of the whole that to separate a passage from the context is as though we were to break away a portion of a limb from a statue. The attentive reader may, however, judge from the few lines subjoined, the archaic grandeur of "Adam

Cast Forth," a poem that in simplicity and force stands beside the great poems of the antique world :

AUTUMN.

Earth's fruit hangs ruddy on the weary bough.
In all the fallow field, the bearded herb,
Stands sere and ripeneth seed : fall russet leaves,
Cumbering clear brooks, which bitter flow thereof.

STRIFE.

(Adam speaks his vision.)

Ah, ah, Lord,
I see, in bands, Lord God ! men with men, strive :
As yester we the murmuring honey-flies
Have seen 'mongst the wild cliffs, for their sweet nests.
And full of teen were their vext little breasts.
Ah, and beat those down each other, to the ground !
And blood is on their staves, ah and sharp flint stones !
But Lord ! when shall these things be ?

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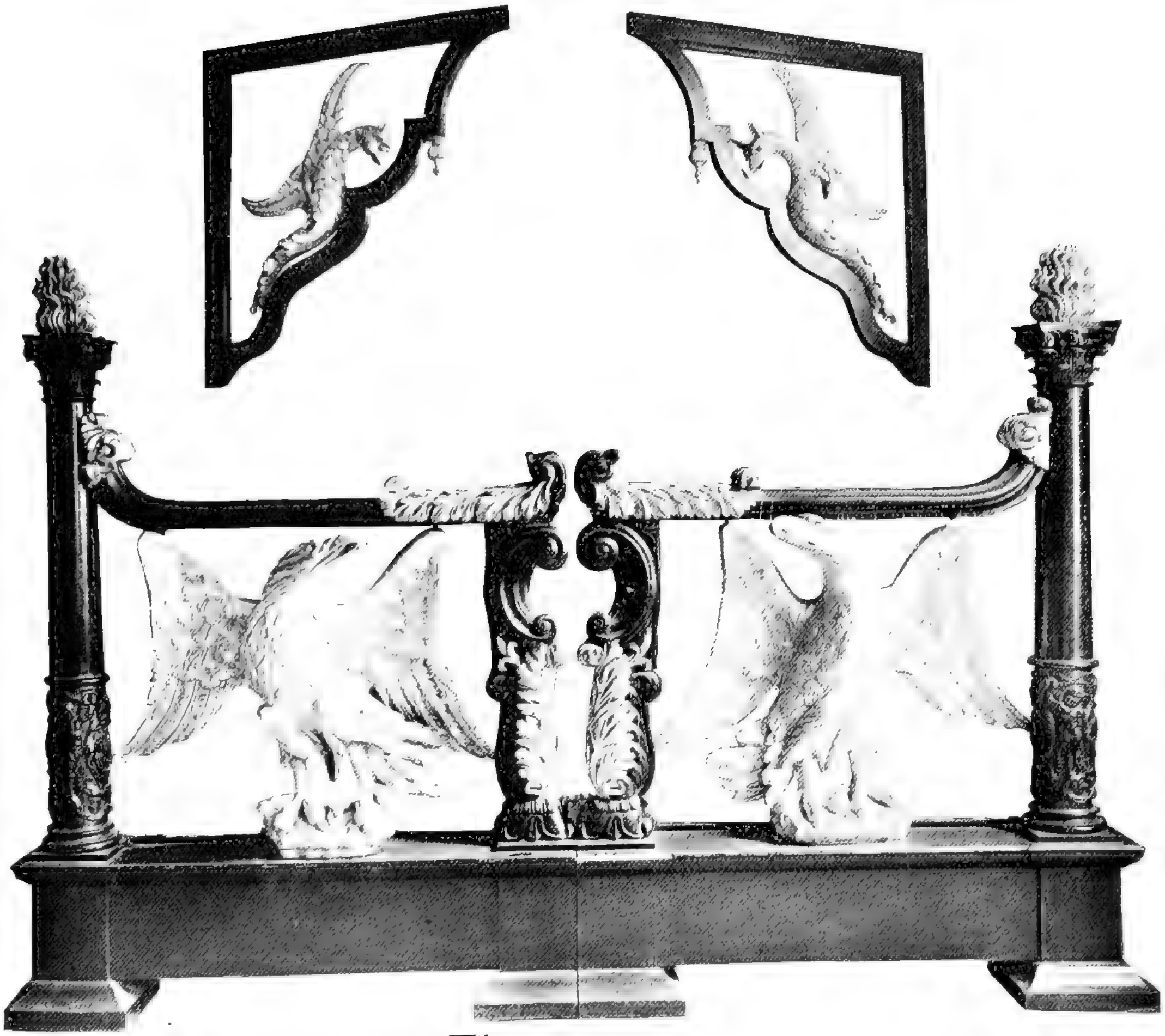

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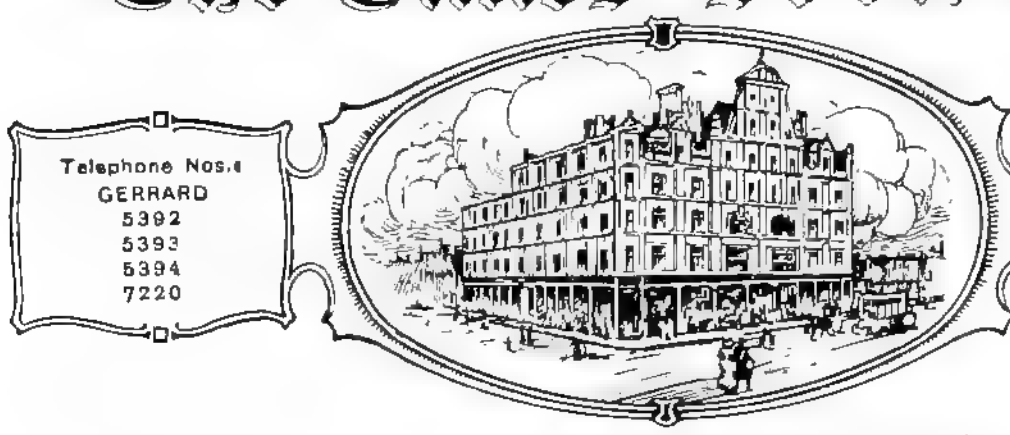

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